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SOUTHERN

Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXVIII.

EDITED BY

R. A. BROCK,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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ERRATA.

Page 77. For country read *county*.

" For 1863 read *1864*.

Page 80. For Welton read *Melton*.

Page 106. For 1899 read *1900*.

Page 114. For "now Grand Commander," &c., read "now commanding the Virginia Division of the United Confederate Veterans, with the rank of Major-General."

Page 384. For Mrs. Joseph D. Davis read Mrs. Joseph *R*.

Page 383. For Mrs. W. G. Behan read Mrs. W. *J*.

Southern Historical Society Papers.

VOL. XXVIII. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1900.

LANE'S CORPS OF SHARPSHOOTERS.

The Career of this Famous Body, with a Roster of its Officers.

The corps of sharpshooters of Lane's brigade was organized after the brigade went into winter quarters at Liberty Mills, Orange county, Va., in 1863. Picked officers and men were detailed from the regiments in proportion to their respective strength, and put in charge of Captain John G. Knox, of the 7th, who was a cool, brave and popular officer, and a splendid tactician. They were excused from all camp and picket duties, and thoroughly drilled in their special duties. When the following campaign opened, this corps was as fine a body of soldiers as the world ever saw.

In the Wilderness, on the 5th of May, 1864, the brigade was assigned a position on the left of the road near the home of a Mr. Turning, and the corps was pushed far to the front. Soon afterwards, the brigade was ordered to form at right angles to its original position for the purpose of sweeping the woods in front of another command. The corps returned at a double quick and deployed while the brigade was taking its new position. The enemy opened, and the corps dashed forward, poured a destructive fire into them, killed a large number and captured one hundred and forty-seven, including eight commissioned officers.

When the brigade was ordered to the right of the plank road that afternoon, where our troops were hard pressed, the corps fought on the extreme right, where Captain V. V. Richardson, a gallant officer and second in rank, was severely wounded. The fight continued until after dark in the woods, through the dense undergrowth. The contending lines was close to each other, and when the enemy attempted to turn our right, Knox was captured; and he was succeeded by the accomplished and gallant Captain William T. Nicholson, of the 37th.

On the 12th of May, at Spotsylvania Courthouse, in front of the salient, on the left of the Fredericksburg road, this corps behaved with conspicuous gallantry in the presence of General Lee. That afternoon, after the brigade had attacked Burnside's corps in flank, General Lee sent for Lane, told him he had witnessed their gallant behavior and the cheerfulness with which they had borne the hardships of the day, and he did not have the heart to order them forward again; and yet, he wished them to make an important reconnoisance for him on the Fredericksburg road. When assured that they would cheerfully do whatever he wished, he replied: "Tell them it is a request and not an order." When Nicholson reported for instructions, General Lee especially cautioned him to let his men know that he would not send them unless they were willing to go. It was an inspiring sight when those brave fellows marched past their beloved chieftain. Every cap was waved and cheer followed cheer. General Lee, superbly mounted, gracefully bared his head, and uttered not a word, while the troops in the works joined in the cheering as those tired and hungry heroes went to the front.

On the 18th of May, while General Early, temporarily in command of A. P. Hill's corps, and Generals Wilcox and Lane and a number of staff officers were standing near the brick kiln, the enemy honored the group with a short but rapid artillery fire, under which Nicholson was severely wounded. Major Thomas J. Wooten, of the 18th, was then ordered to take charge of the corps, and he continued in command until the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse. Young, cool and brave, but modest as a girl, he was a worthy successor of Knox and Nicholson.

This corps rendered splendid service from Spotsylvania Courthouse to Petersburg. Its first brilliant exploit near the "Cockade City" was the surprise and capture of the enemy's videttes and reserve, without the loss of a man. The following will tell how it was appreciated:

HEADQUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE,

General Orders, No. 21. September 9, 1864.

The following communications are published to the brigade, not only as an act due the distinguished merit of their gallant recipient, but with the hope that it may encourage officers and men to emulate this noble example:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS,
September 7, 1864.

General,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the report of Major T. J. Wooten, commanding the skirmishers of Lane's brigade, containing an account of his surprise of the enemy's videttes at the Davis house and attendant capture. The Lieutenant-General commanding, desires that you will congratulate Major Wooten for his handsome success, and to assure him that he highly appreciates the activity, ability and gallantry which he has displayed in his present responsible position.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

W. N. STARKE.

HEADQUARTERS WILCOX'S LIGHT DIVISION,
September 7, 1864.

Major,—The Major-General commanding desires me to express his gratification in transmitting the enclosed letter from Major Starke, A. A. G., Third Army Corps, conveying the congratulations of Lieutenant-General Hill to you upon your handsome capture of the enemy's videttes at the Davis house, and also to acknowledge his own appreciation, not only of this affair, but of the valuable service rendered by you and the gallant officers and men under your command during the arduous campaign of the last four months.

I am, Major, very respectfully,

JOS. A. ENGLEHARD.

HEADQUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE.

Major T. J. Wooten, Commanding Sharpshooters:

Major,—The brigadier commanding feels a proud pleasure in transmitting to you the congratulatory notes of Lieutenant General Hill and Major-General Wilcox. And while he adds to these well earned compliments his own hearty congratulations of the brilliant accomplishment of your well conceived purpose, he rejoices that you have furnished him this fitting opportunity formally to thank you and your gallant command for the steady performance of every

duty, whether of dangerous enterprises or laborious watching, which has distinguished your actions since the campaign began.

With great respect, your obedient sevant,

E. J. HALE, JR., A. A. G.

By command of Brigadier-General J. H. Lane.

E. J. HALE, JR., A. A. G.

The Major was never more happy than when engaged in his "seine hauling," as it was called by the brigade. He would steal up to the enemy's skirmish line, sometimes crawl until within easy running distance then dash forward, halt on the line of pits, and just as the rear of his command passed him he would order both ranks to face outward and wheel, and they, coming back in single ranks and at a run, would capture everything before them and not fire a gun. In all of his dashes he never lost a man, killed, wounded or captured. The Yanks often called to our pickets to know: "When is your Major *Hooten* coming this way again."

The morning of the 30th of September troops were ordered from the right of Petersburg to support those engaged on the north side of the James, leaving the works at the Pegram house to be defended by a weak skirmish line of dismounted cavalry. The order was countermanded soon after we had crossed the Appomattox, and we were moved back, as our right was threatened in force. That afternoon the brigade was ordered to the right of the road leading to the Jones house, and as the enemy were driving the cavalry rapidly, Wooten came up at a double-quick, deployed, pushed rapidly to the front, opened fire, and the blue-coated prisoners came streaming to the rear. The whole affair was witnessed by a group of general officers, one of whom declared it was the handsomest thing of the kind he had seen during the war.

Next day, when Major Thomas A. Brander had thrown the enemy into confusion at the Pegram house by his well directed artillery fire, Wooten dashed into the works, and brought back more prisoners than he had men in his command.

After Gordon's attack on Fort Stedman, the enemy swept the whole Confederate skirmish line, from Hatcher's Run to Lieutenant Run. General Wilcox was sick at the time and Lane was in command of his division. Next morning General Lee sent for Lane to know if he had re-established his part of the line, and when told that he had with the exception of a hill, from which the enemy

could fire into his winter quarters, General Lee asked if he could take the hill, and Lane replied: "I will have it to-night, if you say so." When Lane and Wooten were examining the ground that beautiful Sunday morning, one of the men called out: "Look yonder, fellows, that means fighting, and somebody is going to get hurt." The attack was made by the sharpshooters of the whole division, under Wooten, and the hill was carried without the loss of a man.

During that winter, General Lane received a note from General Wilcox asking if he could "catch a Yankee" that night for General Lee, as some of the enemy were moving and he could not get the desired information through his scouts. Wooten was sent for and the note handed him. After sitting a while with his head between his hands, he looked up with a bright face, and said: "I can get him." Early next morning, followed by a crowd of laughing, ragged Rebels, he marched seven prisoners to headquarters, and with a merry good morning, reported: "I couldn't get that promised Yankee for General Lee, but I caught seven Dutchmen." They were sent at once to division headquarters with a note from the brigadier, giving the credit of the capture to Wooten, and stating that if General Lee could make anything out of their "*foreign gibberish*," it was more than he could.

After our line had been broken by Grant in the spring of 1865, and the brigade driven from the works, this corps very materially helped to retake the same works as far as the Jones Farm road, where it was confronted by two long lines of battle and a strong skirmish line. To escape death or capture, the brigade was ordered back to Battery Gregg and Howard's Dam, near Battery 45.

In the retreat to Appomattox Courthouse this corps was kept very busy, and it was often engaged when not a shot was fired by any of the regiments.

FIELD AND STAFF OF LANE'S BRIGADE AND ITS REGIMENTS FROM THEIR ORGANIZATION TO THEIR SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE.

Brigadier-Generals.—L. O'B. Branch, James H. Lane.

Aids.—W. A. Blount, to Branch, Oscar Lane, to Lane, J. Rooker Lane (acting), to Lane, Everard B. Meade, to Lane.

Assistant Adjutant-Generals.—W. E. Cannaday, Francis T. Hawks, Geo. B. Johnson, Edward J. Hale, Jr.

Assistant Inspector-General.—Ed. T. Nicholson.

Ordnance Officer.—James A. Bryan.

Quartermasters.—Joseph A. Engelhard, Geo. S. Thompson, A. D. Cazaux (acting), E. W. Herndon.

Commissaries.—Daniel T. Carraway, Thos. Hall McKoy.

Surgeons.—James A. Miller, Robert Gibbon, Ed. G. Higginbotham, Wesley M. Campbell, George E. Trescot.

SEVENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Colonels.—Reuben P. Campbell, Ed. Graham Haywood, Wm. Lee Davidson.

Lieutenant-Colonels.—Ed. Graham Haywood, Junius L. Hill, Wm. Lee Davidson, J. McLeod Turner.

Majors.—Edward D. Hall, Junius L. Hill, Robt. S. Young, Robt. B. McRae, Wm. Lee Davidson, J. McLeod Turner, James G. Harris,

Adjutants.—J. P. Cunningham, Jno. E. Brown, Frank D. Stockton, Ives Smedes, Jno. M. Pearson.

Quartermasters.—William A. Eliason, John Hughes.

Commissaries.—William H. Sanford, Thos. Hall McKoy.

Surgeons.—Wesley M. Campbell.

Assistant Surgeons.—William Ed. White, Alfred W. Wiseman, J. R. Fraley.

Chaplain.—M. M. Marshall.

EIGHTEENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Colonels.—James D. Radcliffe, Robert H. Cowan, Thomas J. Purdie, John D. Barry.

Lieutenant-Colonels.—O. P. Mears, Thomas J. Purdie, Forney George, John W. McGill.

Majors.—George Tait, Forney George, R. M. DeVane, John D. Barry, Thomas J. Wooten.

Adjutants.—Charles D. Myers, Samuel B. Walters, William H. McLaurin.

Quartermaster.—A. D. Cazaux.

Commissaries.—Duncan McNeill, Robert Tait.

Surgeons.—James A. Miller, John Tazwell Tyler, Thomas B. Lane.

Assistant Surgeons.—Charles Lecesne, William Brower, Alexander Gordon, Simpson Russ.

Chaplain.—Colin Shaw.

TWENTY-EIGHTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Colonels.—James H. Lane, Sam D. Lowe.

Lieutenant-Colonels.—Thomas L. Lowe, Sam D. Lowe, William D. Barringer, William H. A. Speer.

Majors.—Richard E. Reeves, Sam D. Lowe, Wm. J. Montgomery, William D. Barringer, William H. A. Speer, Samuel N. Stowe.

Adjutants.—Duncan A. McRae, Romulus S. Folger.

Quartermasters.—George S. Thompson, Durant A. Parker.

Commissary.—Nicholas Gibbon.

Surgeons.—Robert Gibbon, W. W. Gaither.

Assistant Surgeons.—F. N. Luckey, R. G. Barham, Thomas B. Lane, N. L. Mayo.

Chaplains.—Oscar J. Brent, F. Milton Kennedy, D. S. Henkel.

THIRTY-THIRD NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Colonels.—L. O'B. Branch, Clark M. Avery, Robert V. Cowan.

Lieutenat-Colonels.—Clark M. Avery, Robert F. Hoke, Robert V. Cowan, Joseph H. Saunders.

Majors.—Robert F. Hoke, W. Gaston Lewis, Robert V. Cowan, Thomas W. Mayhew, Joseph H. Saunders, James A. Weston.

Adjutants.—John M. Poteat, Spier Whitaker, Jr.

Quartermasters.—Joseph A. Engelhard, John M. Poteat, John R. Sudderth.

Commissaries.—J. A. Gibson, Robert A. Hauser.

Surgeons.—R. B. Baker, J. H. Shaffner, Ed. G. Higginbotham.

Assistant Surgeons.—J. H. Shaffner, John A. Vigal, J. L. McLean.

Chaplain.—T. J. Eatmon.

THIRTY-SEVENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Colonels.—Charles C. Lee, William M. Barbour.

Lieutenant-Colonels.—William M. Barbour, John B. Ashcraft, William G. Morris.

Majors.—John G. Bryan, Charles N. Hickerson, William R. Rankin, John B. Ashcraft, William G. Morris, O. N. Brown, Jackson L. Bost.

Adjutants.—William T. Nicholson, David B. Oates.

Quartermasters.—Robert M. Oates, Miles P. Pegram.

Commissaries.—Herbert DeLambert Stowe, Miles P. Pegram.

Surgeons.—James Hickerson, George E. Trescot.

Assistant Surgeons.—J. W. Tracy, J. B. Alexander, G. B. Moffitt, Daniel McL. Graham.

Chaplain.—A. L. Stough.

JAMES H. LANE.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, October 21, 1900.]

BRUNSWICK GUARD.

A Detailed Account of its Fine Record.

ITS MARCHES, FIGHTS AND ROLL OF MEMBERS.

The 5th Virginia Battalion was, in 1862, transferred to General L. A. Armistead's brigade, Huger's division; was at the battle of Seven Pines, the Seven Days' fight around Richmond, and Malvern Hill. In July of the same year it was transferred to General A. P. Hill's division, was ordered to the south side of James river, and ordered to camp at Falling Creek, and was there placed in the division of General R. H. Anderson. The battalion broke camp in August, 1862, and moved to Louisa Courthouse, from there to Orange Courthouse, thence to Clark's Mountain, then to Warrenton Springs, and from there to the battle of Second Manassas. It went from Second Manassas to Leesburg, wading the Potomac river, crossed over into Maryland at Frederick City, and from Frederick City proceeded to Harper's Ferry, and crossed back again over into Maryland at Shepherstown, and was at the battle of Sharpsburg; crossing back in the night over into Virginia. It reached Harper's Ferry, and was in the fight at this place. It then went into camp near Winchester.

I should have stated that shortly after the battle of Sharpsburg company A, Brunswick Guards, was disbanded and put into company H, 53rd Virginia regiment. At that time there were forty-nine of the roll of the Brunswick Guards, and between thirty to thirty-five reported to that regiment. Those not reported were reported either sick in hospitals or joined other commands by transfers.

In November, 1862, Armistead's brigade was transferred to Pickett's division, which at that time was composed entirely of Virginians.

COWHIDE MOCCASINS.

From the camp at Winchester we moved to Culpeper Courthouse. The troops were without shoes at this place, and General Armistead

detailed men to make moccasins out of green cowhide for his men. While used for marching in the wet these stretched so that the men would have to cut them off. When the soldiers stopped at night and dried out their boots they would have to cut them off their feet. This "footwear" answered very well for camp duty, but not for marching. From Culpeper Courthouse we went to Fredericksburg. This was a very hard march on account of the extremely muddy roads and the cold and freezing weather. We went into camp at Fredericksburg, and were at the battle of Fredericksburg on the 13th December, 1862. After the battle at this place we went into camp at Guinea Station.

The winters of 1862–'63 were the hardest of the war. Our men were without tents, and had only "tent flies" and brush houses. At Guinea Station general orders were issued that the men could build fires during day, but that at night they should be extinguished, and the ashes swept away. We slept where the fires had been.

While in camp here we were on hard duty all the time, working on breastworks from Hamilton crossing to Spotsylvania Courthouse.

HARD TIMES, INDEED.

In February, 1863, we broke camp at this place and marched to Richmond, and from Richmond to Chester Station. While at Chester Station we were entirely without tents or tent flies, and the men had to lie on the bare ground without any protection. During the night the snow fell several inches deep, and the soldiers were covered completely. They knew nothing of it until they were waked up the next morning, and fared as comfortably as if they had been in a house.

From Chester Station we marched to near Petersburg and camped below Petersburg on the Prince George road. Thence we marched to Fort Powhatan, and worked on fortifications until about the 1st of April. Our line of march from this place led to Suffolk, by way of Franklin. We crossed Blackwater river at South Quay, with four days cooked rations. On reaching Suffolk we formed line of battle. Our regiment was sent on picket. The line of battle never advanced, but we had severe picket fighting. Several of our company were hurt. Three of the Brunswick guards were also wounded—one mortally.

In May the company was ordered back, marching by way of Ivor Station. We camped at this place a few days, guarding supplies

collected. This might be termed a foraging campaign. The enemy being in pursuit of us, we burned the bridge across the Backwater and left the supplies we had collected on the opposite side of the river. We had to transfer them across in what we called "dugouts." We next marched from this place to Petersburg by way of Jerusalem, in Southampton county; from Petersburg to Falling Creek; from Falling Creek to Hanover Junction. Armistead's brigade was ordered from Hanover Junction to Newtown, King and Queen county, and from Newtown to Culpeper Courthouse, where we camped a few days. The command was ordered from Culpeper with four days' cooked rations in their haversacks, and ten days' rations on the wagon. We did not know where we were going, but crossed the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, waded the Shenandoah at Sheppard's Mill, and camped at Berryville for a few days. We passed through Martinsburg, crossed the Potomac river over into Maryland at Williamsport, marched through Hagerstown, entered Pennsylvania at Middleburg, marched to Chambersburg, camped there one night, and then marched from Chambersburg to Gettysburg over the South Mountain at Gettysburg.

The command was frequently fired on during the day by bushwhackers. It was in the charge of Gettysburg on the 3d of July. The Brunswick part of the company had fifteen men in the charge —five were killed and seven wounded. Two prisoners were captured unhurt, one belonging to the ambulance corps escaped unhurt.

The division crossed the Potomac back to Virginia on July 7th, and went in camp near Petersburg, and rested. In October the command broke camp, and was ordered to Kinston, N. C., and from Kinston to New Berne. In February, 1864, it was ordered back to Virginia. They took the train for Richmond, stopped at the Nine Mile road, and camped there until the last of March or about the first of April. Our regiment with another was detailed to guard the fishing squad. In May we were ordered back to the command, and stopped on the Brook turnpike for a few days. We were then sent to Drewry's Bluff, and on the 16th of May, 1864, were in the fight at that place. On the 19th of May the division was sent as reinforcements to the Wilderness, and met the command on retreat from that place. The two armies marched in parallel columns to Cold Harbor, skirmishing nearly all the way. They had a hard battle at Cold Harbor. We went from Cold Harbor to Malvern Hill. About the 19th of June there was a forced march from Malvern Hill. We crossed the river at Drewry's Bluff on pontoon

bridges, and met the enemy on the Petersburg turnpike, tearing up the railroad. Here the fight commenced. We re-established the Howlett line about the 20th of June, but had a very hard fight. Here General Lee complimented Pickett's division. The General did not wish to bring on an engagement at this point, and sent repeated orders to Pickett to halt. These orders were transmitted to the troops, but were of no avail.

Pickett's men dashed on in spite of the efforts of their officers to stop them, in a fierce and impetuous charge, and drove Butler into his own works, and re-established Beauregard's line, with the enemy in front and the woods afire behind us. This drew the following complimentary letter from General Lee to General Anderson, then commanding Longstreet's corps, he (Longstreet) having been wounded at the Wilderness:

"Clay's House, June 17th, 5:30 P. M.

"Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson, commanding Longstreet's corps:

"General,—I take pleasure in presenting to you my congratulations upon the conduct of the men of your corps. I believe they will carry anything they are put against. We tried very hard to stop Pickett's men from capturing the breastworks of the enemy, but could not do it. I hope his loss has been small.

"I am respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. E. Lee, General."

In this connection I will say your division stayed on the Howlett line until about the 1st of March, 1865, Armistead's brigade being ordered at different times to reinforce other commands at different places, viz: Chaffin's Bluff, Fort Harrison and the Darbytown road, and in pursuit of Sheridan's raid around Richmond.

KILLING DEER.

I will relate an incident which happened on the Howlett line. Two deer passed through our company on the main lines of battle to the picket line, and both our pickets and the enemy's fired on them and killed them. They agreed that the game should be divided, and they went forward from each line and carried in the carcasses.

From the Howlett line we were ordered to Petersburg, and camped at or near Old Town Run, and worked on fortifications for a few days. From this place we went to Sutherland Station, thence to

Dinwiddie Courthouse, fighting all the way, and then back to Five Forks, fighting all day. At Five Forks we had a hard battle. The fighting force of the enemy was 3,100 infantry, and all of Sheridan's cavalry. Pickett's division constituted all the infantry of the Confederates.

The writer of this article was captured at this place, and thus ended his career as a Confederate soldier. What I have written is from memory.

I will mention several of the members of the original company (Brunswick Guards), viz: James A. Riddick was the only member of the original company who ever held a commission after it was disbanded, and placed in Company H, 53d regiment. He was elected lieutenant, and made a capable and efficient officer.

Adolphus Johnson, one of the color guards at the battle of Gettysburg, was killed upholding his flag. He was the last one of the guards to carry the colors, and bore them to the stone wall.

Fenton Williams was in only two battles of the war—Seven Pines and Gettysburg. He was severely wounded at Seven Pines, and sent to the hospital, where he contracted small-pox. He was killed in his first day's service after leaving the hospital, at the battle of Gettysburg.

I will add an extract from a letter received by the writer of these lines from Captain J. L. Latané, who commanded our company:

"Of my opinion of the men as soldiers of the 'Old Brunswick Guards' I cannot be too strong in words of praise, for, as I said on a former occasion, they were never called on to perform any duty day or night that it was not done most cheerfully, without a murmur or complaint, entirely subject to discipline, and to a man, as far as I can remember, doing what was ordered by those in authority. When I forget them and their deeds of heroism, may a just and righteous God forget me.

"(Signed.) JOHN L. LATANÉ,

"*Late Captain Company H, 53d Regiment Virginia Volunteers.*"

THE ROLL OF MEMBERS.

The following is a roll of the officers and members of the Brunswick Guards, who first saw service in the 5th Virginia battalion, and later in company H, 53d Virginia regiment:

Captain.—D. T. Poynor, dead.

Lieutenants.—First, George B. Clark; Second, B. A. Lewis (dead); Third, Charles H. Wilkes (dead).

Sergeants.—First, George Claiborne; first lieutenant (dead); Second, H. H. Heartwell; Third, A. B. Morrison (dead); Fourth, Charles P. Montague (ambulance sergeant).

Corporals.—First, J. J. Percival; Second, W. H. Michael (transferred to 59th Virginia regiment); Third, J. W. Buford (wounded at Gettysburg—dead); Fourth, James T. Lashley.

Privates.—John Bass (dead), J. B. Battle (dead), John F. Bennett (died in service), Alex. Barrow (dead), W. S. Bacon (wounded at Dinwiddie Courthouse), M. A. Clark (dead), Edward W. Crichton, James Crichton (transferred to 12th Virginia regiment, dead), John Clayton (dead), Benjamin D. Clayton (sergeant), George W. Clayton (dead), George E. Clayton, T. F. Duane, J. H. Dameron, George Dameron (died in service), Littleton Edmonds (dead), Thomas Flournoy (dead), Benjamin B. Graves (first sergeant, killed at Gettysburg), Charles Gibbon (dead), John A. Heartwell, W. E. Hammonds (wounded at Gettysburg), Turner Hammonds (sub.), A. W. Hammonds, James H. Hall (wounded at Suffolk), R. W. Hall, William D. Hicks (dead), George Hicks (died in service), Thomas J. Hines (died from wounds), R. C. Haskins, R. E. Haskins, E. M. Harris, Robert Hitchcock, W. H. House (dead), William Hagood (died in service), John Hagood (killed at Gettysburg), George Harrison, captain (dead), D. J. Johnson, Adolphus Johnson, color corporal (killed at Gettysburg), Richard Johnson, John R. Jolly, George H. Jolly (dead), John S. Kelley, James W. Kelly (died in service , F. P. Kirkland (dead), J. M. Kirkland (wounded at Gettysburg), W. J. Kirkland, S. E. Lanier, B. W. Lashley, John Laird (died in service) Peter Laird (died in service), F. E. Lewis (dead), Richard Lewis (sub., died in prison), W. M. Manning, George E. Michael (wounded at Gettysburg), G. W. Mitchell, T. B. Machen (wounded at Gettysburg, killed on retreat from Petersburg), J. H. Machin, S. J. Morrison (dead); (Greenesville county), Myrick Walter (killed at Fort Harrison), Richard E. McCoy (drummer), George Nicholson (dead), (Gosh) Oscar H. Nicholson (dead), Algernon Nicholson, James M. Northington, John H. Newton, second sergeant (dead), M. A. Orgain, sergeant (wounded at Dinwiddie Courthouse), William Orgain, William H. Poyner (killed at Gettysburg), R. H. Prichett (dead), James A. Riddick (lieu-

tenant), Benjamin L. Riddick (dead), J. J. Reeves (dead), J. Royal Robinson (dead), John J. Rawlings (died in prison), John H. W. Robinson (dead), W. J. Steed (died from wounds), William E. Stith, L. A. Scoggin, G. A. Short, B. B. Saunders (dead), E. W. Travis (dead), James A. Traylor (dead), W. T. Thomas, quartermaster (dead), E. R. Turnbull (quartermaster), W. H. Venable (quartermaster), W. A. Vaughan, H. M. Vaiden, lieutenant (dead), B. J. Walker (wounded at Gettysburg), John Wray, John L. Williams, L. Fenton Williams (wounded at Seven Pines, killed at Gettysburg), —— Woodruff, William Young (died in service), H. E. Young, corporal (wounded), William Peebles (died in service), B. A. Stith (wounded).

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, October 21, 1900.]

A SECRET-SERVICE EPISODE

AFFECTING THE SUCCESS OF THE FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

(Captain Louis Zimmer was an early member of the famous "F" company, of Richmond, which supplied so many officers to the Confederate army from the rank of general, downward. He resided here for many years prior to the war, and was very popular. He has a letter also from Colonel Walter H. Taylor, formerly adjutant-general of the Army of Northern Virginia, confirming his important services to the Southern Confederacy. He was first appointed lieutenant by Governor Letcher, and afterward promoted to captain in the ordnance department.)

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, August 22, 1878.

My Dear Sir,—I was very much gratified at the receipt of your letter of the 19th. I well remember you, and how your valuable services to the State in the time of her great peril led the Governor and Council to promote you. But for your services at that time we could not have fought the battle of Manassas.

The old Governor is still with us as president of our board.

With kindest regards, I am truly your friend,

FRANCIS H. SMITH, Superintendent.

To Mr. Louis Zimmer, Tryon City, N. C.

This remarkable historical document requires some explanation to any one except a Virginian of the past generation. When "The Mother of States" decided to secede from the Union and join her fortunes with the Southern Confederacy, Governor Letcher called to his assistance, as a special council of war, Commodore Matthew F. Maury, Lieutenant-Governor Robert L. Montague, Hon. Thomas S. Haymond and General Francis H. Smith. (Captain R. B. Pegram was afterward added to the board, or council.) These patriotic citizens performed all functions incidental to placing the Virginia volunteers in the field. These troops were subsequently mustered into the Confederate army, forming the nucleus of the Army of Northern Virginia. A condensed retrospect of existing conditions in the United States is necessary to show what led to the state of affairs alluded to by General Smith in the letter that heads this article.

It is the testimony of every one of the historians of the Civil war that both armies which met on the field of Manassas were little better than armed mobs, lacking in organization, discipline, experience; in fact, in all that goes to the making of that most complex of living machines. In the North the cry "On to Richmond" was raised by the enthusiastic people, and despite the advice of such experienced soldiers as Generals Winfield Scott and McDowell, ardent congressmen, learned editors and patriotic contractors urged the Army of the Potomac to action.

Congress had issued a call for half a million three-year men, and the volunteers massed at the camps near Washington with amazing alacrity. The soldiers who had volunteered for three months being near the end of their enlistment, were preparing to return to their homes. Thus that experienced general, McDowell, took the field with an army without a staff, commissariat, or organization in any department. With all these drawbacks to contend against, McDowell fixed on July 9, 1861, for an excellently devised move against the Confederates under Beauregard, but on account of lack of transportation, the advance commenced on the 16th. The commander of the Army of the Potomac expected the co-operation of General Patterson, who, with 18,000 men, was ordered to observe and attack the Confederates under Joseph E. Johnston, then holding Harper's Ferry.

General Beauregard had been terribly busy for weeks in licking into shape the motley Confederate organizations as they arrived from Richmond on Manassas plains. Many of these soldiers brought

from home their trusty rifles and shotguns, but the vast majority of the Army of Northern Virginia were armed with old Springfield muskets, such as had been captured with the governmant arsenals at several points in the Confederacy. Camp equipage was quite lacking in the Southern army, but the officers in the various regiments commanded the respect of their men. Such were the conditions existing on both sides of the Potomac when the first campaign of the armies near Richmond resulted in the battle of Manassas, which was fought on July 21, 1861. The result of this, the first great battle of the war, was that after desperate fighting on both sides, the Federal troops became panic-stricken, and fell back, badly demoralized, to Centreville.

The Confederate editors, learned especially in all matters pertaining to war, aroused a storm of indignation through the land by their comments on the fact that Beauregard's army had not pursued the routed foe into Washington; and fierce was their denunciation of the administration and the commanding generals because the advantage gained after fierce fighting during all that hot summer day had not been followed up. It was in vain that Beauregard, Johnston and President Davis explained, in orders and reports, that fatigue and the lack of adequate equipment prevented the Confederate troops from pursuing the foe. Only at this late date, thirty-nine years after the battle of Manassas was fought, is it made known that, but for the brave and patriotic action of a modest captain in the ordnance department of the Confederacy, the battle could not have been fought, and the southern army would have been forced after a few hours resistance to retreat on Richmond. This gentleman, now living in Harlem, an honored member of the Confederate camp of New York, is Captain Louis Zimmer. The venerable soldier tells the story in plain, unvarnished style, and displays the most authentic coroborative evidence of the deed from the highest military authority of the Confederacy, commissioned by Governor Letcher, of Virginia, for secret service duty, and with letters of highest commendation from Governor Letcher and General Francis H. Smith (the latter superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute), he reported to General Robert E. Lee, who in turn, assigned him to duty with Commodore Maury. The latter immediately ordered him to go into the enemy's country and bring out percussion caps, because at that time the supply was limited to but four rounds for each man then mustered into service. This is the old soldier's narrative:

On March 4, 1861, I received orders from Commodore Maury to proceed to New York to purchase 1,000,000 percussion caps for the use of the army of Virginia, and for that purpose obtained a credit from Colonel George Wythe Munford, then Secretary of State for Virginia, for $10,000 gold by draft on a Baltimore banking firm, with instructions to be guided by circumstances in the matters of purchase and conveyance. I started for the Potomac via Port Royal, stopped at Rice's farm, and at night crossed the river in a lugger to Piney Point Light-house, Maryland; went to a point on St. Mary's river, whence I took steamer to Baltimore. Was recognized when I registered at the Maltby House by a northern spy, and forced to get out of the rear entrance of the hotel in short order; drew the gold from the bankers and belted it securely about my body; went by train that day to Philadelphia, where I stopped at the St. Lawrence Hotel; next day to New York, where I registered at Taylor's Hotel; wore conspicuously a Lincoln badge; saw several crack city regiments march down Broadway on their way to the front; purchased 1,000,000 army percussion caps at a store on Liberty street, and ordered them shipped to the address of a friend in Philadelphia. An hour later I was informed that the caps had been seized. I always suspected that the merchant from whom I bought the goods furnished information to the police.

My Philadelphia friend, the consignee, had to prove his loyalty before the authorities would permit the caps to be sent forward, and even then the suspicious merchandise was shipped under police escort, consigned to care of Mayor Henry. This official was satisfied to let the stuff go, so I stored the caps in an old house in an unfrequented part of the city, where at night I transferred them to several Saratoga trunks; shipped the trunks to Baltimore; thence continued my journey as a refugee to St. Mary's river, Maryland. Kind friends here assisted me with my "baggage" to the cottage of trusty Captain Bell, who was custodian of my boat. I crossed the Potomac river that night in safety; got government transportation for my precious charge via Fredericksburg to Richmond, and delivered 250,000 percussion caps to General Dimmock, chief ordnance officer of the State of Virginia. Promptly I went back by the same route for more of my "baggage," but the patrol boat chased us, captured my boat, and I escaped with my life by swimming and running my best. However, I managed to run the blockade again on a favorable dark night, and was able to deliver 300,000 more caps to my superior officers. "Running the blockade" across

the Potomac became daily more difficult; spies were everywhere, and the Federal blockade became terribly rigid, so I was forced to try another route. This time I took my Saratoga trunk from Baltimore to Washington, and started for Alexandria, via the Long Bridge. The bridge was guarded by regulars, who would have searched my trunk but for the presentation of two bottles of whiskey. Once arrived at Alexandria, the way to Richmond was open, and my third venture was delivered where it would "do the most good." My fourth and last trip through the lines was by way of Mathias Point, on the Potomac, and I was successful in conveying the remaining trunk to the Potomac, on the Maryland side, where I hired a row-boat to get to Virginia. This time the fates were against me, for the vigilant Federal tug fired a shot at the boat, causing the crew to throw my precious baggage overboard, and to row swiftly to shore to save our yet more precious lives.

Thus were 800,000 of the percussion caps delivered after a month of hair-breadth escapes and adventures, much to the gratification of the Governor of Virginia. The distribution of these essential munitions of war to the Confederate army took place during the early days of July, 1861, and the army was thus prepared for the desperate battle on the plains of Manassas, the result of which so dismayed the people of the North.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE "LAST DAYS OF LEE AND HIS PALADINS."

Read Before the A. P. Hill Camp, C. V., by Request, on the 6th of March, 1890.

By JOHN HERBERT CLAIBORNE, M. A., M. D.,
Lately Major and Surgeon, P. A. C. S.

COMRADES:—"Arma virumque cano,"—sang the bard of Mantua in epic story, which nineteen centuries have decreed immortal; but it is a story whose stirring incidents pale in shadowy nothing in presence of that mighty drama, whose tragic history you made in the "*Seven Last Scenes of Lee and His Paladins.*"

The poet has not been born nor the orator made, who, with lyre

or tongue, has given to the world a fitting recital of that heroic struggle of one short week, in which was lost a cause and country that we had dreamed to be a heritage from heaven, and which we had loved even better than life.

Do not look to me, therefore, for song or story worthy of Confederate fame. I have no flowers of rhetoric to show, no measured lines of epic verse to bring, to your camp fire to-night; I have only a simple story to tell, a tale of personal reminiscence, a recountal of march and bivouac and battle, measured by septenary scenes of suffering, of weariness, of wounds, of want, of hopeless deeds of heroism, of days of disaster, in which the heavens seemed hid, and finally, of a black and starless night, in which the warrior's banner was planted for the last time by warrior hands, and of a coming morning of unspeakable sorrow, when slowly and sullenly it was furled forever.

When, in the memorable campaign of 1864, Lee and Grant, on the 18th of June, confronted each other in the trenches at Petersburg, I was in the city, assigned to duty as senior surgeon, or executive officer, in charge of all general military hospitals at this post, reporting immediately to the general commanding the department.

My duties were scarcely of a professional character at all—I had no opportunity of seeing the sick and wounded except on tour of inspection—but my whole time was consumed in receiving and forwarding morning reports of the number and condition of those under hospital treatment; to see that they had proper and sufficient accommodation; that they were carefully and skillfully attended; that their diet was full and in accordance with regulation; that they were supplied with bedding and clothing; that the sick were carefully apportioned to hospital dimension; that the wounded were removed from under fire as promptly as possible, &c., &c.; in the execution of which my life was no sinecure, and my position not pleasant, not safe, especially after the heavy shelling of the city commenced, and one not especially to be coveted. Few men had the privilege of selecting their places, however, in those days, and my lot was light in comparison with that of many others.

When General Lee assumed command, or rather when he was placed in command, of all the forces and affairs at the post, my duties were increased, and I was required to report at his headquarters, or to forward my reports to his headquarters. I made a friend of his chief surgeon, a frank, genial and generous man, a surgeon in the old army, and I had his support and help in the discharge of some of my onerous and unpleasant duties. And here let me record, that

the Confederate Government was liberal, in and beyond its means, in the care of its sick and wounded soldiers. I had permission and authority to make requisitions, at my own will, for money in any amount, and, when money would not buy the necessary supplies, to draw for cotton yarns and snuff, with which I rarely failed to get what I wanted.

But as the months wore on; as the casualties of the siege daily increased; as the hospitals and cemeteries were being constantly filled; as the recruits became fewer and fewer; as the food, gathered and bought or impressed, came in more and more slowly from broken and badly equipped roads; it became evident that our struggle was against hope. The deserters, gaunt and hungry—God help and forgive them, for they had been men and soldiers and patriots once—began to creep away under cover of night, and our attenuated lines could no longer be held.

On the morning of the 2nd of April, 1865 (my quarters then were on Washington street, on the south side, just opposite to the present residence of Mr. Bangley), Col. P—— came galloping down from the direction of Turnbull's farm, the headquarters of General Lee, and reining up in front of my office, informed me that General A. P. Hill had been killed, and that our lines were broken on the Dinwiddie plank road. He would give me no specific information, however, said he had no orders for me, and hurried on to the front on the Jerusalem plank road. He did not tell me—(it was about 11 A. M.)—that General Lee had left his headquarters, nor of the fierce fighting at Fort Grigg. I was soon made fully aware of the situation on the west of the city by one of my assistant surgeons, who having constituted himself a scout, proceeded, without my command, to reconnoiter about a mile up Cox road. He returned with great precipitancy, and, I might say, with haste unbecoming his rank, and informed me that the Yankees were advancing their lines as far as the Whitworth house, now the lunatic asylum, and, swinging around their left, were threatening to encircle the city. There soon came tidings from the hospital at the fair grounds (now West End Park), that things were very unpleasant in that vicinity, and that surgeons and attaches were compelled to resort to the leeward of the large trees, to protect themselves from the enemy's random bullets, whilst the convalescents were disposed to go, and not to stand on the order of their going.

About two o'clock my orders came to leave the city, and to take with me as many surgeons, hospital attaches, servants, &c., as could

be spared from hospital service, and to cross the river at Campbell's bridge, take the road to Chesterfield Courthouse, go as far as practicable that night, and to await further orders.

For some months, we had been able to keep open within the corporate limits only two hospitals, the Fair Grounds hospital, and the Confederate hospital on Washington street, at the corner of Jones road; the latter the best organized and equipped military hospital I ever saw, which I had fitted up, without regard to expense, two years before, in a large tobacco factory, that could have been no better adapted for the purpose, if it had been built for a hospital.

The other hospitals in the city, one, the North Carolina hospital, at the present site of Cameron's factory; one on Washington street, the Virginia hospital, in Watson & McGill's factory; one on Washington and Jefferson streets, the South Carolina, now the factory of J. H. Maclin, and one on Bollingbrook and Second streets; the Ladies' hospital we had been compelled to abandon the first month of the siege on account of the shelling, which made them unpleasant and unsafe for the sick and wounded. The Confederate and Fair Grounds hospitals, therefore, were crowded with wounded, and especially during the hard fighting which preceded the evacuation of the city. Therefore, I found, on inspection, I could take but few surgeons or attaches with me, and when I mustered my little force at sunset, in front of the Confederate hospital, found I had four surgeons, as many attaches (white), one ambulance and driver, one wagon, one buggy, and four colored servants, one of whom, a sprightly and smart young lad of sixteen, his mother, who was one of my slaves, brought up just before I left, and with many imprecations and adjurations, told him to follow "master to the end of the earth," and "never to come back unless master came too."

As I stood at the gate of the hospital and watched my little cortege move off—loth, indeed, to turn my back on home and city, for I felt that I should never see either again as I saw them then, if I ever saw them at all—the wounded were being hurried in from ambulance and upon stretcher, their moans mingling with the cries of women, the shrieking and bursting of shell, and the hoarse orders of men in authority, two scenes caught my eye, which are as indelibly fixed there now as on that holy Sabbath eve, which the great God had seemingly given up to the devils in pandemonium.

A stretcher was borne in the gateway by four soldiers, just from the near front, one of them crying "my poor captain; the best man that ever lived." A large, finely-made officer he was, his right arm

shot away at the shoulder-joint, and the quivering, bleeding flesh soiled with dust, stained with powder and filled with shreds of the gray sleeve that had been hurriedly cut off. Something moved me as the bearers halted, to uncover the face, over which some rude but kindly hand had thrown a piece of dirty blanket. Great God! There lay before me a friend of my earliest boyhood! Years had passed by since we parted—I had known him as the gentlest, most lovable of men, living in a quiet country home, amidst a simple-hearted, peace-loving people, an Arcadia, in which war was not even a dream. But he did not know me. His honest, brave life was fast ebbing away, and the mist was gathering over his eyes, which could only be swept off in the sunlight of that country where the nations shall learn war no more.

As I turned away, heart-sick, from this scene, a poor woman caught me by the hands: "Doctor, will you not order somebody to help me to carry my poor husband home. I can take care of him and nurse him better than any one else—there he is." And there, lying only a few feet away in the hospital yard, where with many others he had been hurriedly brought in and put down anywhere that space could be found, was a private belonging to the second-class militia, an humble citizen not subject to regular military service, who had been summoned to the defence of the city, when our lines grew so thin. He had fallen not very far away from the little cottage, where, in days of peace, he had lived with his wife and little ones—and now there he lay, a fourth part of his skull carried away with a fragment of shell, exposing his brain, leaving him with some little automatic life, but, of course, without conciousness, whilst his poor wife was striving to get from him some sign of recognition and begging that he might be carried home. I could only stop to tell her that my right to order was at an end, and that if a thousand men were at my beck none could help her now. I could see no more, and mounting my horse I slowly followed my little party, crossed the river and on the heights at Ettricks took one last look at Petersburg—as it was. Here I overtook my cortege, and mustering them found one absentee. This was a yellow, bob-tailed, bob-eared, rough-haired, Scotch-terrier, about twelve years old, who had seen no little service, and who showed it. He was irritable, selfish, self-asserting, frail as to virtue, his name disagreeably associated with any number of scandals, but full of faith in his master, and irrevocably attached to his master's fortunes, or misfortunes. I had given my chief of ambulance orders that whoever should be left behind,

Jack must go, and that proper transportation should be furnished him. He had always had too high an appreciation of himself to walk, and had ridden more thousand miles, had fallen out of more vehicles, and been run over oftener, than any other dog in the world —I assert this without fear of contradiction.

He had but few friends, and but little capacity to make friends. Some incompatibility of temper, I suspect, had occurred betwixt him and the chief of ambulance, on the subject of riding, before the start from Petersburg, hence Jack was left behind. I said to the chief: "Return at once to the city and bring me my dog, or fall into the hands of the enemy with him." The man looked at me for a minute as if he would question such an order, but four years of discipline and obedience had not lost its force on the first night of the retreat, and he turned off and retraced his steps to Petersburg. I never expected to see him again, but late at night and after we had gone into camp, he returned on horseback (he had borrowed a horse —soldiers rarely found any difficulty in borrowing a horse), and leading Jack by a chain of white handkerchiefs. I did not enquire where he got the horse, but having some curiosity to know where he got the handkerchiefs, I ventured to ask him. "Well," he said, "Sir, they are breaking up everything in town and looting the stores, and I found these handkerchiefs at the head of Old street."

We found, on taking up our march, that some broken sections of artillery had been ordered to take the same road to Chesterfield Courthouse that we were following, and that our retreat was somewhat obstructed by their irregular and tardy movements. The teams were bad, the roads worse, the drivers profane, neither helping themselves nor calling upon Hercules to help when a wheel fell into a hole, and when we had gotten over Brander's bridge, about four miles from the city, one or two caissons were stuck so badly in the mud that the officer in charge of the party, or somebody else, concluded that it would be safer for the caisson to be left there, and it was so ordered, or at least it so occurred. It was now about 9 or 10 o'clock at night, and our little party went into their first camp or bivouac.

We were very tired after the stirring and fatiguing incidents of the day, and the most of us were soon asleep. I do not know how long we had slept, when we were awakened by what seemed quite a heavy firing, both of artillery and musketry, a few miles to our right, exciting our fears of pursuit and capture. It seemed so near, and the danger so imminent, that we thought best to break camp and to con-

tinue our march. One tremendous explosion caused such panic in our little party, that Jack, who had slept on my blanket at my side, became demoralized and sought individual safety in individual flight. As he disappeared in the darkness, I never expected to see him again, and never did until after my return some two months later to Petersburg, when he was the first one of my acquaintances to meet and greet me. His subsequent history, though not without interest of detail, would lead me away from my subject, and henceforth he will appear in this narrative no more. He was a poor soldier, always left the line when the firing began, impelled by thirst or some other consideration of a personal character; but his services in civil life entitled him, in my belief, to the right of civil sepulture, and you will find his grave in the section marked "Claiborne," in the old Blandford Cemetery, and his epitaph in the 3rd chapter of Ecclesiastes, 20th and 21st verses.

All of our party moved off in order except Jack, and the next morning, about 11 o'clock, we arrived at Chesterfield Courthouse, and found Mahone's division drawn up in line, at right angles with our road. It received us with a cheer and opened ranks to let us through. With these bronzed veterans behind us, and between us and pursuit, we dismissed all fear, and passing a few hundred rods further, we lay down to rest, and to await further orders.

After waiting several hours, my orders came: "Take the right-hand road to Goode's bridge, rendezvous at Amelia Courthouse. There rations and transportation by rail will await you." We recommenced our march, but did not reach Goode's bridge that night, bivouaced somewhere on the side of the road, and next day made the bridge. Just before we reached that point, however, we came to a beautiful residence on the side of the road, one of the old-time Virginia mansions, the seat and embodiment of hospitable invitation and luxurious entertainment, and under some patriarchal trees on the well-kept lawn were seated General Mahone and staff, evidently awaiting refreshments. He recognized me and called to me to halt and tie my horse, and come in and get something to eat. My habit of obedience was too firmly fixed, after four years of service, to permit me to refuse, and I dismounted and joined this party. We discussed the situation with as much freedom as a major-general could afford with a subaltern, but there was no sort of restraint when the buttermilk and ash-cake and fried chicken were brought out under the trees, and we enjoyed the hospitable repast as only soldiers could do, who had "had nowhere to sleep, and nothing to eat in four

days." Had I known then, though, that which I discovered later on, that Mahone's division was not between me and the enemy, I do not know that I should have dined with so much sang-froid, or tarried with my hospitable general so long. It seems that sometime during the night Mahone's division had passed my little party, and put us again, without my knowledge or consent, in its rear or between it and the enemy, reversing the position which had afforded us such satisfactory sense of security the day before. Mahone, however, knew where his troops were and where the enemy was, and as soon as we had finished our dinner, he said: "It is time we were off."

I rode with him leisurely for an hour or so, perhaps, before we came up with our men, talking more of the past, in which we had many pleasant things in common, than in the future in which neither of us saw much of promise, when he reined up his horse, and looking quietly and gravely at me, said: "Doctor, what command are you attached to and what are you going to do?" I told him that I was without any especial attachment, that I had received orders to proceed to Amelia Courthouse via Goode's bridge, and to conduct a few surgeons and hospital attaches, and a wounded officer or two who came out of Petersburg with me, to that point, where I would receive rations and transportation to some other point, I knew not where. He said to me: "Take my advice, send your detachment along under one of your surgeons and stay with me. If any troops get out of this trouble, Mahone's division will get out—it will get through."

I looked back over the country which we had traversed, and there was a cloud of dust which could not have been made by our troops (for all of them had passed on), and some long blue lines could be seen in the far distance, and I asked the general what that meant. "Yankees," he said, "I suppose." "We will have to stop here."

The sun was about sinking down behind the high hills and dark pines that skirted them, and things looked very peaceful but for those blue lines which I felt boded no good. And I had great confidence in Mahone and his resources, and his men, scarred and bronzed in battle and campaign for four long years of war—I believed in him and I believed in them—but my little company had gone on, we could reach Amelia Courthouse that night or the next morning, there was no enemy in front that I knew of, and I thought I had better follow them. So I said: "General, you have a very good surgeon on your staff, haven't you?" "Yes," he said, "there is Wood."

"Well, then, as you have no need of my service, I believe I will go on, though I appreciate your kind attention and will not forget you." He replied: "Go on then, but you will be sorry that you did not remain with Mahone's division."

The denouement, as we shall see later in my story, proved the wisdom of his words.

We went into camp that night about a mile from the courthouse, were undisturbed during the night, and rising early next morning I rode to the courthouse alone, to view the prospect and to receive my orders. There I found, or rather just before reaching there, a bivouac of officers high in command, one or two generals amongst them, at breakfast around a fire, and I recognized Maj. Thos. Branch, who introduced me to several officers whose names I do not remember, and who asked me to breakfast. I politely declined this civility and made known to the major the object of my visit. He could not tell me where General Lee was or where or how I could get further instructions, but I was informed that the train, which, it was expected would be there with rations for the army, had gone on to Richmond through some blunder of somebody, and that it would probably supply the Yankee commissary instead of ours. Worse than that, the railroad for a short distance beyond the courthouse was torn up and probably in the hands of the enemy, and that a fight was imminent and necessary if the army proposed to follow the left, the road parallel to the one on which my little cortege was resting on the right. Indeed, some desultory firing just then began on the left, and there was a general move, the officers going forward and Major B—— and I turning back to the road on which I had spent the night. I found the road filled with a long line of quartermaster wagons, ambulances, stragglers, &c., and saw that they had been ordered to follow the same road, where there would probably be less interruption from the enemy. I got my wagon, ambulance, buggy, &c., into line after some scrouging and swearing, and we took up our march, we scarcely knew whither.

Only those who have followed a large army can know how slowly and with how many halts, a wagon-train can move. A broken axle or a balking horse can detain the whole line, as there is rarely afforded an opportunity for one wagon to turn out and pass another, indeed, the attempt is met with such a storm of obloquy and opprobrious language that one's nerves become demoralized, if nothing worse.

Being well mounted on a fine black mare, which I got from an

impressing officer who had taken her from a gentleman's farm near the Courthouse the day before and which was too high strung for artillery service, I rode leisurely up and down the long lines of wagons, meeting an acquaintance now and then, and exchanging views in reference to the situation. I soon became convinced that unless our pursuers were the most listless and unenterprising of men, our wagon, ambulance and baggage train would soon come to grief, and I determined to make my personal arrangements accordingly. Riding back some half mile along the line, I came to my party, and to the usual halt. Calling up Romulus, the colored boy who had been my house-servant and pet, the one whose mother had bade him "follow master to the end of the earth," I said: "Boy, no Yankee shall ever claim that he gave you your freedom. I will set you free right here." And getting down from my horse, I wrote his free-papers, gave him a knife as a memento of his master, such money as I could spare, and told him to stay with me as long as he found it agreeable and safe, but that when things became too hot to skedaddle in any direction which should prove the safest. He pocketed my bequests, but evidently thought the whole thing a good joke, and went back to his place in my buggy beside a young man named Venable, and J. V. Tucker, Esq., who was one of the attaches of the Confederate hospital that made up our little gang. In less than an hour Romulus and Venable and Tucker were all captured and in the hands of the enemy. But, I forestall my story.

Stopping just then on the road to talk to some friends who occupied that portion of the line, the wagons, &c., moved off, my party with them, and knowing that I could overtake them any time in five minutes, I loitered in good company half an hour, perhaps, and then rode on. I had gone not more than a mile when I came to an open place on the side of the road, where some one had camped the night before, and seeing some excellent forage left unused, I dismounted, took the bit out of my horse's mouth, and thought I would give her a square meal, as I did not know when or where she would get the next. She had hardly begun to eat when I heard some one cry, "The Yankees are coming," and saw a general rush, pell-mell, of teamsters and stragglers back to the rear. I remembered when I traded for my black mare the day before with Sergeant Harrison, the impressing officer, he told me that she was hard to bridle. I thought of this and looked down the road, where I saw coming up from a cross-road a few hundred yards away, a company of Yankee cavalry, apparently about fifty, and as they got into our

road forming line parallel with it, and pouring their shot into the poor mules and horses of the team. I thought now, if this mare is a fool, I am a goner. But she took the bit very kindly, and in a minute I was on her back. I looked down and saw I had dropped one of a fine pair of military gloves that somebody had given me, and as a glove in those days bore value not at all commensurate with its present worth in money, I started to get down and rescue it. But never did cavalry arrive so rapidly and in such seeming numbers before. I only had time to dash out into the woods and make my retreat through them, parallel with the road, as fast as the impediments of riding through the woods permitted. This, however, was not very fast, and gave me opportunity of remarking again that they were only shooting the horses and mules, and being few in number, had no other idea than obstructing the road and disabling us by destroying the animals.

There were a number of our men rushing back through the woods on line of the road, many of them armed with muskets, and I called their attention to the fact that the Yankees were few in number and only shooting the teams, and begged them to halt and make a stand and save the train. One old soldier looked up at me for a minute, in a sort of a dazed way, and said: "If you are fool enough to believe that, you stop, I am going on." I thought of the stars on my collar and of the little brief authority of command that they had given me for four years, and thought of endeavoring to enforce my words, but the stream of stragglers rushed by, increasing in numbers and making a panic that was irresistable. In a few minutes we all came out together in the road, a little out of range of the fire, and here a Colonel C——, of the cavalry, stopped in the road, and I with him, thinking that he would be able to exercise some authority and to stay the rout. But they paid no more attention to him than they did to me. Just then my attention was attracted by a captain and quartermaster, who was making the most urgent efforts and appeals to the men to halt and shoot. "Shoot," he said, "one time, and you will drive them away." One man, who seemed inclined to halt and make fight, replied, "I have no gun." "There are plenty of guns and ammunition here in my wagon," said the captain. Seeing me about this time, he said: "Major, you have been to the front, you know how few Yankees there are attacking us, speak to the men," and then, jumping upon a log or stump or something, he continued his harangue: "Stand men! Stand! Right here! Five determined men can stop this whole rout. Stop! For

your country's sake! For General Lee's sake! For God's sake! For my sake!" In the meantime I was so attracted by his earnestness, if not moved by his eloquence, that I did not as accurately note the situation as I should otherwise have done, and I was rather startled into a consciousness of the real condition of things by two or three of the enemy riding up in most disagreeable proximity, and the pop—pop—pop (not at the horses and mules this time) from their carbines, which purported to shoot only sixteen times without being reloaded, but seemed to me then, to shoot nearer sixteen hundred times. My quartermaster, I think, made fight—somebody fired a gun. He soon went down, however, and I heard afterwards with a broken arm, though I never saw him again.

My mare, not relishing the situation, and having been for the first time, I suspect, under fire, whirled with me, and I discovered that, besides the quartermaster, I held the field alone. She discovered the same thing, and several things it seemed, which lent wings to her feet. Without at all consulting my wishes, but in full unison with my desires, she left incontinently, I lying down on her neck, and not knowing at what moment I should receive an inglorious wound in the most objective portion of my person. The fugitives who preceded me must have made good time also, for it seemed nearly a quarter of a mile before I overtook anybody. Then I ran into another quartermaster whom I recognized by his expletives as an old friend from North Carolina, and into a gentlemen with three stars on his collar, whom I recognized as the president of a court-martial that I had attended some few months before. These, with one or two other officers, seemed to be bringing up the rear of the fugitives. Somebody called out "fall in company Q," but it was received as a piece of pleasantry not appropriate to the occasion. My quartermaster friend suggested that he and I take across the fields in a certain direction which he thought would bring us under the ægis of some of Lee's fighting men. We had only gone a few hundred yards, however, when we came upon Major Hill, a brother of General A. P. Hill, and one or two other officers, who seemed to be trying to find what we were looking for. And just as we had saluted each other a full regiment of infantry came out of a piece of woods a few hundred yards to our left, and with a yell and a double-quick made for our position.

With the peculiar reflection of the light in the little valley they were crossing, they seemed dressed in *blue*, and we took them for the enemy and awaited our fate with resignation. On coming up,

however, it turned out to be the —— North Carolina, under Colonel Yarborough, which had been sent to the rescue of the baggage trains. We went with them back, but the affair was over when we reached the place where our quartermaster had been cut down. Captain J——, whom some of you knew as a resident of Petersburg after the war, said that *he had whipped* them back by getting a few wagoners to stand and fire a dozen shots or so. The position, at which the Yankees were repulsed, was one at which a dozen determined men with muskets could have repelled an hundred horsemen. The road was only about twenty or thirty feet broad, and on either side was a thicket, one of black jack and the other of second growth pine, that no cavalry could penetrate. We found a few dead Yankees, one just in front of the position which my eloquent quartermaster friend occupied, and I cheered myself with the belief that he had fallen under the fire of the quartermaster. There were others lying on the ground unhurt, one dead drunk—too drunk to be killed or captured. I do not know what disposition was made of him.

The little party of the enemy who had made the havoc had retired by the same cross-road by which they came. They were picked men of Sheridan's cavalry, who, under guides that knew the country well, hung on our flanks, and in small parties would every day strike some portion of the most unprotected part of our trains, and having burned and destroyed as much property as they could, would retreat as soon as fighting troops appeared. The bait which had tempted them to this specific attack was said to have been six new Brooke guns which had been brought out of Richmond when our forces left, and to which were attached some very fine teams which had been impressed for that purpose. These were carried off, about an hundred ambulances were burned and a number of wagons, and a number of horses and mules were shot, and the road so obstructed that it was several hours before we could recommence our march. There were no killed amongst our men, and only our brave quartermaster wounded. I was told he had an arm broken.

The casualties amongst my little party I must now recite:

Venable died at Point Lookout; Tucker is now (March, 1890), with Dr. George Starke, and Romulus somewhere in New York.

Tucker, Romulus and Venable, as I said, were taken from my buggy and made prisoners. The subsequent history of Romulus is not without interest, but I cannot introduce it in this place. Doctors Hume Field, R. Lewis and J. P. Smith, the former two known to

some of you present, escaped into the woods and returned just as I came up.

A young officer, a Captain Riddick, who was in my commissary wagon, and who had been wounded some months before, and who, had been in the Confederate hospital, was also captured and carried off. His sister, a splendid young girl of about eighteen or twenty years of age, I omitted to say, accompanied him from Petersburg, where she had been nursing him, and was with him in the wagon. She refused to leave the wagon when he was taken, and as they could not burn it with her in it, it was saved and all of our commissary stores by her courage and firmness. There was also a fat chaplain along, the Rev. ——. Miss R—— said that he escaped by making the best time she had ever seen through the woods. We did not see him again.

The young lady we put into the wagon of a North Carolina quartermaster which had just come up, and in which there were already two other ladies, one, a Miss D——, of New Orleans, whose father was quite a learned man, and who had held some important office under the Government in Richmond, and the other, a Mrs. S——, whose maiden address impressed itself on my mind, because my brother had been a great admirer of hers, Miss F—— C——, of Florida. The subsequent fortunes of these brave women who had determined to follow the Confederacy, I will rehearse presently.

There was a young surgeon from North Carolina who took to that wagon mightily for the few days that they remained in our company, and things seemed very lively, considering the circumstances.

My chief of ambulance escaped, though I saw him no more, I believe; also my orderly, who was a Moravian that had been impressed or conscripted in the army, but who refused to fight on account of religious scruples, and had been sent to the medical department and was ordered to me. He had been with me for many months, was faithful, honest and fearless, and the greatest forager I ever saw. It was owing to his being off on an expedition of this sort that he got away. He did better than escape—he captured a very fine saddle and bridle from a dead horse and one of the finest young thorough-breds, about four years old, I ever saw, which I think the Yankees had stolen and been unable to manage. Burkhardt (that was my man's name) caught him, mounted and rode him to Appomattox Courthouse, though I saw him get some hard falls.

That disposes of all our party except two colored men, one named

Howard, now a servant in the employ of Mr. J. H. Slater, on Liberty street, and another named John Davis, who had belonged to Mr. Clinton Jones of this city. These men escaped and followed us to the last, faithful then. As I am told, they have been honest, law-abiding and good citizens since.

Only one animal was left, and that was my mule, or rather a mule belonging to the Confederate Government, which I had hitched to the buggy, when we left Petersburg, as a reserve force. He had escaped the bullets of the enemy, and was left like "the last rose of the summer, his lovely companions all fallen and gone," and standing in the midst of the general destruction, with air and general appearance so forlorn and lugubrious, that it was impossible not to smile when looking at him. There was also a sad and seedy looking darkey standing near, and contemplating the picture with dazed and troubled mien. I called him to me, and hastily writing a note in doggerel from the pommel of my saddle, I gave it to Sambo, with a dollar, and directed him to take the mule and buggy to a handsome residence on quite an eminence above the road, and deliver both to the gentleman who lived there. I had no idea who this gentleman was, nor can I remember the doggerel lines now, except the first two, which ran somewhat in this way:

> "This to the gentleman who lives on the hill,
> When I return may he live there still."

Nor did I ever dream of hearing from mule or man again. But I did. The gentleman was an honored member of my own profession, Dr. J——, who returned me both mule and buggy in good order in the month of May or June after the surrender. I made my most grateful acknowledgements for his kindness as well as every possible apology for my silly note, which must have seemed to him very absurd and very unfitting an occasion of so much disaster. But my blood was younger then than now, and all soldiers, poor fellows, are apt to make merriment of misery. There was many a merry joke made amidst the fiercest fighting, and many a brilliant sally was spoken by lips sealed the next minute in death.

But my mule—I feel that I cannot dismiss him so summarily—I am sure that the interest of my comrades is enlisted in his story. I had not gotten back home from durance vile, but a short time, when I had a note brought me by private hands (we had the luxury of few mails just then—it was the latter part of May, 1865), saying that if I would send for my mule and buggy I could get them. But whom

should I send? Whom could I trust with my mule? Were my own agent honest, the whole country was full of stragglers and Yankees, who had the most peculiar and narrow idea in reference to the sanctity of personal property, and especially if that property had its form in the investment of horse or mule flesh.

However, I soon met a comrade, just back from prison, P— S—, impecunious and seedy, and I said to him, "Could you go to Amelia county and bring me a mule and buggy? You would have to walk, of course, but you could ride in a buggy back." He replied, "Would the job be worth five dollars?" I said that I thought so. "Have you got the money to pay in advance?" "Yes." "Then it is a bargain." He was light of baggage, and as soon as he replenished his commissariat he was off.

In four days he returned, and driving up to an office which I had improvised on Bank street, he called out, "Here's your mule," and there he was, greatly improved and fattened, but his personal identity was unquestionable. Whose personal property he was, was a question not so easily settled. He was an asset of a broken concern, the Confederate Government, which had gone into the hands of a receiver, and many representatives of that receiver, in the shape of Yankee quartermasters, &c., lined the streets. I really had some conscientious scruples on the subject myself for which some of my old comrades jeered me, and I thought I would inquire amongst "my friends the enemy," stating a supposed case.

I did so, selecting as an umpire an officer whom I did not know, but who seemed a friendly sort of a fellow. He paid me a doubtful compliment in replying, "If you have got a mule of that sort, and don't sell him at once and put the money in your pocket, you are a bigger fool than I take you to be." I acted on his suggestion promptly; sold my mule for seventy-five dollars (no man asked for a bill of sale or guaranty in those days), my buggy for seventy-five additional, and bought a horse, saddle and bridle, and carried the horse in the back lot to my office.

Before very long several lewd fellows in blue, of the baser sort, came in and said I had stolen a horse. On taking them to see him, however, he did not quite come up to their idea of plunder, and the spokesman said, "That is not the horse." There was an excellent saddle blanket, though, with the fixtures, and he maintained that it was his, and that I did steal *that*, but I talked him out of that idea, an accusation of *stealing* was not matter for *fighting* under the pe-

culiar circumstances of that day, but I was left in undisturbed possesion of my property.

But to return to the retreat. My ambulance was burned with all of my clothes, indeed, they were no great shakes, except a very fine new cloak of Confederate cloth, elaborately finished, the gift of a friend and made somewhere abroad. Its estimated value in the currency of the day was fifteen hundred dollars. It was too fine to wear, except by a major-general, but I regretted its loss exceedingly. A greater loss was my diary, that dated back to the days of the Charleston convention of 1860, which was the real inauguration of the Revolution, in which the South staked its all for constitutional liberty. This I regretted more than cloak. Our lives were spared, however, and some commissary stores were left, and our little party trudged along with the wagon train, until the day following, when we took the vote amongst ourselves, whether we would continue with it, constantly menaced as it was by marauding parties of the enemy's cavalry, which seemed always to be hovering on our right, and against which we had little or no protection, or whether we would follow the fighting men, at a respectful and professional distance, in the rear. We had not found out then that the rear was simply the left of the line, whilst the front was the right, and that there was just as much and just as hard fighting in the rear as in the front. We had only changed our route a few hours when we were told that the enemy had scooped down on the wagon train again, so we thought we were lucky. But shortly after, we came upon some of Mahone's men, not apparently retreating, but seeming lounging around. I remember seeing Mr. A. A. A—— and Mr. W. J. B—— sitting down on a pile of rails with their shoes off, and not very far from the same place, I saw General Mahone lying down in the corner of a fence near the road, with one or two orderlies. I did not recognize any of the staff. I thought he was trying to get a nap, perhaps, and I did not salute or disturb him, but went leisurely on a short way towards the front, when we saw General Longstreet and several of his staff, apparently lounging around, and still suspecting nothing, we went on, nobody halting us, until, a few minutes after, we came into an elevated and open plain, where a thin line of men were strung out diagonally across our road for some distance on either side, and a little stir of some sort going on. Presently an ambulance drove up from a sort of cross country road, and went rapidly forward through the line, and I heard a lady cry out from within it, "Don't take me right into the battle; don't take me right into the

battle." I rode forward to see if I could be of any assistance, when an infantry officer caught the mules, and taking the lines turned them around and drove rapidly down in the direction from which they came, and soon placed the party under the shelter of a hill.

We followed and found some surgeons had selected the same place for the reception of the wounded, and were rigging up some sort of a table, the sanguinary usage of which we only too well divined. Of course, we cast in our lot with them, and proposed to render any assistance in our power. But we also found seeking the same sheltered position, and in a wagon (how it got there I cannot tell), our lady friends, Miss R —— and Miss G ——, from whom we had parted the day before. The battle was now opened, and in a few minutes the first victim came in, a North Carolina soldier, on a horse, though not a trooper. We had only time to take him down and to see that he was badly wounded through the knee, and that his leg would probably have to be amputated, when increased noise in front indicated increased activity of some sort, and immediately a courier came dashing up and delivered an order from General Lee or Longstreet for the surgeons to fall back at once, and to leave the wounded, the ladies, ambulances, wagons and everything, and showed us a rough road through the woods at right angles to our position by which we were to retreat. And so left our poor wounded soldier on the ground, and the ambulance, wagon and ladies with hurried and rather informal adieu. We heard that they fell into the enemy's hands shortly after we left, and that they received very courteous attention, and were sent back to Petersburg under safeguard. The fight was the one at or near Rice's station. Some of you comrades have, doubtless, more accurate information in reference to it than I.

Our road soon carried us back to the main road on the right, along which the wagons, as many as were left, were dragging their slow length. We marched all night, or rather crept along with them, until at some creek or double creek of some sort, a panic occurred, and there was crowding and confusion worse confounded. How many ever came out, I do not know. Being light of baggage ourselves, we got ahead of them, kept the Farmville road, and went into that town about daylight the next morning, Thursday, with any number of soldiers, but none, I think, in regular organization.

There were two incidents of that night which indelibly impressed themselves on my memory. It was during that night that I saw General Lee for the last time, until after the war was over, when I

dined with him one day at General Mahone's at the house on Sycamore street, now owned and occupied by Mr. S. W. V——. He was riding slowly along the line of inextricably tangled wagons, as if going to the rear, no one with him, as far as I can remember, and I was near enough to look into his face. He rode erect, as if incapable of fatigue, and with the same dignified mien that I had so often noted on the streets of Petersburg. From his manner, no man would have discovered that, which he so well knew, viz: that his army was melting away, that his resources were exhausted, and that in a few days he would be compelled to deliver up to the enemy, which he had so often defeated, the remnants of those ragged jackets, who had followed him for four long years, and who had never failed him except "in their own annihilation."

Another incident was this. Sometime during the night, on some high hills, in the county of Cumberland or Prince Edward, I know not which, it was very cold, and Dr. Lewis, one of our party, found a captain and quartermaster, whom he introduced to me as Captain O——, of North Carolina, who had some whiskey, and who invited me to take a swig from his canteen. It was the first drink I had taken in many months, and I suspect the whiskey was as good as any, but it had the most peculiar effect upon me. I had congratulated myself up to that night, that I had not suffered from fatigue, from hunger, from want of sleep, from fear; and yet in ten minutes after I took that swallow of whiskey, I was hungry, tired, scared, and so sleepy that I had to get off my horse and walk to keep awake.

Well, we got into Farmville, as I said, about daylight, and my man Burkhardt said that, if we would halt there awhile, he would go into somebody's kitchen and bake some biscuit from a little flour that he had foraged. We turned off on a by-street, and I lay down on the sidewalk, first fastening my reins around my body, to assure my awaking in case of any one's attempting to steal my horse, a precaution which I learned the night before, an officer informing me that some one had stolen his horse from his side whilst he was asleep. I slept for several hours, and when I awoke, the whole town was full of soldiers, and the army, infantry and artillery, was crossing the county bridge as rapidly as possible over into Buckingham.

As we started to follow, my man, with his eye ever on the commissary, informed me that Major Scott was issuing rations at the railroad depot, and that we had better go by and see what we could get. It was true the Major was dealing out hurriedly, and I suspect, without requisition in duplicate, the little that was left, and, at my

request, delivered with his own hands a side of middling meat to my man, and we passed on.

As we reached the river, there was halted on this side, and out of the road so as not to interfere with the passage of the troops, the Yankee prisoners who had been captured on the route. I judged, from a rough estimate, that there were more than a thousand of them, and a sorry looking set they were. A good many of them carried large pieces of meat, sides of middling, such as that I had just drawn at the last issue of rations to the Army of Northern Virginia, but we had no time for conversation with them.

General Long crossed the river about that time, and knowing him very well, we crossed with him, and rode with him a short distance. In less time than an hour, I suppose, the army, prisoners and all, had passed over, and General Lee had given orders to burn the bridge behind us, which I think was done by Major Cook, one of his Inspectors, a gentleman who, after the war, became an Episcopal minister, and who had charge of a colored church in this place for many years.

On the hills beyond Farmville, there seemed to be a great deal of artillery halted, or parked, as I afterwards learned, and it was here (we know now, that which few knew then), that General Lee opened his first correspondence with Grant in reference to the surrender of the army; and it was a short distance further on that they seemed to be lightening the load of headquarter's wagons by destroying letters and papers from them. A young man named Morgan, from this city, who had belonged to the 12th Virginia, but who had been detailed as clerk in the medical department of General Lee's headquarters, seemed entrusted with this duty. Here, for the last time, I saw Dr. Guild, General Lee's medical director, and Mrs. Guild, who was trying to make her escape with the army into friendly lines, and General Lee's carriage and horses, which I never saw him use, though I was told that he did ride in the carriage once or twice during the retreat. It was upon a road that had been evidently just cut through some pines, and the progress was very slow and tedious. Dr. Guild said to me: "You had better remain with us," and I thought so too, but something occurred to separate my party from his, and then came the usual daily and nightly order, "forward," and I saw him no more.

We moved on without incident of especial concern to us, until Saturday afternoon. There were increased signs of demoralization and disintegration all along the roads. Soldiers, whom I knew had

been soldiers of steadiness and courage, were straggling and sleeping, unarmed and apparently unconcerned; I attributed it to fatigue and hunger and exhaustion. Officers of the line seemed to be doing the same thing, colonels, generals, even lieutenant-generals, and I saw a member of the staff of one of Lee's most distinguished Lieutenants throw himself on the gronnd, and swear an oath that he would never draw his sword from its scabbard again; and then I noted that there were more and more small arms thrown aside on the roads, muskets stuck up in the ground by their bayonets, yet, with hundreds, yes, perhaps, thousands of others, I had not entertained for a moment the idea of any surrender of Lee's army as a whole.

To me, as to every Southron, as to every soldier, as to every man and woman and child of the Confederacy, it had been the embodiment of courage and fortitude and heroism. The cause for which it contended was the cause of liberty and truth and right. God could never suffer those brave batallions to go down, even before might, whose standards had been upheld for so many years by the arms of our heroes; those battle-flags could never trail in dust, which, consecrated and kissed by Southern women, had been baptized in the blood of the truest and best of the earth. The prayers of a million of Christian men and women, proving their faith by their works of self-abnegation and self-surrender, could not fail to have a hearing above, where the destiny of nations was ordained and determined.

Oh ! Comrades, many a heavy hearted man survived the surrender at Appomattox, and trudged his weary way home, believing, with Napoleon Bonaparte, that, after all, Heaven was on the side of the heaviest ordnance.

On Saturday afternoon, preceding the fatal morning of Sunday, the 9th of April, my little party was well in the front, keeping pace with some broken sections of artillery belonging to different commands, which, with exhausted ammunition and in crippled condition generally, had been ordered to make for Lynchburg. I came upon Colonel P——, General Lee's inspector-general, placing a few infantry troops in position upon a knoll commanding a considerable view of open country, on the left, and riding up to him I asked what command it was. It did not seem to comprise more than two hundred men in all. He replied slowly and sadly: "That is what is left of the 1st Virginia regiment, and that is the sole guard of the left flank of the Army of Northern Virginia." At a distance, away beyond musket range on the left, there was a body of Federal horse,

hovering around as ill-omened birds of prey, awaiting their opportunity.

Within range of my eye, there were a great number of muskets stuck in the ground by the bayonets, whose owners, heart-sick and fainting of hunger and fatigue, had thrown them away, and gone, none knew whither. God help the poor fellows and forgive them! Four years of peril and fatigue and fighting had proved their mettle; but gaunt hunger had, at last, overcome their manhood, and they had scattered throughout the country, to any house or hut that promised a piece of bread. I saw men whose rations for days had been corn, stolen from the horses' feed, and parched and munched as they retreated and fought. I said to Colonel P——: "Does General Lee know how few of his soldiers are left, or to what extremities they are reduced?" "I do not believe that he does," was his reply. "Then whose business is it to tell him, if not his first Inspector's?" I said. "I cannot," he replied, "I cannot."

For the first time my faith and my fortitude failed me, and, choking with tears, I said to my little party: "I cannot see of what further use we can be here; let us push on ahead, may be we can get to Johnston's army, may be, beyond the Mississippi, some leader will raise the stars and bars, and liberty will find there a rallying point and a refuge!"

Comrades, my faith in the Confederate cause was strong, and when the sun went down, a few hours later, behind the hills of the Appomattox, I looked upon life as a bauble, and the only blessed ones those brave men who were sleeping in soldiers' graves without knowledge of defeat, without taste of the ignominy of walking under the victor's yoke.

As I rode along, classic readings, in the halcyon holidays of the happy past, haunted my memory, and I thought of Ulysses, after the siege of Troy, wandering the world, a wrecked waif, and of Homer's lines :—

> "Happy, thrice happy, who in battle slain,
> Pressed in Atrides cause the Trojan plain.
> Oh! had I died before that well fought wall,
> Had some distinguished day renowned my fall,
> Such as was that when showers of javelins sped,
> From conquering Troy around Achilles' head."
>
> *Odyssey, Lib.* 5, verse 306.

And I thought of the grand epic, in the words of which I began this story, and of the laments of the unhappy Aeneas and his song,

"O terque quaterque beati,
Quis ante ora patrum Trojae sub moenibus altis,
Contigit oppetere!"

"Thrice happy those whose fate it was to fall,
Exclaims the chief, before the Trojan wall,
Oh! 'Twas a glorious fate to die in fight,
To die so bravely in their parents' sight.
Oh, had I there, beneath Tydides' hand,
That bravest hero of the Grecian band,
Poured out this Soul, with martial glory fired,
And in the plain triumphantly expired,
When Hector fell by great Achilles' spear."

Verg. Aeneid, B'k 1st, verse 91.

But pushing on, we reached Appomattox Courthouse just before sunset, and hearing there was a train of Confederate sick and wounded at the depot on the railroad, some two miles further on, we rode at once to that point. There I succeeded in getting on a few more of our sick and broken down men. I remember Mr. J. J. Cocke amongst them, who was but a boy at the time, though an artillerist. The train got off for Lynchburg safely, not half an hour too soon.

We rode back in the direction of the courthouse to the Lynchburg road, where we found some of the artillery going into bivouac, as it was about sunset. Some of our party were for going on to Lynchburg that night, or at least moving on and getting ahead of the artillery, but Dr. Field, Dr. Smith and I, with my faithful Burkhardt, concluded we would lie down and sleep at least for an hour or so. I unsaddled my horse, gave her some provender which Burkhardt had captured, and lay down with my head on my saddle, and was soon asleep and dreaming of better things than my surroundings. I had slept only a very short time, when Burkhardt shook me rudely by the shoulder and cried, "Doctor, the Yankees be upon thee."

I arose quickly, but not so quickly as my companions, for Drs. Smith and Field were fast disappearing through the thick black jack forest, and Burkhardt, who had not unsaddled or tied his fine animal was fast flying up the road towards Lynchburg, whilst coming down the road, which we had just traversed from the depot, was a body of Yankee cavalry, in column, rushing, with yells and clanking of sabres and clouds of dust, right upon me. I had no time, of course, to mount my horse, or even to snatch a haversack and canteen from the pommel of my saddle, but catching up a large shawl, on which I

was lying, and which I now keep as a memorial, with a bullet hole through it, I made the best time I could, following my companions, and coming to a high fence in the woods, we climbed over that, and put it, as well as the black jack, between us and the enemy's horse. There was, immediately after, some pretty smart firing over our heads of carbines and of artillery, a rebel yell, and a hurried retreat of troopers. Then there was another charge and another irregular discharge of field pieces, and a general scattering, as far as we could tell. Darkness, however, had come on, and making a bed of leaves in the corner of our fence, we concluded that, ignorant as we were of the topography of the country, and the relative position of the contending forces, we had better remain still until daylight.

The next day, after we had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and had had an opportunity of shaking the hands of a few fellow prisoners, we got a good account of the skirmish of the night before. It seems that the Yankee cavalry, made bold and careless by almost constant and unresisted raid upon our wagon trains and stragglers, had charged down the road where they passed us, in column, and that some of our broken artillery, getting the wind of what was coming, had loaded up to the muzzle with what relics of ammunition, grape and cannister they had, and had opened fire on the column at short range.

An eye witness, Sergeant D——, of the Howitzers of Richmond, himself in charge of one of the guns, informed me that the havoc was fearful. The Yankees were repelled, but formed again, and seeing, I suppose, the fewness and insignificance of the force arrayed against them, came almost as audaciously and in column again, led by a bronzed old major, on a gray charger, who, with many others, met his death with a reckless courage, worthy of a better cause. The second charge, however, was successful; our men had no more ammunition, and were run down by the cavalry, some surrendering, and some escaping into the woods. The casualties on our side were few—I do not know that any were killed. Dr. N——, of Norfolk, who was then surgeon of one of the artillery companies engaged in the fracas, got a pistol bullet in his face, I remember.

But to return to our fortunes. Rising up in the morning, as soon as it was daylight, we began to cast about for our moorings. There was before us a large open field, and thinking that lay in the direction of Lee's lines we commenced to cross it, in hopes of rejoining our men. We were strengthened in our opinion by seeing, a few hundred yards to our right, a vidette sitting quietly on his horse, as

if looking out for news. We approached him, and, after getting within ten or fifteen paces, were halted, and brought in range of a very ugly looking navy revolver. Mentioning the fact that we were friends, and only three lost Confederate surgeons looking for Lee's lines, and asking very naively in what direction they were, he pointed to the direction which we supposed, and we started to go, when we received another "halt," accompanied this time with an ominous clicking of the weapon in his hand, and a request "to come forward." We did so, and found that our vidette wore a different uniform from our own, and that we had been taken in. He gave a curt order, "right about face—march—quick." We obeyed promptly, and strode forward in the opposite direction to Lee's lines, he on horseback, and selecting me as "next man," and keeping his pistol very disagreeably near my head. I ventured to remark that we were unarmed, and that I thought it not at all necessary that we should be kept quite so closely covered by his weapon, but he made no reply.

We went hurriedly on over the rough ground, his pistol bobbing up and down near the right side of my head, and I really apprehended some danger, and said, "Sergeant, you will shoot me presently." He replied very cheerfully that he did not care a d—n if he did. To which I said, "I do—I care very particularly. It would be very unpleasant and a very inglorious death." But he did not change his position, and I saw that I had to change my tactics, or that any little irregularity in the motion of his horse might send a bullet through my brain. So I reopened my conversation on a different scale, and said, "Sergeant, those are poor spurs you wear for so fine a trooper. I have in my overcoat pocket a beautiful pair of spurs, made out of copper taken from the old Merrimac your people sunk in the Gosport Navy Yard. If you will let me stop and get at them, I would like to make you a present of them." He smiled and said, "all right." I took them out and handed them up to him, and he put them in his pocket, and the pistol back in the holster. I had valued those spurs very highly. They were made, as I said, of copper taken from the old Merrimac; made in the quartermaster department in Norfolk, under care of Captain Samuel Stevens, A. Q. M., and I had removed them from my feet the night before to save them in case of my being captured, and now I had just used them to save my life. I had little idea of what would be their destination, when I used to prance with them on inspection days, when we played soldier, the first year of the war, at the entrenched camp below Norfolk.

Well, our sergeant carried us back to the picket lines, and delivered us to General Devens, who was afterwards attorney general of the United States under Grant. He received us courteously, and finding out who we were, called up his surgeon, and we were offered coffee and requested to make ourselves comfortable. The general then asked me, "Why doesn't General Lee surrender? How long is he going to keep up this foolishness? If he falls back to Lynchburg, or the mountains, does he not know that he cannot escape?" I replied that I was not in General Lee's confidence, nor had I attended a council of war, and that I really was unprepared to say what his intentions were. He then asked me "how many men of all arms General Lee had left, and how many prisoners he had with him, and what his position was, and what roads bore upon it," &c., &c., all questions which I could not answer, nor would have answered if I could. I did venture to say, however, for mischief, that he had more prisoners than men when I saw him last.

This was received good-humoredly, as was intended, except by a dapper little officer, who said, "General, he is lying, he does not want to know." I had not often been talked to in that way in my life, and to be thus insulted, a prisoner and my hands tied, I felt myself burn down into my boots. I suppose I showed it, for not only General Devens, but one or two of his staff, gave the fellow such a look that he fell back out of decent company, and I was saved the temptation of making myself a fool, which I should probably have done.

But in a few minutes the General turned us over to a courier, with orders to take us to the rear. We soon reached the advanced lines, and there we met General Sheridan, who had apparently been spending the night in a large frame building which looked something like a country church in bad repair. He was splendidly mounted and a number of his officers with him, his staff I suppose, all well dressed, and with caparisoned steeds, presenting a very different appearance from our poor, broken cavalry.

There was a large body of horse in an adjoining open piece of wood, and as Sheridan rode up, they were advanced in line. Some one remarked to us, "Now, boys, you are going to see something grand." A man near me said it was Sheridan who spoke. The infantry, of which there seemed to be a pretty good sprinkling around, jeered the troopers, as our men used to jeer them occasionally, and said, "Oh, you will be back pretty soon!" and "pretty soon" they were, pell-mell, and we were hurried back to the rear

rapidly with the fugitives, to prevent being recaptured. I was told that General Sheridan was not only repelled, but that he lost two guns in five minutes. This is also written elsewhere, but General Sheridan says nothing about it in his account of the "last affair at Appomattox."—Nor does he speak of having met me.

Before we had gone back a mile, we met the Yankee infantry advancing—and such numbers! They seemed to come out of the ground. We had to give them the road to let them pass, and I can well believe that which history records, that there were seventy-five or eighty thousand.

We were soon in the rear, indicated by the number of our prisoners, who were halted under guard in a large body, by the hospital arrangements, and by a curious looking cooking affair on wheels, which we were told belonged to the "Christian Commission." It was all of the "Christian Commission" that we ever saw. No doubt the cooking stove had its functions as the commission had its functions, but they were never developed under our observation.

We were marched up and merged into the body of prisoners, maybe a thousand of them, and soon met several of our acquaintances, who had been captured earlier in the fray than we, amongst them Captain Lassiter, of the N. & W. R. R., and Mr. Simpson, a son, I think, of our Mr. Simpson, whom I see before me. To him I soon became indebted.

During the afternoon the prisoners were marched across a little ravine into a body of wood, open and with but little undergrowth, the limits of a prisoners' camp were designated, the dead lines drawn, and we were told for the second time "to make ourselves comfortable." Details were permitted and ordered to bring in fence rails for fires or for constructing temporary shelter, and with the instinct and ingenuity of soldiers, many soon fixed themselves in tolerably comfortable quarters. There was also a barn of splendid tobacco near our camp, of which we were requested (by our enemies) to help ourselves.

Drs. Smith and Field and I and another gentleman, whose name I cannot recall, but who introduced himself to us as a medical man, and whom we afterwards suspected of having imposed upon us, had one fire and one improvised shelter. Friend Simpson occupied the alloted space in front of us with his mess; Captain G——, of Richmond, and his mess to the left; and to our right there were strangers. The first day, the Sabbath, closed without an issue of rations. We, my party I mean, had had a cup of coffee with General Devens in

the morning and nothing since. Having light stomachs and great fatigue, we slept well and did not awake until sunrise of the day following. The next morning nine, ten, eleven o'clock came, and no rations. Our friend Simpson came to us and divided some compressed vegetable cake with us, showed us how to make a sort of soup or medley with it, gave us a piece of corn-bread, and giving him grateful thanks, we made a light breakfeast.

About sunset, a beef or two were driven up and shot on the outskirts of the camp, and skinned and flayed on the ground. So much of the quivering flesh was dispensed to each mess, one member of the mess going under guard to get it. We received ours, broiled a portion of it on sticks, without salt, ate it for supper, and put the other away for breakfast. Having no closets or other conveniences for stowing away supplies, we put our rations in our caps, and so slept with them. It was voted, after conference with our neighbors, as the only safe place we had. Poor Captain G——— had cap and rations both stolen in the night, and the last I saw of him he was marching to prison bare-headed.

The next morning a Yankee, who had been busy about our mess the day before and asking a good many questions and talking generally in a manner which led us to treat him as a nuisance, came up to me and said he had an invitation for me to take breakfast with Dr. Richardson, of New York State, and showed a permit for me to pass the lines, on my honor to return. How my friend ever knew who I was, or to what circumstance I was indebted for this mark of distinction, I could never find out. I found Dr. Richardson, with some half dozen officers—surgeons, quartermasters, &c., some few hundred yards from the prisoners' camp, about to sit down to a very comfortable breakfast of broiled pig, bread and coffee, spread on an extemporized table under the trees. They received me very kindly, and one of the officers remarked, "Help yourself, Doctor, your people furnished the menu" (with a smile as if to intimate that the provender before us was impressed); "we have no rations; your Fitz Lee burned all of our wagon trains Sunday, and I don't know when you will get anything more." We made a square meal, and having talked very pleasantly for a few minutes, both sides avoiding topics that might excite disagreeable discussion, I thanked my stranger friend and returned to camp.

It is needless to say that I was the lion, and the envy of all immediately about me. But I was invited out no more. We had a little fresh beef issued to us every day, nothing more. We did not know

that General Lee had surrendered until Wednesday, and then we could get no reliable account of anything. The fact is, our captors, or those with whom we could have any conversation, did not seem to take any sort of interest in affairs, and did not seem to know or care anything about what was going on. Soldiering was altogether mechanical with them. And those who were in charge of our camp did not even seem to take any especial interest in their business. Our soldiers, the prisoners I mean, broke the dead line constantly, and jeered and guyed the guards, until I confidently expected they would shoot into our camp, but they manifested neither pleasure nor displeasure, and I think any Confederate could have walked away that wished to—some, I suppose, did go. I am sure of it; but there was so little prospect of a man's getting home, without money, without food, or without friends, that few thought their chances would be improved by going away. Then, too, if Lee had surrendered, was not the war over?

However, the hopes of all who thought that way were soon dissipated. On Thursday morning, an order came for the officers amongst the prisoners to be mustered and registered. We were gotten out and put in line to march. I noticed the officer of the guard with a badge pinned on the lapel of his coat, which indicated that he was a Mason, or I thought so, and, drawing a bow at a venture, I took an opportunity, the first time he came near me, to give a signal of distress. He came to me and asked what he could do for me. I asked what he was going to do with me. He said that the officers were to be sent to Fort Lafayette. Then I replied, I would like to get away. He said: "I will do anything for you which is not in violation of my oath as a soldier." "What grounds have you for asking to be released?" I said: "I am a non-combatant." He remarked: "Are you not one of the surgeons who were captured with that artillery which did such fearful execution amongst our men on Saturday night last?" I said: "Yes, but I was not at a gun—I never pulled a lanyard in my life." He smiled and said: "You were in mighty bad company then, and will have to take your chances with them."

After a little time, he came back and said: "According to the terms of General Lee's surrender all men and officers captured within so many hours before the time of surrender, and within so many miles of Appomattox Courthouse, are entitled to their liberty and parole." "Well," I said, "if that be so, I and my three friends here and some eighty or more Alabamians of Gracie's brigade, with

their colonel, are entitled to their parole." And I called up the colonel, a gentleman named Saunders, I think, and put him in communication with the officer of the guard. The upshot of the affair was, that my guard produced pen and paper and made me state the case to General Meade, I think it was directed to him, at least, and forwarded by a mounted orderly, and in a few hours, we all standing in the meantime in line in the rain, there came an order for eighty-four of us to be sent back to Appomattox Courthouse, and to report to General Bartlett, a Federal officer of distinction, and a gentleman. He, after the war, settled in Richmond, and made many friends during the few years of his life in the South. I think he finally died of wounds received in action.

We were conducted under guard, through the dark and rain, several miles back in the direction of the Courthouse, and reached General Bartlett's command about 9 o'clock P. M.

He sent for Colonel Saunders and myself to be brought into his tent, and, after some kind talk, gave direction for us to be carried to the picket lines and released, instructing us to report to General F———, of Texas, who would parole us. According to the terms of the surrender, the Confederate generals were required to parole the men of their respective commands on paroles which had been printed by the Federal authorities, and which bore the impress of that fact.

We were accordingly taken to the picket lines, which seemed to be somewhere in or about the small village, in a kind of blacksmith shop, where we were halted. Our conductor gave the countersign, and the pickets passed us, our guards released us, and directed us, with a "good-bye, Johnnie," down the road in the direction of our lines, in the dark and in the rain, about 10 or 11 o'clock P. M., with about as much idea of where our lines were, or where General F—— was, as any other stranger, in a strange country in the dark, with nobody to enquire of, could be expected to have.

Whatever became of Colonel Saunders and his men, I know not—I never saw them again. Our little party struck out "down the road," but soon left it, to try and find shelter and somewhere to halt until daylight. We soon came to a small two-story house, with a light in a window, and going up knocked at the door, and asked to be permitted to enter and remain all night, if only in the hall. Some man came to the door, but refused to open it, and, saying that the house was already full of wounded, told us that we could not get in and to move on (a man who said to you "move on" just about that

time had usually some means of enforcing his views and it was best not to discuss them), which we did, and having cleared the yard lay down for rest. The water ran down my back in such a stream, however, that I protested against any such baptism by pouring, and with Dr. Feild moved on. Going some hundred yards or so, I suppose, in what direction we had no idea now, for we had lost our reckoning, and the darkness was worse than Cimmerian, it could be felt, we fell over a new mound of earth and another, which seemed to be new made graves, and in the end proved to be so, and gathering ourselves up for fresh adventures, came upon a small house, the door of which was open, we judged, by its being a little darker just in that place than any other, and I said to the Doctor, "here at least we can find shelter."

It was a weird looking concern, but I said, "let us go in." But Doctor Feild drew back and remarked, "that is a dangerous looking place." I said: "That from *you*, beats all. You are the gamest boy and man (for I had been his school-mate and seen him tried), that I ever saw, and now for you to talk about being afraid borders rather on the ludicrous; besides, what have you got to lose but your life? Come on!"

As we stepped into the door, there came to my nose that ineffable smell of gore, two or three days old, which but too many of us learned to recognize in our four years experience of war, and taking a match-box out of my pocket, I struck a light. Sure enough, we were in a field hospital. There was the bloody floor, the bloody clothes and rags that had been cut off from the poor fellows who had been operated on, and even a book of anatomy, from which some young surgeon had doubtless been refreshing himself during the process of mutilation, and straw upon which the wounded had lain and the table and broken chairs, &c. Well, we were at home, at least, and our right there, there was none to dispute, as we thought. There was a large open fire-place in the room, and with the straw and broken furniture we soon had a blazing fire, and lay down before it to warm and dry. We were soon asleep, of course, how long I do not know, but I was awakened by the biggest wasp nest falling down upon me I ever saw. I suppose the room had been uninhabited, and the wasps had built in the chimney. We were not long in getting up and out, but we returned to the combat, and managed to destroy our new enemies, and to take possession of our old quarters, where we slept soundly until morning. Leaving our house as soon as it was daylight, we made a breakfast on some hard tack, which

Dr. Feild had purchased of a Yankee soldier the night before, for a gold ring, and which, tied up in his old pocket handkerchief, had soaked to an extent by the rain which made them edible, if not improved in flavor. We went out now to try to find our way to General F———. We soon came upon Dr. Smith, who told us that after parting from us he had spent the night sitting up with his back to a tree. He was an old campaigner and had done that thing before. He had found out, somehow, the route to our destination, and we put out through mud and rain. Coming to the Appomattox, which was an insignificant branch when we crossed it on the fatal Saturday afternoon before, we found it quite a swollen and angry stream. But there was neither bridge nor ferry, and so with others, who I suppose also were looking for General F——, we went in and waded through without the formality of undressing. The water did not reach greatly above our knees, and we suffered no inconvenience from our morning bath.

On going about half a mile, I suppose, I came upon a group of Confederates breaking camp and about to commence the journey, no longer march now, home. As good fortune would have it, I knew them every one, and in company with every one, but one, I had commenced my military career four years before, lacking five days. There were General William Mahone, Captain Samuel Stevens, Captain Benjamin Harrison, Captain John Patterson, Major. J. A. Johnston, Major O. H. P. Corprew, Captain Stone and one or two orderlies, one especially, a young Kentuckian, who was a nephew of Captain Stone, had won the soubriquet of the "bravest of the brave." His name was Blakemore.

Another one I did not mention in my last address (he was before me), and one man whose merit can be measured by his modesty. He had been a soldier in the Mexican war, before he was old enough, but had seen that service, and come home, and now left with us all of the 4th Virginia battalion, on the 19th of April, 1861, to do battle again for his country, though under a different flag. He was a quiet, diffident, fighting private of the 4th battalion, afterward of the 12th Virginia, Mahone's brigade, until he got an ugly wound at Sharpsburg, in the breast, of course, when he was made a quartermaster-sergeant. His name—well, so much the worse for you if you do not know him.

As we approached the group, all of whom were mounted and ready to be off, General Mahone accosted me: "Well, where in the h—— have you been?" "The last place I was in was a mud hole,"

I replied. "You look like it," he said. And I expect that I did. Those of you who were left at Appomattox Courthouse long enough to encounter the rain that wept over our defeat, can bear testimony to the mud and to the exceeding slipperiness of the roads. On the night before, under a forced march to freedom, our Yankee escort had taken a mischievous pleasure in hurrying us up, and how often I had fallen down, and how often I was ordered to "get up, Johnnie," with a bayonet inconveniently near my person, I cannot recount.

But this was no time for fooling. I said: "Boys, you are not going to leave me here?" Mahone then said: "Did I not tell you not to leave Mahone's division? Now, you see what has come of it." "Yes, General, but where is your surgeon Wood?" "Oh, that fellow got shot." I knew that, because I had seen him grievously wounded, and he had asked me to take charge of his instruments, or watch, I forget which, but the Yankees had given him an ambulance and driver and two mules, and I suggested that he would have a better chance than I to secure their and his safety, which he did. He reached home safely, I afterwards heard, near Fincastle, Va., and lived there many years.

But for myself—I said: "May be so, I could not be much worse off than I am." "Are you paroled?" he asked. "If you are I will take you home with me." "No," I said, "I and many others, my two friends here amongst them, and sixty men of your old Alabama brigade, were released last night by my influence, and ordered to report to General F—— to be paroled." "Well," he said, "go down and see General F——, he is about a mile down the road, and tell him to parole you and send you back to me. He says you will have to have a blank parole," and turning around asked if anybody had one. Captain Patterson produced one from somewhere, and then I asked if I could not get another one for Drs. Field and Smith, but not another could be found anywhere. The General then got off his horse, made me mount her, and told me that he would provide some way for me to accompany him by the time I returned, and to hasten to General F——'s headquarters before he left.

When I reached General F——'s headquarters, there was no difficulty in finding him, as I think that his was the only tent I saw. Riding up, there was at the door of the tent Captain P——, a lawyer of Richmond, who, I think, was General F——'s ordinance officer, though I am not sure of that. We had been students together at

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the University of Virginia, besides, I had met him in the army occasionally, and we were well acquainted. He bade me get down, and, giving my bridle to a soldier, took me in the tent and introduced me to General F——. My reception was decidedly the reverse of cordial, but I was not prepared for what followed. I told him that, with several surgeons and some sixty or eighty men of an Alabama brigade, I had been ordered to report to him to be paroled, and that the remainder of the party would report soon; that I was fortunate enough to have a blank parole made out by General Mahone, who had requested me to get his signature to it, as he wished to take me away with him, and had loaned me his horse to ride down to see him. He heard me through, and then, going to the door of the tent and pulling aside the blanket that hung over the entrance, he said, "Do you see those men shivering in the rain and scattered about in bivouac under those bushes? They are the remains of F——'s division. The Yankee printing press at the courthouse has broken down, and I cannot tell when I can get any blank paroles, but until every one of those poor men is paroled and sent away, not one of you will leave here." "That is hard upon me, at least, General," I said. "We have all suffered enough and lost enough to give us some common fellow feeling for each other, and I think we should be glad for anyone to get out of this trouble. I have a parole filled by General Mahone, and only wanting your signature to enable me to rejoin him and leave for home." "I shall not do it," he said. I replied, "As you please General," and turned to leave, knowing that the war was over, also his brief authority was over, except that with which the Yankees had crowned him by the terms of the surrender, and made up my mind to go with General Mahone anyway. He called me back, and said, "Let me see that parole." He took it, read it and picking up a pen from his table, wrote, "Charles F——, Major-General."

That parole is in my possession now. It was enough. Before he could make up his mind for further negotiations, I was off. But just as I mounted General Mahone's horse to go back, Captain P—— said to me, "Claiborne, have you another one of those blank paroles?" I replied, "P——, there was not another one to be found at General Mahone's camp when I left. Besides, if there were, I have two companions there who would claim them." With tears in his voice, he said, "That is the way of the world; you have gotten out of trouble, and now you are willing to leave an old schoolmate and comrade perishing of cold and hunger, the streams rising behind

him and no means of relief." Until that brave man spoke, I never realized what hunger and cold and hopelessness could bring one to. I said, "Don't talk so, P——. Come, get on your horse, let us go to General Mahone, and if there is a parole that can be gotten for love or money, you shall have one." We rode rapidly back to General Mahone's camp, and searched, but no parole could be found, and slowly and sadly and without salute the captain turned off and rode away.

General Mahone dismounted one of his couriers, put him with Corprew, his commissary, in a wagon which had been allowed him, and mounted me on a rough, rawboned charger, and we left Appomattox for, we scarcely knew where, but determined to get to the south of the returning armies and prisoners, who had not been released, and to make for Charlotte Courthouse as the first objective point.

Drs. Smith and Feild, after my experience at General F——'s, declined to report to him, and going back to the courthouse, got permission to go immediately to Petersburg, riding on the rail when the trains were running, and walking when the roads were torn up or obstructed. I cannot think that the paroles amounted to anything. We passed a number of Federal troops and no man ever asked to see a parole.

Soon after getting out of the lines at Appomatox Courthouse, Captain Stevens opened his heart and his saddle-bags, and gave me the first piece of bread I had eaten in four days. That was my day's rations. Riding all day, just before sunset, our cavalcade, cold, hungry and tired, came to a beautiful country house, in a noble grove of oaks and surrounded by every evidence of luxury and wealth. Flocks of sheep and lambs, turkeys, chickens, pigs roamed about, just the things to made a soldier's mouth water evincing that no ruthless war had visited that country. A full crib of corn stood right in our way to the house, and we thought what a haven for a tired, hungry Confederate soldier; no doubt we shall find a welcome here and all creature comfort for man and beast.

General Mahone called up Major Johnston and said, "Johnston, ride forward and ask the proprietor to allow us to remain all night. We shall want supper for our party, and corn for our horses, and would like to have two rooms in the mansion, with fires; but we are ready to pay, and in gold, for all we get. Besides, our presence may afford protection from stragglers." The Major rode off and soon rode back evidently disappointed and discomforted and re-

ported: "General, Mrs. E—— owns and lives at this place, and says we cannot stop here; that she does not want any soldiers about her house or place, and that we must move on." The General remarked in a laconic style: "The devil! Johnson, you have made a mess, I expect. Dr. Claiborne, I wish you would go to Mrs. E—, and tell her who we are, and engage what we wish." "All right, sir," I said, and I rode forward, full of my mission and confident of a graceful reception. I got off my horse at the yard gate, tied him to the rack, which at that day was a feature of the landscape never omitted from the picture of the planter's home, went in the yard, and was met by a dignified and most respectful looking darkey, past middle age, whom without introduction I recognized at once as the dining-room servant, butler, or gardner, or factotum generally, who illustrated and adorned every planter's home in those days, and who invariably met the visitor and showed him to the house. This colored gentleman, with the grace and dignity of manner which such servants of a gentleman's house in old Virginia caught from constant contact and association with gentlemen, a character which is now dying out, and which never can be reproduced, met me, and said: "My mistress, Mrs. E——, is a widow, sir, receives no gentlemen company, and asks that you will excuse her." I told him that my business was urgent, and that times were troublous, and probably it would be better for his mistress to see me. With an apology for not taking me into the front way, he led me around to the rear of the house; as I was about to mount the steps of a long portico in the rear, Mrs. E—— appeared at the top of the steps, and, making no acknowledgment of my salute, remarked: "Do not come up the steps, we will have no soldiers here." I apologized for my intrusion, said that we had no idea of forcing our way in, but that General Mahone and his staff, some seven in all, wished to remain all night, that we would like to have some supper and some forage for our horses, and that we would pay in gold for all that we got, besides protecting her premises. "No, no," she said, "she did not intend to have us stop there."

I was as tired as a man well could be, and really I did not feel like going any further, and I thought I would try the patriotic and sentimental. I said: "So you seriously propose, Madam, to deny the rights of hospitality, in an old Virginia home, to one of her most famous generals and his staff, men who, for four long years, have fought your battles, and placed themselves a living wall betwixt yourself and the Northern vandals who have come down upon

you to seize your property and to slay your people?" "I do," was her brief and unmistakable reply. "I don't know you nor General Mahone, nor ever heard of either of you before, and I want you to leave." Never heard of either of us before! What is fame?

I returned to the General, not only crest-fallen, but, I confess, no little irritated. Johnston was the only man who seemed to enjoy my discomfort. General Mahone remarked that it would serve her right to camp right there in her lawn, take what we wanted, and pay for nothing, but that it would be a bad example to set, especially in such lawless times, and that we must go on, which we did, to Charlotte Courthouse, four miles further, the longest four miles that I ever rode. On reaching there, our little party broke up into sections, General Mahone, Captain Patterson, Captain Stevens, I think, and myself, going to Mr. S——'s, who formerly lived at Westover, on James river, but who had sold his place during the war and moved up to Charlotte Courthouse, to be out of reach of the enemy.

Its location was such, that it was supposed that not even a Yankee could ever find it. Mr. S—— was not at home, but was out in the woods dodging capture, as Mrs. S—— told us, but she received us as only a patriotic Virginia woman could receive a soldier, gave us supper of hot rolls, broiled chicken and coffee! And such rolls, such chicken and such coffee! The savor of that supper has never died away from my senses.

Mrs. S——'s daughter and one or two young ladies received us in the parlor, and Capt. Patterson introduced me as Doctor Claiborne of Petersburg, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." As I had not washed my face and hands, or combed my head, or made my toilet for ten days, and was muddy to my blinkers, I felt that I was being trifled with, but I made my best obeisance, took a proffered chair, and distinguished myself by going asleep immediately, in their presence. They were polite and considerate enough to ask us to our room at an early hour. There were two beds in the room, and General Mahone and I were bunked together. But now a very serious question arose, which I feared at one time, would give rise to some unpleasantness. I had not had an opportunity of taking off my long cavalry boots for fifteen days, and they, having in that time been often wet and dried on my feet, were literally moulded to them, and positively declined to come off. General Mahone, and then my other companions, refused to sleep with me, with boots on,

to say nothing of the impropriety of occupying one of Mrs. S——'s beds with such foot gear. A negro man was summoned, the situation explained to him, and he guaranteed relief. After dragging me around the room two or three times, encouraged by the cheers of my comrades, who enjoyed the fun more than I did, he succeeded in getting them off, and I slept with General Mahone for the first and last time in my life.

The next morning, Mrs. S—— sent us up a box of paper collars, the first I had ever seen, and with one of them on, my face and hands clean, head combed, and sum of the mud off of my clothes, I appeared the next morning in fair comparison with any of my comrades. After breakfast, bidding farewell to our kind hostess and daughters, and seeking the others of our party, who had found homes in different houses in the village, we renewed our journey. After riding some ten miles, we separated, General Mahone taking Blakemore, Corprew and myself with him to his home at Clarksville, and Patterson, Stevens, Ben Harrison, Johnston and Spotswood turning their horses' heads towards Petersburg.

We reached Clarksville that night, after a forced march, and after a hot supper, which Mrs. Mahone prepared for us after our arrival, I went to bed, more dead than alive. I had undergone not only all the fatigue of the retreat, but my Rosinante was the roughest riding animal I ever backed, and riding him rapidly two long days, had used me up. This was on Saturday night succeeding the surrender.

It seemed as if the events of a lifetime had been crowded into that short week. It was almost impossible to realize the changes I had seen in that time, and now the marvel of looking at General Mahone sitting down in peace, playing with his children, whom one week before I had left at the head of his ragged veterans in fierce and hopeless fight, was more than I could take in.

Sunday, I was too sick to get up, but, with the kindly ministrations of Mrs. Mahone, I was on my feet Monday morning, and after breakfast, Blakemore and I, the last of the "Paladins" of our little group who had left Appomattox together, renewed our journey. We travelled together about half a day, when he turned off to go to his aunt's, Mrs. J——, in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, and I took the road for Louisburg, N. C., where my wife and children had been refugeeing. I had no companion for the balance of that day, reached Ridgeway about night, and found hospitable quarters at an old friend and college mate's, Dr. J——.

The next morning, I met our Adjutant Turner sitting by the side of the railroad, recalling to my mind some lines of patience on a monument. I then made for Louisburg, about twenty-five miles, saw and overtook many of Lee's soldiers trugging their way on foot to different portions of the State, and saw several splendid teams belonging to the quartermaster department of the government, which had been out foraging, but whose drivers seemed to be at sea as to where to go or what to do. One man, who told me that he lived in one of the far Southern States, and who had been out with a fine team and wagon, of four mules, begged me to take them, saying that he was certainly going to leave them on the road that day or the next and make his way home afoot as well as he could.

Of course I had no more use for the team than he had, and no more right to it, and I declined. About midday, I came to a camp which some cavalry had occupied the night before. Amongst other odds and ends they had hurriedly left was a bolt of fine imported jeans, which I picked up and tied behind my saddle. From it was fabricated the only change of underclothing I had.

I reached Louisburg about 6 o'clock the evening of that day, rode up to the house, where, two years before, I sent my wife and children, and soon had my loved ones in my arms. Four years before, almost to the day, at my home in Petersburg, I had taken them in my arms, and, giving a last kiss and God bless you, I had gone out with my comrades and compatriots to the war, with brilliant uniforms and flying banner, with heart full of hope, if full of sorrow, with no fear of defeat, and no reckoning but that we should save to them, if not to ourselves, our fair Southern land, a heritage the best that Heaven ever gave; and now alone, ragged, unaccompanied by one single comrade, unheralded, without country, without home, without faith, and without bread, I was before them, even a stranger to my children. I leave the picture—let some other finish it. But the bitterest of all, was a selfish, crabbed old man, who had done nothing for the cause and continually prated at home his lugubrious prophecies, met me with the stinging welcome, "I told you so. How do you feel now?" I never could look at that man, or hear of him, or think of him again, with Christian forbearance, and it was a load taken from my life, when I knew that a few years after he had paid the penalty of nature, and that he and I did not live in the same world together.

And now, comrades, one word more. If those men whom we

left behind us at Seven Pines, at Cold Harbor, at Malvern Hill, at Second Manassas, at Crampton's Gap, at Sharpsburg, at Gettysburg, at Chancellorsville, at Spotsylvania Courthouse, at the Wilderness, at Hatcher's Run, in the gorged mouth of the Crater; if those men fell for nothing; if no God sits in the Heavens to judge their cause; if there be no reward for them, who seeing duty, did it, laying down life as a common thing in defence of kindred and home; then we have no future. Let us patch up a treaty with the horrid Past, let us eat of the grovelling swine's food fed to rebels, let us spit upon the dust of our dishonored dead, and let us teach our children to despise their fathers as a robber band. Is there one in all this audience who can believe and teach that creed? NO! NO! I see before me women who sent out their husbands that came back no more when the soldiers returned from the war. I see before me mothers, fathers, who sent out their sons to do battle for the right, yonder where the battle was raging so fiercely, and they came back no more. Think you there is any attaint of treason on those honored names which you hand down as a heritage to them who are to come after you? Sits there a skulking figure of shame upon yonder green mound in the old church yard, where loving hands spread flowers year by year on the natal day of your soldiers' immortality? No, comrades, cherish and honor and keep and defend their memories! Away with the apologetic whine for the part we took in the war between the States, and the maudlin confession that we fought for what we thought was right! We fought for what we *knew* was right. The issue of battle never yet established a *principle*, it can only determine a *policy*. We contended for the principle of State Sovereignty, as written in the Constitution of our fathers, for the rights of the State and for the liberty of the citizen. Mr. Seward tinkled his little bell at Washington and notified the world that the laws were silent, and Mr. Greely declared that the Constitution was a "league with hell and a covenant with the devil." Congress ordained that the safety of the nation demanded such construction, and the sword established the new Policy of Central Power. We yielded, not convinced, but conquered—and only after such contest, that the world looked and wondered how six millions of people could keep at bay for four long years, forty millions—with every government upon earth at their back. We accepted the terms of the new government, not the old, we gave our fealty and we shall keep it to the new, as we kept it to the old, and we notify all peoples and nations that the Stars and Stripes are ours now, and hands

off. The men who carried the Stars and Bars, showed their allegiance to their colors; they will show their allegiance now, when the Stars and Stripes are unfurled, and they will follow their banner where any man will dare to lead.

But let us hear no more of treason or of traitors! There are no rebel graves in yonder Silent City of Blandford, watched over by that Confederate sentinel, which the true and loving hands of our women have set up as a memorial of their undying love for the "LOST CAUSE."

HARPER'S FERRY AND FIRST MANASSAS.

Extracts from the Diary of Captain JAMES M. GARNETT, in charge of General Reserve Ordnance Train, Army of Northern Virginia, from January, 1863, to February, 1864; and Ordnance Officer of Rodes's (later Grimes's) Division, 2d Corps, A. N. Va., from February, 1864, to April 9, 1865.

RESERVE ORDNANCE TRAIN, A. N. VA.,
CAMP NEAR COBHAM STATION, V. C. R. R.,
Wednesday, September 9th, 1863.

* * * * * * * * *

Monday, April 15th, 1861, may be considered the commencement of this war for Virginia, for on that day appeared Lincoln's proclamation for 75,000 men to "crush the rebellion," which hurried up our old fogy Convention, and compelled their secession on Wednesday, April 17th. I was at that time at the University of Virginia, that session being my third, as I went there from the Episcopal High School of Virginia in '57, spent sessions '57–'8 and '58–'9 at the University, taught '59–'60 at Greenwood, Mr. Dinwiddie's boarding-school in this (Albemarle) county, and returned to the University the session of '60–'61.

This proclamation created quite a sensation at the University, raising the military enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and especially filling our two companies, the "Southern Guard," Captain E. S. Hutter, and the "Sons of Liberty," Captain J. Tosh, with an earnest desire to lend a hand in the defence of our State.

The taking of Harper's Ferry was the first object that presented itself to our minds, and when, on Wednesday, Captain Duke returned from Richmond with authority to take 300 men to Harper's Ferry, our two companies, with the "Albemarle Rifles," Captain Duke, and the "Monticello Guards," Captain Mallory, from Charlottesville, offered our services. We immediately got ready, and that night, when the train from Staunton, with the "West Augusta Guards," the "Mountain Guards," and Imboden's Battery, from Augusta county, came along, we joined them and went on to Harper's Ferry, taking up different volunteer companies all along the railroad, until, when we reached Strasburg about 12 o'clock Thursday, where we had to "take it afoot," our force was quite formidable, numbering some eight or ten companies, of seventy to eighty men each, and a battery of four pieces. We marched from Strasburg to Winchester, eighteen miles, between 1 o'clock and 8, pretty good marching, considering it was our first effort; wagons were along to carry the little baggage we had, and to relieve us, but most of the men marched the whole way. We stopped in Winchester only long enough to take supper, supping at different private houses, the citizens welcoming us with lavish hospitality, tho' some, not knowing that the movement was authorized by Governor Letcher—as it had not then been publicly made known that Virginia had seceded—thought it was a move of the self-constituted Secession Convention, which had met in Richmond on Tuesday, April 16th, and the fact of which meeting, I think, helped to hurry up our laggard Convention to do what it ought to have done two months before. I, and many others, supped that night with my friend, David Barton, Jr., who had volunteered from the University for this special service, not being a regular member of our company, the "Southern Guard." He has since gone to his God, where wars will never trouble him more, having been killed in the first battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, '62.

About 9 o'clock we all started on the train for Harper's Ferry, only thirty-two miles distant, but such was the slowness of the train and the uncertainty of the commanding officers as to what force we should find at the Ferry, that we did not reach there until 4 o'clock the next morning, about six hours after Lieutenant Jones, of the United States Army, with his handful of men, had burnt the Armory buildings and retreated towards Carlisle, Pa. We learnt that some of the Clarke and Jefferson companies had gotten in the neighbor-

hood the evening before, in time to have taken the place and saved the buildings, arms, &c., but they also were ignorant of the force at the Ferry and delayed to attack.

It is quite amusing now to think of the way in which military affairs were conducted at Harper's Ferry when we first went there. General William H. Harman, Brigadier-General Virginia Militia, was in command until General Kenton Harper, Major-General Virginia Militia, arrived there; these two officers were afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel respectively of the 5th Virginia regiment. On Friday, the day we reached the Ferry, the Baltimore outbreak took place, and when we received the news we were greatly elated, but unfortunately it was merely a puff of wind, which soon died out. Then was the time, if ever, for the Marylanders to have armed and organized, and Maryland would not now be trodden down by Lincoln's serfs, with no prospect of ever obtaining her independence.

* * * * * * * *

We continually had alarms at the Ferry. On Saturday morning our company was turned out *to attack the train*, which was said to be coming down loaded with Federal troops, and about 11 o'clock that night we were roused to go up on the Loudoun heights and support Imboden's Battery, which the enemy couldn't have gotten at in any conceivable way except by approaching through Loudoun on Virginia soil, and the other University company, the "Sons of Liberty," were sent across the bridge and down the railroad, just opposite this battery and ourselves, and just where we were directed to fire if the enemy came, and *if* our smooth-bore muskets could carry that far, which was more than doubtful.

The next morning (Sunday), we scrambled down the mountain and returned to our barracks, very much wearied, after first reporting ourselves at the "General's Headquarters," where an amusing little scene took place between the Acting Inspector-General, who found fault with the way in which one of the men ordered arms, and one of our lieutenants, who informed him that the company had had a drill-master. The next day we learnt that the Governor had ordered the "Charlottesville Battalion," as our four companies under Captain George Carr (formerly of the U. S. Army) were called, to return home, and that evening we left for Winchester, where we remained all night, and went to Strasburg the next morning in wagons provided for our accommodation. I think we were rather glad on

the whole that we were leaving the Ferry, though our military ardor was not quite cooled down by our "short, but arduous" campaign. We saw a little service, at all events, having been ordered out twice, in the morning and at night (and the night march was pretty severe for us), and having stood guard several times; my post was at the old burnt Armory buildings. We also saw some fun in searching the houses of Harper's Ferry for secreted arms, a great many of which we found.

On the whole we were very much pleased with our expedition, and considered war fine fun in those days; how we have changed our opinions since!

On our return by Manassas Junction on Wednesday, April 24th (my birthday, by the way, and the day on which I attained my majority), I received permission from our Captain to go on to Alexandria, in order to pay a visit to the Episcopal High School, where my relations, Mr. McGuire's family, resided. I created quite a sensation, with my blue flannel shirt, red collar and cuffs, black pants, white cross-belts, musket and accountrements, and from the fact that I had been to Harper's Ferry. After remaining there two or three days, the last time I have had an opportunity of seeing the dear old place, on Saturday I returned to the University.

Sunday, September 20th, [1863].

I have neglected this narrative for nearly a fortnight, but as today is Sunday and I have nothing to do, there being no service near, I will endeavor to continue it now.

Soon after reaching the University, our company requested the Governor, through our Captain, Ned Hutter, to accept our services, but he and General Lee, then commanding the Virginia forces, refused, saying that it was "too much good material to put in one company." We were required to give up our Minié muskets, which we had gotten at Harper's Ferry; so, after continuing our drills a few times more, our company disbanded, and the different members scattered themselves throughout the State and the South, entering the service in different capacities. Some received appointments in the Virginia Provisional Army, which appointments were vacated by general order about September 1st following. I applied for one of these, but before receiving it the Virginia forces were turned over to the Confederacy, and no more appointments were made; I con-

sider it fortunate now that I didn't get it. I determined to remain at the University till the end of the session, but in May, just before the election of Thursday, May 24th, I went home to Hanover county, desiring to vote in my own county for the Ordinance of Secession, which was at that time ratified almost unanimously by the people of the State.

The Yankees about that time raised their "hue and cry" about Union feeling in the South, and especially in Virginia, but the unanimity with which the Ordinance of Secession was ratified well shows—what we knew all along—that there was no Union feeling in the State, except in some of the Western counties, which have now still further earned our contempt by forming the Yankee "bogus" State of "West Virginia." The Yankees have found out by this time that the farce of Union feeling in the South is *played out*, and have left off making a fuss about it.

After voting for secession (and for the taxation amendment too, tho' it was against the interest of Eastern Virginia), I returned to the University, but very little studying of text-books did I do during the remainder of the session. My attention was chiefly occupied in studying Mahan's "Field Fortification" and other works on engineering, especially the articles of the encyclopædias in the University library, as I had some idea at that time of applying for an appointment in the Confederate Engineer Corps, but I gave that out before the close of the session, and on Tuesday, July 2d (the session ended on the 4th), I left the University with the intention of joining Captain (now Brigadier-General) W. N. Pendleton's battery, the "Rockbridge Artillery," which some of my friends and college-mates had already joined. After remaining at home long enough to get ready, and declining to apply for an appointment in the Marine Corps, which I believe I could have gotten at that time, I left Hanover Junction with my friend Channing Page, now Captain of a battery, July 13th, for Winchester, both of us intending to join Pendleton's battery, which we found encamped near that place.

I remained at Mrs. Barton's a few days, and on Wednesday, July 17th, enlisted in Pendleton's battery, in which I then had several friends, amongst others, Dave Barton,[2] Holmes Boyd,[3] Bob McKim,[4] Liv. Massie,[5] Clem. Fishburne,[6] and Channing Page,[7] with all of whom I had been at college the previous session, and Joe Packard,[8] an old school-mate at the Episcopal High School.

I was not destined to remain quiet long after entering the service,

for about midday of the day following we started on our march to Manassas to take part in the great battle which was expected to come off. Our destination was revealed to us when we had gotten a few miles from Winchester, and the announcement was received with loud cheering. After crossing the Opequan I attempted to go forward to Millwood, but was stopped by Colonel Preston, commanding the advance regiment (4th Virginia), although I had permission from my immediate commander, Captain Pendleton. How angry I was at this infringement of what I considered my rights after obtaining my Captain's permission! but being helpless of myself, I appealed to my friend Sandy Pendleton,[9] Aid to General Jackson, our Brigadier, to obtain the General's permission for me, in which he succeeded, and I went forward, sending a message on the way to my cousins, who were staying at Mr. John E. Page's in the neighborhood, to meet me at Millwood. They reached there soon after I did, and I remained until our battery came through, tho' my walk—and my passion too—had given me a severe headache, and I was forced to ride in the ammunition-wagon attached to our battery, in which I crossed the Shenandoah, fortunately being thus prevented from wading, which nearly all of the men had to do. After crossing the river I rode on to Paris on the horse of Bowyer Brockenbrough,[10] First Lieutenant of our battery, and a former college-mate of mine, and we slept on a porch [in Paris], sheltered from the rain which fell. Over-sleeping ourselves we found that the battery had the start of us about two hours. Bowyer went on ahead, and I followed on foot until a little boy with some ladies offered me part of his horse, and in this way I reached Piedmont station, where the infantry were taking the cars. Our battery went on a mile beyond and waited there nearly all that day (Friday) for the rest of the artillery to come up, when we started about 7 o'clock P. M., and travelled until 4 A. M., rested two hours at The Plains, and reached Manassas about half-past two P. M., Saturday, July 20th.

General Johnston's force was thought to be about 18,000 men, with five batteries, tho' I doubt whether the infantry force was quite so large. Most of this force reached Manassas in time for the battle, General Kirby Smith's brigade coming up while the action was going on. We slept quietly that night, tho' our only rations were some provisions that had been sent to one of my friends, which fortunately lasted us for supper and breakfast. The next morning Joe Packard and I went to Bull Run to bathe; while there an old darkey passed, remarking that, if we knew as much as he did, we wouldn't be

there; we didn't think much of it at the time, but his remark occurred to us afterwards.

On returning to camp we found that one of our guns was ordered to the front. I obtained permission to be assigned to this gun, and as I had the horse of a surgeon, which I had ridden down from Piedmont station, I galloped on with it, but after going a mile or two we were ordered back without having our anticipations of a fight realized. We found the whole battery hitched up and ready to go forward. The cannonading had commenced on the extreme left about 6 A. M., and was then going on. Presently we were astonished by a shot striking within twenty steps of some of us who were lying down, and ricocheting over our heads; it was fired at a party on a hill beyond us, but fell short. What an excitement this, to many of us, *first* shot, created. We were soon ordered to a more secure position on the roadside, the wagons being sent back towards Manassas, and with them I sent the horse that I had been riding, which was stolen at Manassas. The owner afterwards came to me about the horse and I gave him what information I had, but am ignorant whether he ever got his horse. Our position at this time was not far from Mitchell's Ford on Bull Run, which was about the centre of our line, where there was very little fighting during the day.

We had not been long in our position near the road before General Johnston came along, riding at full speed towards the field, and spoke to Captain Pendleton, and we were immediately ordered forward at a trot, cannoneers on the caissons. We went at this speed for about three miles, till we came to the Lewis House within reach of the enemy's shells, where we were halted for a while. Here I first saw men wounded, some severely and covered with blood, others slightly, limping to the rear. We were then but poorly supplied with ambulances, and our surgeons but poorly acquainted with their duties, so I suppose the men suffered extremely. Besides the wounded coming to the rear, some, as usual, saying we were "cut all to pieces," here were officers rallying stragglers, staff-officers and couriers riding to and fro, reserve troops and artillery awaiting orders, and other incidents to the immediate rear of a line of battle. We did not wait long, but were soon ordered to the front. We went up through a low pine thicket, the shells hissing and screaming all around us, so that it was a miracle that some of us were not knocked off the caissons.

On reaching the top of the hill, we turned to the right and took position amongst the other artillery wherever each piece could find

room enough for itself, so that our battery was scattered along the line. We were immediately in front of a piece of woods in the edge of which the brigade to which we belonged, and which that day gained for itself the soubriquet "*Stonewall*," was lying, and which unfortunately received most of the shells aimed at us. On taking position we immediately unlimbered and commenced firing, and kept it up for about two hours and a half, from 12 to 2:30 P. M. How well I remember that day! Liv. Massie,[11] No. 1, sponging and ramming, Dave Moore,[12] No. 4, inserting the friction primer and pulling the lanyard, Lyt. Macon,[13] No. 5, not performing the duties of No. 5, as I was acting in that capacity that day, but receiving the shot from me and giving them to No. 2, assisting also to roll up the gun after each recoil, and talking all the time, Bill Brown,[14] Corporal, coolly and deliberately aiming the piece, and making almost every shot tell, and Joe Packard,[15] No. 7, receiving the shot from No. 6 at the limber, advancing a short distance, and giving them to me as I went to and fro between the piece and the limber. Our little 6-pounder, which we thought more of than we would now of a 30-pounder Parrott, did good work that day. Our captain occasionally passed us, going from one piece to another to see that we were doing our duty, and shrugging his shoulders as a shell would come rather close for comfort. I saw him once or twice near our piece, conversing with him a short while, and I thought he was occupied most of the time in going up and down the line. During the action a limber chest was blown up, belonging to a piece of Stanard's battery, on our immediate left. The wheel-horses fell as if they had been struck by lightning, and it quite astonished us for a while, tho' it didn't interfere with our work. The musketry fire on our left gradually grew hotter and hotter, and presently what was our surprise to receive orders for all the artillery to leave the field! We went off as rapidly as possible, feeling very doubtful as to which party would gain the day, and thinking that the withdrawal of the artillery looked badly for us—but we didn't know.

Camp near Gordonsville [Va.],
Tuesday, December 22, 1863.

I have put off writing here for some time, owing to movements of the army and absence from camp, but I will endeavor to continue now and keep up this record more regularly.

After the artillery was withdrawn to the Lewis House, the infantry became very heavily engaged, and the roll of musketry continued for more than an hour, when the enemy, much to our gratification, commenced to retreat, and the retreat became an utter rout. We had unlimbered our pieces and taken position near the Lewis House, and on the retreat of the enemy we fired a few shots at them, but the distance was almost too great for our short-range pieces, our battery then consisting only of one regulation six-pounder, two small Virginia Military Institute six-pounders, and one twelve-pounder howitzer. About this time, our President, Jefferson Davis, who had that day come up from Richmond, came on the field, and many of the battery shook hands with him, but I did not seek that honor, though standing quite near him.

I cannot describe our joy when we discovered that the enemy were actually retreating and our men were in pursuit, but our joy was not unmingled with sorrow, for we soon heard of the death of many dear friends. Soon after the retreat commenced, I heard of the death of a most intimate friend, H. Tucker Conrad, of Martinsburg, belonging to company D, 2d Virginia regiment. He was my school-mate at the Episcopal High School for two years, and my college-mate at the University of Virginia for two more, and a very dear friend. At the breaking out of the war he was a student of Divinity at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, and after returning home he enlisted in the "Berkeley Border Guards," the company from Martinsburg, belonging to the 2d Virginia regiment. He came out of Martinsburg to enlist in his country's service while Patterson's army was around the place, and not long after he died, as he would have wished to die, fighting for his country's independence. His brother, Holmes A. Conrad, of the same company, was also killed that day, and almost at the same time with Tucker. I was not so well acquainted with Holmes, but Tucker I knew long and intimately, and can testify to his character and worth; a most devoted friend, a most faithful man, and a most pious Christian, he endeared himself to all who knew him, and his loss was most deeply felt.

Often have I thought of the pleasant times we have had together at school and at college. I trust that we may meet again in the world to come.

After the retreat several of our battery were sent on the field to

collect and bring off captured guns and harness. This was my first view of a battle-field; men dead and wounded, scattered all around, horses dead and mangled, and others alive and wounded, arms and accoutrements strewed everywhere, and guns and caissons, some in good condition, others knocked to pieces—met our view on all sides; such scenes were new then, but they have become quite familiar since. We brought off several guns, with much harness and many blankets and overcoats, to the Lewis House, where we were camped for the night, I taking it on a caisson cover. I was awaked about daylight the next morning by the rain, but crept between the two folds of the caisson cover and slept a while longer. On awaking I saw passing several pieces of artillery, and among them a thirty-pounder Parrott piece, all of which had been captured on the retreat.

HEADQUARTERS RODES'S DIVISION,
CAMP NEAR ORANGE C. H. [VA.],
March 10th, 1864.

Notwithstanding my determination to continue this record regularly, I have neglected it for some time, but will continue now, writing off and on as I find leisure, for, having been lately transferred from the Reserve Ordnance Train to Major-General Rodes's Division, I expect to be more occupied than I have heretofore been.

We spent Monday following the first battle of Manassas near the Lewis House, it raining incessantly the whole day, and none of us being able to procure any rations but hard crackers, and those only what had been captured. Fortunately one of my messmates, Joe Packard, had a jug of honey, and we lived off of honey and hard tack that day. That night, after imagining that I had found a comfortable place in a barn-loft to spend the night, I was summoned to go "on guard" for the first time in my military experience in the battery, and as Captain Pendleton wouldn't hear to letting us off guard duty that night, I had to turn out notwithstanding the rain

We had two posts, and Bev. Jones[16] was my companion in the relief. How it did rain! but we took it the best way we could, and, after the first relief was over, endeavored to find something to eat, but were not very successful. I frequently recall this first night "on guard," barring my Harper's Ferry experience, and must confess that it was almost as disagreeable as any other night I ever spent in that occupation. The next day we had some rations issued to us.

and then moved back and camped near the house where General Jackson had his headquarters on the road to Manassas Station. We camped in the open field near a muddy stream, exposed to the heat of the sun and the attacks of innumerable insects, with the muddiest water to drink, and when it rained our camp was a perfect slush. Our stay at this camp produced such a vivid impression on us that we ever afterwards referred to it as "Camp Mudhole." While at this camp, about August 3d, I obtained permission from Captain Pendleton to go up to Clarke county for three days to visit my cousins at Mr. Page's, which furlough I spent there very pleasantly, and on returning found that the battery had moved down about one mile below Centreville on the turnpike to Fairfax Courthouse, and was camped there with the brigade ("Stonewall") to which it was attached.

This camp was named by General Jackson "Camp Harman." It was very pleasantly situated about one-fourth of a mile off the road, on the edge of a piece of woods, and convenient to two excellent springs. We enjoyed our stay there very much, tho' the daily routine of camp life became very monotonous. We drilled both morning and evening, and part of the time before breakfast also, but that was soon dispensed with. We had three posts of guard duty, one at the guns and two at the horses, and each one's turn came once in every five or six days. While here we exchanged some pieces of our battery and obtained two additional pieces, so that it was now constituted two (2) ten-pounder Parrott rifled guns, three (3) six-pounder smooth-bore guns, and one (1) twelve-pounder Howitzer; the six-pounder we retained was the one at which I served at the first battle of Manassas, which was then the third piece, but now the sixth, at which I was No. 2; this was the only piece used at the battle of Hainesville (or Falling Waters), the first skirmish that occurred in the Valley of Virginia, and this was the first piece fired in the Valley after the war commenced; it was also used in the war with Mexico and should have been preserved, but it has now, alas! been melted up to make twelve-pounder Napoleons, and so "gone the way of all flesh."

Some more of my University friends joined the battery at this camp, among whom were Randolph Fairfax (a noble boy, afterwards killed at the first battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, '62), Lanty Blackford and Berkeley Minor.[17] Our mess at that time consisted of about twenty-five or thirty, nearly all of the best fellows in

the company, and we employed two Irishmen to cook for us, but the number being entirely too large, some of us employed a servant and organized another mess, consisting of ten of us, and ever afterwards knowne as "Mess No. 10;" it consisted of David Barton,[18] Holmes Boyd,[18] Johnny Williams,[19] Lyt. Macon,[15] Lanty Blackford,[20] Randolph Fairfax,[21] Kinloch[22] and Philip[23] Nelson, Bev. Jones,[18] Ned Alexander,[24] and myself.[25] This was one more than the number, but Kinloch Nelson was sick for some time and we took Lanty Blackford in his place.

NOTES.

[1] Rev. William N. Pendleton, D. D., a West-Pointer, Rector of the Episcopal church in Lexington, Va.; soon appointed Colonel and Chief of Artillery of General Johnston's army, and later Brigadier General and Chief of Artillery of General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia.

[2] David R. Barton, Jr., of Winchester, Va., later appointed Lieutenant in Cutshaw's Battery, and killed, as above stated, at Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862.

[3] E. Holmes Boyd, of Winchester, Va., later, September, 1863, appointed Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer of Brigadier-General J. M. Jones's Brigade; now (1900) attorney-at-law in Winchester, Va.

[4] Robert B. McKim, of Baltimore, Md., killed in the battle of Winchester, May 25th, 1862.

[5] J. Livingston Massie, of Augusta county, Va., later Captain of Massie's Battery, and killed September 24th, 1864, on General Early's retreat, near the junction of the Valley turnpike and the Keezeltown road.

[6] Clement D. Fishburne, of Augusta county, Va., later appointed Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer of Cabell's Battalion of Artillery; now (1900) Cashier of the Bank of Albemarle, Charlottesville Va.; author of a "Sketch of the Rockbridge Artillery," in Vol. XXIII, of *Southern Historical Society Papers.*

[7] R. Channing M. Page, of Albemarle county, Va., later Captain of Page's Battery and Major of a Battalion of Artillery; physician in New York city; died a few years ago.

[8] Joseph Packard, Jr., of Fairfax county, Va., later Lieutenant and

assistant in charge of General Reserve Ordnance Train, A. N. Va.; now (1900) attorney-at-law and President of the School Board of Baltimore, Md.

[9] Alexander S. Pendleton, of Lexington, Va., son of General W. N. Pendleton, Aid-de-Camp to General T. J. Jackson, and later Lieutenant-Colonel and Adjutant-General of 2d corps, A. N. Va.; killed near Fisher's Hill, September 22d, 1864, on General Early's retreat.

[10] J. Bowyer Brockenbrough, of Lexington, Va., later Captain of the Baltimore Light Artillery, promoted Major; still living (1900).

[11] See note 5.

[12] David E. Moore, Jr., of Lexington, Va., later Sergeant in the Rockbridge Artillery; now (1900) attorney-at-law in Lexington, Va.

[13] Lyttleton S. Macon, of Albemarle county, Va., later Sergeant in the Rockbridge Artillery; sheriff of Albemarle county, Va.; now (1900) farming in Albemarle county, Va.

[14] William M. Brown, of Rockbridge county, Va., later Lieutenant of the Rockbridge Artillery; now deceased.

[15] See note 8.

[15] Beverley R. Jones, of Frederick county, Va., now (1900) farming in Frederick county, Va,

[17] C. N. Berkeley Minor, of Hanover county, Va., later Lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Engineers, and now (1900) Professor in the Virginia Female Institute at Staunton, Va.

[18] See notes 2, 3, 13 and 16.

[19] John J. Williams, of Winchester, Va., later Sergeant in Chew's Battery of horse artillery; attorney-at-law and Mayor of Winchester, Va.; Commander of the Grand Camp, C. V., of Virginia; died in Baltimore, Md., October, 1899.

[20] Launcelot M. Blackford, of Lynchburg, Va., later Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 24th Virginia Regiment; now (1900), and for thirty years past, Principal of the Episcopal High School of Virginia.

[21] Randolph Fairfax, of Alexandria, Va., killed, as stated above, at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13th, 1862.

[22] Kinloch Nelson, of Clarke county, Va., later Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer of Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division; Professor in

the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia; died a few years ago.

[23] Philip Nelson, of Clarke county, Va., later Lieutenant in the 2d Virginia Regiment of infantry, "Stonewall Brigade;" now (1900) Superintendent of Schools of Albemarle county, Va.

[24] Edgar S. Alexander, of Moorefield, Hardy county, Va. I have not been able to trace the career of Ned Alexander.

[25] James M. Garnett, of Hanover county, Va., later Second Lieutenant, C. S. A., and Chief of Ordnance of the Valley District; first Lieutenant, P. A. C. S., and Ordnance Officer of the "Stonewall Brigade," and Acting Ordnance Officer of Jackson's Division; Captain in charge of General Reserve Ordnance Train, A. N. Va., and lastly Ordnance Officer of Rodes's (later Grimes's) Division, 2d Corps, A. N. Va.; now (1900) teaching in Baltimore, Md.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, May 27, 1900.]

CHARLOTTE CAVALRY.

A Brief History of the Gallant Command.

ITS RECORD A SPLENDID ONE

From Its Organization to the End of the War. In the Charging Squadron. With Roll Added.

The following sketch of the Charlotte Cavalry has been offered for file in the Charlotte county court, together with the roll of the company:

The Charlotte Cavalry left Charlotte Courthouse, Virginia, May 16, 1861, having been called into service by the Governor of Virginia. It went by Farmville, Cumberland Courthouse and Richmond, to Ashland, Virginia, to a camp of instruction. On the 27th of May, 1861, it was mustered into service. This roll contains not only those mustered in there, but the others who were mustered in afterwards.

After drilling for some weeks, it was ordered to reinforce General Garnett in West Virginia, and with the Pittsylvania Cavalry, went to

Staunton on the railroad from Ashland, and then marched to Monterey and Cheat Mountain, arriving at Laurel Hill July 6, 1861. General Garnett was forced to retreat by General McClellan, who had taken Rich Mountain, on his flank. Our army retreated by Carrock's ford, and participated in that battle, where Garnett was killed. It went then to Moorefield, in July, 1861. At Franklin, West Virginia, the company spent the winter of 1861 and 1862. While at Franklin, a new Captain and Second and Third Lieutenants were elected, the First having resigned. It guarded the right flank of our army in that section, and was in several skirmishes. The services of the men and non-commissioned officers were arduous, indeed, owing to the severity of the cold in that mountainous country.

In 1862 it served in Major George Jackson's squadron, under General R. E. Lee, at Valley Mountain, in West Virginia. From this place the company went to Churchville, Augusta county, Va. In April, 1862, it was reorganized, and new officers elected. From Churchville, under the command of Major George Jackson, this and several other cavalry companies were sent to the Kanawha Valley, West Virginia, and operated there under General Loring.

In 1862 the Charlotte Cavalry and the Churchville and two Rockbridge Companies of Cavalry made a raid over the mountains in the night to Nicholas Courthouse, West Virginia, and stormed a camp of Federals, capturing nearly every man and officer. As many prisoners under the Federal Lieutenant-Colonel Starr, were captured as we had men. The men and officers were brought through the mountain paths, and delivered to our army. This was one of the most difficult and daring marches and captures of the whole war. The enemy was surprised just at daybreak, and the entire post taken, though it was a fortified place.

Part of the winter of 1862–'63 was spent at Salem, Va., where the company was put into the 14th Virginia cavalry, and became company B of that regiment. James Cochran was colonel, John A. Gibson lieutenant-colonel, and B. F. Eakle major. This company and the Churchville cavalry constituted the charging squadron of the regiment, and Jenkins's brigade, with myself first, and Captain James A. Wilson, of the Churchville cavalry, second in command.

In 1863 the 14th, with several other regiments, 16th and 17th cavalry, with V. A. Witcher's battalion of cavalry, were put under General A. G. Jenkins. Jenkins's Brigade was in advance of Gen-

eral R. E. Lee's army in 1863, when it invaded Pennsylvania. Our brigade was in the battle of Martinsburg, Va., where we captured (with the aid of other troops), the town, artillery and prisoners. In June, 1863, this company and the Churchville cavalry charged through Chambersburg, Penn., about 9 o'clock at night, and drove away the home guard. From Chambersburg Jenkins's Brigade went to Carlisle, and then was ordered again in front of Lee's army on its way to Gettysburg. Some of our company were with General Jubal A. Early in the first day's fight at Gettysburg. We guarded prisoners 'til the evening of the third day, when we were sent to the rear of the Federal lines to join General Jeb. Stuart's command, who was fighting General Grigg's cavalry. We were put in line of battle on the extreme left of our infantry, near Rummel's barn. The cavalry fight of the evening of the third day at Gettysburg was a desperate battle. Major Eakle, the only field officer, was soon disabled, and had to retire, leaving the command of the regiment to myself. A very large per cent. of the men and officers engaged were killed or wounded.

I went, together with Generals Hampton, Munford, and others, to that battle-field, long after the war, and aided in locating the very lines which we then occupied.

Returning from Gettysburg, several of our company were killed and wounded at Williamsport, July 14, 1863, myself among the wounded. The hard service the company saw with Lee's army after its return from Pennsylvania, in 1863, until I recovered from the effects of my wound, I have no personal knowledge of. It participated in the great cavalry battle at Brandy station, where more cavalry were said to have been engaged than in any other battle.

We served under General John Echols, in the battle of Droop Mountain, not far from Lewisburg, West Virginia, and spent the winter of 1863–'64 in Monroe county, West Virginia.

In the spring of 1864, General Jenkins having been killed, our brigade was placed under General John M. McCausland. This company and the Churchville cavalry constituted McCausland's extreme rear-guard from Covington to Buchanan, while McCausland was in front of Hunter and Crook, delaying their advance on Lynchburg, Va. Every foot of ground was contested, and every possible hindrance imposed in the enemy's advance. We made charge after charge, and had many skirmishes. At Buchanan, so closely was

the rear guard pursued that some of it could not cross the bridge over James river before we set it afire, and had to swim the river. Hunter and Crook were thus delayed by McCausland until General Early could be sent to save Lynchburg. As a reward for the gallant conduct of this squadron in that march a month's furlough was given it, and Lynchburg presented McCausland a horse, sword and pair of silver spurs for saving the city. Over and over again did the men and officers display in this long journey of seventy-five or one hundred miles the greatest endurance and unflinching bravery. To have been thus kept so long without relief at the post of danger, and where the most important service was to be rendered, was the best evidence of how our services were appreciated. When we returned from this furlough to the army we again advanced down the Valley of Virginia in 1864 in front of General Jubal A. Early, in his raid on Washington city.

Our regiment and some of our company, were in the battle of Monocacy, where General Lew Wallace was routed. The cavalry was very highly commended by General Early for the very gallant manner in which the enemy's flank was turned by it.

On our return from Washington, McCausland with his brigade, and General Bradley Johnson's cavalry brigade, were sent to Chambersburg to retaliate for the burning Hunter and others had done in Virginia and the South. Our squadron did not actively participate in the burning of Chambersburg, but was guarding one of the approaches when it was burnt, and constituted McCausland's rear guard when he left there. McCausland captured Old Town, Md., and after making feints at Cumberland, came to Moorefield. Here the enemy surprised General Johnson, whose brigade was next to the enemy, and came in among his men at daybreak. While commanding the regiment, I ordered our squadron to charge the enemy. It did so in splendid style, and stopped the enemy at that point.

Right at the ford across the South Branch of the Potomac, was the hardest of the fights, one where this squadron lost most in killed and wounded.

It lost heavily in killed, wounded and captured, and myself among the captured. I was taken to Camp Chase, O., and there remained 'til the spring of 1865. I cannot, therefore, give even a slight personal account of the hard fights the company was in until my return to the army. They were many, though, and its services were highly commended by all when I returned.

In March, 1865, I came back to our regiment, then transferred to Beale's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. It was near Five Forks. I was put in command of our regiment by Colonel Cochran (the only field officer present), who was too unwell to command. From Five Forks to Appomattox we were hard pressed, with little food and rest. All the way we were attacked on every side. Our ranks were thinned out by sickness, fatigue, hunger, wounds, death, broken down horses, until we had not over a hundred men and officers in our regiment on the morning of the 9th of April, 1865. Notwithstanding all this, and the general impression that our cause was lost, General W. H. F. Lee ordered our regiment on the 9th of April, 1865, to charge and take a battery then in our front. This it did, with other cavalry, capturing it and a number of prisoners. The regiment lost in killed and wounded in a few minutes a very large per cent. Its color-bearer was killed in the charge while planting his flag on the enemy's artillery. This is said to be the last charge ever made by, and this the last man killed in battle in the Army of Northern Virginia.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to testify to the gallantry of the men and officers of our old company in many hard-fought battles. Even when hope was gone, and all looked dark, they were willing to do their duty as soldiers, and led in one of the most desperate charges ever made, with such spirit as to overcome every obstacle.

Our regiment was recalled from that part of the field by General W. H. F. Lee soon after the charge, and told that General Lee had surrendered; that we might make our way out, or surrender. Those of us who were left made our way out, but many surrendered with General Lee. Those of the Charlotte Cavalry who were not paroled then, received honorable paroles with the rest of Lee's army in a few days after the surrender.

This short and imperfect sketch I hope will enable those who were in our command to place us in the general histories of brigades, divisions, and corps. I could have embraced no more in so small a space. The dates and localities of the killed and wounded tell the battles our company was in. From Valley Mountain to Appomattox Courthouse it followed our great commander, and, when all hope was gone, when reduced to but a handful by killed, captured, wounded, fatigue and hunger in the retreat, they still fought with that same gallantry that distinguished them in other fields. Such

courage was born of the conviction that we were fighting for the right, and I ask to be excused for adding a few words to urge our descendants to read the history of those times for themselves, and to study the form of our government as it existed then.

While we submitted to the result of war, there is nothing before or since to show that we were wrong. The very States which waged war against the South have been since most tenacious to maintain State rights, for which we fought, and the first to resist interference on the part of the Federal Government. I hope it will ever be so, and the children of Northern and Southern soldiers alike, will live and die to maintain State rights, or home government. If they do not, the liberty of this country will be gone. No free government can ever exist on any other basis. Though the South did not achieve her independence, the principle of State rights is her only hope. Though millions of dollars of private property were taken from her without law, and for which she has never received a dollar, still, the very principle of State rights, which recognized that property, but which was disregarded by Mr. Lincoln and his party, is the same that we, of the South and those of the North must alike rely on, alone, to give us home government and liberty. I hope then, that none of our descendants will ever think that we were fighting in the wrong. Let them study the United States Constitution, writings before and pending its adoption, the decisions of the Supreme Court, and the great expounders of that Constitution, and they will see that we were right.

The members of our company and their descendants have gone north and south, east and west, in this country, and some have followed the western sun half around the globe! But I hope they will never go where they will not be able to maintain that we fought in the right. There is no fear that they will ever go where our valor is not recognized, for those who were our enemies now proclaim it from the housetops; and it is now spoken of around the world. But, is there not danger that some of them will not study these questions, and too easily conclude we were wrong, because we were not victorious? Let none think, either, that because, in the providence of God, we were not allowed to establish our independence, therefore, we were wrong in trying to maintain our cause. If that were so, all failures to defend one's acknowledged rights would prove he had none. Let us impress upon our descendants their duty to carefully and impartially study those questions. From their study they must

learn the facts for themselves. All of us who were actors will soon be gone. More than half have already crossed the river. The rest have long since passed the meridian of life.

To name all the officers and men who acted with bravery in various battles would be impossible, and, therefore, none have been named.

If your honors please, I do not think the time will ever come when the people of this, or any other, country will fail to honor the memory of this gallant band.

E. E. Bouldin,
Formerly Captain Charlotte Cavalry, Company B,
14th Virginia, Confederate States Army.

[The following revised roll, has been recently furnished by Captain Bouldin.—Ed.]

Roll of the Charlotte Cavalry. It served first in Major George Jackson's Squadron of Cavalry, C. S. A.; then it was made Company B in the 14th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., under General A. G. Jenkins, next under General John M. McCausland, and last under General Beale, in the Army of Northern Virginia:

Adams, Paul V., Second Sergeant.
Barksdale, Claiborne G.
Barksdale, Armistead, First Lieutenant.
Barksdale, E. Henry.
Bouldin, Powhatan.
Bouldin, Robert C.
Bouldin, Breckenridge C., Second Lieutenant and Adjutant 14th Virginia Cavalry. Killed at Brandy Station.
Bouldin, E. E., First Lieutenant, then Captain from April, 1862, until May, 1865. Wounded at Williamsport, July 14th, 1863.
Bouldin, Thomas T., Jr.
Bouldin, John E.
Beirne, Andrew, died in prison at Point Lookout. From Monroe county, West Virginia.
Baldwin, Samuel.
Bailey, Dr. L. P.
Booker, John, from Prince Edward county.
Bouldin, W. O.
Cardwell, Toby.
Chafin, Robert.

Carrington, Robert.

Caperton, Allen, wounded at Stevenson's depot. From Monroe county, West Virginia.

Chappell, Henry C., Sergeant, wounded at Gettysburg, on July 30, 1863.

Clarkson, R. A.

Chick, Henry, killed in the service, 1861, N. W. Va.

Cronin, Robert W.

Chappell, Wash B., wounded at Gettysburg in July, 1863.

Crews, James R., wounded in Rockbridge county in 1864.

Carrington, Edgar, killed in service.

Clarkson, W.

Dennis, Rice, from Halifax county, Va. Wounded in head at Winchester.

Dennis, Thomas H.

Daniel, Joel W., First Lieutenant until November, 1861.

Daniel, Thomas.

Daniel, John.

Dickerson, Henry P., Third Sergeant; wounded.

Dice, David. Wounded near Strasburg.

Dinwiddie, Joe.

Dunlap, Samuel A.

Dennis, Winslow R.

Dennis, John.

Dice, Henry, from Rockbridge county, Va. Wounded in 1864.

Elliott, Allen W.

Eggleston, George M.

Faris, George.

Fuqua, Dr. William M.

Friend, William G.

Friend, Robert M., wounded.

Friend, Isaac.

Flournoy, Nicholas E.

Ford, Luther R., Corporal.

Ford, Abner S., wounded at Lynchburg in 1863.

Ford, John R.

Ford, J. B.

Fossett, Peter.

Flournoy, Dr. David, Captain from November, 1861, to April, 1862.

Gaines, William R., First Lieutenant. Wounded at Moorefield, 1864.

Gaines, Robert L.

Gaines, R. H., Sergeant and Sergeant-Major 14th Virginia Cavalry.

Gaines, James.

Gaines, Samuel M., Lieutenant. Wounded, New Market, Virginia, February, 1862.

Gaines, Thomas.

Garden, James M.

Hopkins, Louis Christman, Rockbridge county, Va.

Hopkins, John James, Pendleton county, W. Va.

Hannah, George B., Lieutenant and aid to Generals Jenkins and McCausland.

Hannah, Andrew, killed at Williamsport, July 14, 1863.

Hannah, Samuel B.

Hamlett, John C., Sergeant and Third Lieutenant.

Hodge, William H.

Harvey, E. C.

Hutcherson, Robert F.

Henry, E. Winston.

Harvey, Mike.

Helms, ———.

Hundley, Charley, wounded in the head at Cedarville.

Johnson, John S., from Greenbrier county, W. Va.

Kent, Clarence Polk, from Wytheville, Va. Wounded in 1865.

Kent, Edwin Dallas, from Wytheville, Va. Wounded in 1865.

Lewis, Dr. Granville R.

Lewis, William B.

Lawson, George W.

Lacy, Dr. Horace P.

Morton, Clement R., Third Lieutenant.

Morton, Henry O., Corporal.

Moore, Thomas J., First Sergeant.

Morgan, L. Dennis, First Sergeant.

Marshall, Hunter H., Jr., killed at Amelia Courthouse, 1865.

Marshall, John.

Morris, Macon C., wounded at Appomattox Courthouse, April, 1865.

Marshall, John P., died from effects of cannon shot.

Marshall, Joel W., Lieutenant and Adjutant of 14th Virginia Cavalry.
Marshall, Ben W.
Marshall, Joel F.
Morton, David H.
McGhee, William.
McCargo, Samuel, killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
Moseley, J. B.
Morton, John J.
Welton, F.
Moses, Albert.
Morton, J. P.
Manns, Daniel.
Morton, John A.
Noel, Charles P., wounded in Valley of Virginia, 1864. From Pittsylvania county, Va.
Nichol, Charles, from Monroe county, W. Va.
Pettus, John.
Price, Samuel, wounded near Lexington, Va., in 1864.
Read, George W.
Read, Isaac.
Roberts, George H., Third Lieutenant until November, 1861.
Randol, Alex., from West Virginia.
Rice, Henry C.
Rice, David.
Roberts, John, died from wound received at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
Read, Thomas N.
Spencer, Charles.
Spencer, Thomas.
Spencer, James B.
Spragins, Norman B., wounded in Rockbridge county, Va., 1864.
Smith, John M., 4th Sergeant.
Sheperson, David, Third Lieutenant. Killed at Williamsport,
Sheperson, Joel.
Smith, John G., Captain from April, 1861, to November, 1861.
Spencer, William S.
Swicher, Daniel, Rockbridge county.
Saunders, Robert.
Scott, Thomas A.

Spencer, Henry.
Scott, J. H., died at Monterey, Va., in service, in 1861.
Thornton, W. D.
Thompkins, C. C., from Kanawha county, W. Va.
Thompson, James C.
Watkins, Charles W.
Watkins, Henry, killed at Bunker Hill, 1864.
Watkins, Frank B.
Williams, W. B.
Wood, Robert W.
Walker, William A.
Wood, Jas. E.
Walker, Alexander S., from Augusta county. Wounded near Brownsburg, Rockbridge county, Va.
Wilson, James H.
Watkins, Henry N.
Wills, William B.
Watkins, W. B.
Woods, William H., wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863.
Watkins, Alfred.
West, Addison, from Halifax county, Va.

THE PIONEER OF SECESSION.

The First Advocate of States Rights in the Continental Congress.

THOMAS BURKE, of North Carolina, in 1777.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Historical Society held in Philadelphia, on the evening of March 9, 1897, Dr. Herbert Friedenwald delivered an address, in which he gave an account of some newly-discovered information respecting transactions of the Continental Congress. The speaker explained that the material upon which his address was based had been secured from abstracts of debates and letters written by Benjamin Rush and Thomas Burke, of North Carolina. The notes of debates taken by the former had much to say about the relations that had existed between Congress and the individual States, as well as the methods of electing the officers of

the army. In discussing the latter subject, mention was made of the remarks of John Adams, when he said, in February, 1777:

"There are certain principles which follow us through life, and none more certainly than love of the first place. I am sorry to see that it prevails so little in this Assembly, which is disposed to idolize an image which their own hands have made. I speak here of the superstitious veneration which is sometimes paid to General Washington. Although I honor him for his good qualities, yet, in this House, I feel myself his superior. In private life, I shall always acknowledge that he is mine. It becomes us to attend early to the restraining of our army."

The information that Burke imparts, Dr. Friedenwald said, gives us a knowledge of the discussion over the articles of confederation, the first national Constitution, such as has never before been obtained. Burke took a most active part in framing those articles, and wrote repeated letters to Governor Caswell, of his State, detailing the course of events. They are all of one tone, and show a great jealousy of giving to Congress any powers that could possibly be retained by the States. Early in the history of the framing of the confederation he states that one of its clauses gave to Congress very uncertain jurisdiction. Fearing that, if it were not checked, and immediately, a union of great strength would be formed, he introduced a motion, providing that all those powers not expressly delegated to Congress should be retained by the States. This, at first, aroused much opposition, especially from the learned James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and from Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia; but, in the end, after much debate, he finally won over every State, except Virginia and New Hampshire, to his views, and the article under consideration was adopted, and never changed.

Burke impressed upon Congress all through his career the necessity for guarding against any encroachment upon the power and dignity of the State, and was an earnest advocate of the instant dismissal of Captain Nicholson, of the Continental army, for having disrespectfully treated the Governor of Maryland.

At one time, when standing out for what he thought were the prerogatives of his State, and desiring that a question under discussion be postponed for a day, he threatened to secede unless his views were agreed to. It was a rule of Congress that any State might, before a vote was taken, have the question postponed for one day, and, after the matter was discussed at length, he informs us, "insisting that it was a most violent and arbitrary act of power to put

any question at all on this matter; and the others, perceiving the determined resolution of the delegate of North Carolina to withdraw from Congress if any such question should be put, they waived their opposition," and he won his point.

The possibility of States combining in Congress in order to carry out repressive legislation against others, occasioned Burke much worry. He thought the most formidable combination would be that of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. "The first," wrote he, "has power sufficient to overawe and consequently to direct the three New England States. The second could equally influence Jersey and Delaware. Virginia would be formidable to her Southern neighbors and Maryland. New York could not resist a combination of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and Maryland must fall a sacrifice to Pennsylvania and Virginia." To prevent the possibility of any such events he advocated the sending by the States to the National Congress of the ablest men that could be found within them, thus making election to Congress an incentive to patriotic endeavor. They were to go to the Congress, not for the purpose of looking out for and guarding national interests, but to see that no harm came to the States.

Dr. Friedenwald went on to show what an insight into the inner history of the transactions of the Continental Congress these letters and debates gave, elucidating many points that have hitherto been extremely obscure. Many sidelights were also thrown upon life in Philadelphia and New York during this time, the people of Pennsylvania having often been spoken of in disparaging terms, owing to the high prices that were demanded for all necessaries. Living was extremely expensive, owing to the depreciation of the currency, and when a member of Congress proposed bringing his wife with him to York, he was warned not to do so, as there was not a respectable place in which to lay her head to be found in the town. Food was scarce, excepting beef, and as one of the North Carolina members had a delicate palate, he wrote home asking that he be sent some pickled oysters and dried fish.

In conclusion, the speaker referred in a general way to the value of this new material, emphasizing the fact that there are so few records of the debates of the Continental Congress extant. This made the accounts of the transactions of that body similar to the reports of the proceedings of Congress to-day, where no record is taken of the debates and conferences, but only the completed acts placed before the public.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM FREDERICK NIEMEYER,

Sixty-first Virginia Infantry Regiment.

By COLONEL WILLIAM H. STEWART, Portsmouth, Va.

William Frederick Niemeyer was born in the county of Norfolk and State of Virginia, on the 12th day of May, 1840, and heroically met his death at the head of his regiment in the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, on the 12th day of May, 1864, his twenty-fourth birthday.

His great grandfather, Hans Heinrich Neimeyer, was born at Hoya, Germany, in 1734, and died in 1806.

His grandfather, John Christian Niemeyer, was born in 1776, at Verden, near Bremen, and came to America at the age of 18 years, and in 1813 he married Ann McLean, his second wife, the grandmother of the subject of this sketch, at Moyock, in Currituck county, North Carolina. His father, William Angus Neimeyer, died February 3d, 1900; was born April 28th, 1816, and married Sarah Howard Chandler (now living) on the 31st day of July, 1839. She is the daughter of John A. Chandler, who was one of the foremost citizens and most distinguished lawyers in Tidewater Virginia of his day.

Colonel Niemeyer was the eldest of twelve children, three sisters and nine brothers. His brother, John Chandler Niemeyer, First Lieutenant of Company "I," Ninth Virginia Infantry Regiment, was killed in the famous charge of Pickett's Virginians at Gettysburg on the 3d day of July, 1863.

William Frederick Niemeyer was a promising child with the noblest predilections. On the death of his grandfather Chandler, when not quite eight years old, he wrote the following tender and touching letter of condolence to his grandmother:

April 16, 1848.

My Dear Grandma:

I am very sorry that grandpa died, but the Lord will take care of you; do not weep, he is in the arms of the Lord Jesus Christ; he has got a crown of glory upon his head; he has an arm-chair, and he is singing and is shouting in glory. We must try to be good

and when we die we may meet him there; he cannot come to us, but we can go to him if we are good.

Your loving grandson,

WILLIAM F. NIEMEYER.

He received the rudiments of his education in the schools of Portsmouth and at the Academy, in Norfolk; and upon the recommendation of Surgeon-General Lawson, United States Army, was appointed a cadet at large at West Point by President James Buchanan. His conditional appointment over the hand of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, was made on the 19th day of February, 1857, which directed that he should repair to West Point, in the State of New York, between the 1st and 20th of June, to be examined, and that under certain conditions in January next his warrant as a cadet, to be dated the 30th day of June, 1857, would be made. The conditions were fulfilled by creditable examinations and excellent deportment which secured the warrant as a cadet in the service of the United States, dated as promised over the hand of John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, January 22d, 1858. His course at the Academy was marked with creditable distinction; but the tocsin of war having sounded, and although within a month of graduation, he, with the heroic General James Dearing, the dashing General Thomas L. Rosser, and other noble spirits, left the Academy to give their services to their native States.

On May 1st, 1861, John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, commissioned W. F. Niemeyer Second Lieutenant in the Provisional Army of the State of Virginia, and on May 9th he was ordered by the Adjutant-General of Virginia to report to Major-General Walter Gwynn, commanding Virginia Forces at Norfolk; thereupon General Gwynn, on the 10th of May, ordered him to report to Colonel R. E. Colston, under whom he served as drill master at the entrenched camp, near Norfolk. On the 19th day of July, 1861, the President appointed him Second Lieutenant, Corps of Artillery, in the Army of the Confederate States over the hand of L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, C. S.; and his resignation as Second Lieutenant of Provisional Army of Virginia was accepted, to take effect on the 25th of July.

Samuel M. Wilson, a prominent citizen of Portsmouth, having been authorized by the Secretary of War to organize a battalion or regiment for the service of the Confederate States, called to his assistance the promising young lieutenant, whose military training was essential to Colonel Wilson's success.

"PORTSMOUTH, VA., May 5th, 1862.

Major Wm. F. Niemeyer:

Sir: I hereby certify that at election held for the office of Major of the Battalion or Regiment being raised by me for the service of the Confederate States, under authority of the War Department through letter of the Adjutant-General of the 6th of July, 1861, you have this day been duly elected Major of said Battalion or Regiment, and notice of your election has been sent to Major-General B. Huger, commanding Department of Norfolk, to whom you will report for duty.

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL M. WILSON."

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NORFOLK,
May 6th, 1862.

Report to General Blanchard for duty with Wilson's Battalion.
By order of General Huger.

S. S. ANDERSON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

DEPARTMENT OF NORFOLK, HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,
PORTSMOUTH, VA., May 6th, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 83.

I. Major Wm. F. Neimeyer, Wilson's Battalion, having reported for duty to Brigade Headquarters by order of Major General Huger, is assigned to the command of the troops at Forrest Entrenchment.

By command of Brigadier-General Blanchard, Commanding Third Brigade.

W. L. RIDDICK,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

DEPARTMENT OF NORFOLK, HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,
PORTSMOUTH, VA., May 7th, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 84.

II. Major Wm. F. Niemeyer, Wilson's Battalion, will proceed to Pig Point and superintend the election of company officers for Company "H," Ninth Virginia, Captain Neblett and Sussex Defenders, Wilson's Battalion, Captain Mason, to be held to-morrow, 8th instant, in accordance with provision of Conscript Act.

Major Niemeyer will furnish each officer then elected with a cer-

tificate of election, and duplicates must be sent to Adjutant and Inspector General's office, Richmond, through Brigade Headquarters.

By command Brigadier-General Blanchard, Commanding Third Brigade.

W. L. Riddick,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

To Major W. F. Niemeyer, commanding Forrest Entrenchment.

Major Niemeyer, with his command, retreated from Forrest Entrenchment, near Hall's Corner, in Western Branch, Norfolk county, on the 10th of May, 1862, the day Norfolk and Portsmouth were evacuated, which he noted in his diary, "The saddest day of my life," and marched to Suffolk. On the 11th day of May he left for Petersburg via Weldon, where he arrived on the 13th, and assumed command of the city and the Department of Appomattox for a short while. On the 22d day of May, 1862, the officers of the line assembled at Jarrett's Hotel, in Petersburg, under supervision of Major George W. Grice, Assistant Quartermaster, and elected field officers of the Sixty-first Virginia Regiment Infantry, as follows:

Colonel Samuel M. Wilson.
Lieutenant-Colonel William F. Niemeyer.
Major William H. Stewart.

And their commissions were issued on the 15th of July, 1862, by George W. Randolph, Secretary of War, to date from the 22d day of May, 1862.

Headquarters, Petersburg, Va.,
August 23d, 1862.

Pursuant to Special Order, Headquarters Petersburg, August 22d, the members of Board of Survey met this day at 12 M., and valued and mustered into Confederate service the following horses:

One roan mare, belonging to Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. F. Niemeyer, valued at $175.

One bay horse, belonging to Major William H. Stewart, valued at $225.

(Signed) Lieutenant Charles D. Myers, A, D. C.
" " " "
John A. Baker, " " "
Lieutenant J. A. Shinglein, " " "

Detachments of the Sixty-first Virginia Regiment were sent from Petersburg to City Point, Port Walthall, and Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox river below the city of Petersburg.

On the 3d of September the Regiment was ordered to Richmond, and from thence to Brook Church, where it encamped until the 5th, when it was ordered to Rapidan Station to rebuild the railroad bridge. The Army of Northern Virginia was then in Maryland, and on its return to Virginia the Sixty-first Virginia Regiment was assigned to Mahone's Brigade by order of General Lee.

Lieutenant-Colonel Niemeyer was in active command of the Sixty-first Virginia Regiment from its organization until October, 1862, when its command devolved upon Colonel V. D. Groner, selected to succeed Colonel Wilson, who had resigned.

Colonel Niemeyer was engaged in the battles of Fredericksburg, Zoar Church, McCarty's Farm, Chancellorsville, Salem Church, Gettysburg, Hagerstown, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Shady Grove, and Spotsylvania Court House. He was severely wounded in the ankle at Bristoe Station; and after having commanded his regiment in two brilliant and successful charges of the memorable 12th day of May, 1864, was killed by a sharpshooter in the shadow of that bloody day at Spotsylvania Court House. So fell a noble man, a brave soldier, a true citizen, who loved his country better than his life, and who was loved by his soldiers with brotherly devotion. His remains were sent to Richmond and buried in Hollywood Cemetery, where they now rest.

He married in Portsmouth on the 2d day of January, 1862, Sarah Campbell Smith, who has, since the death of her husband, devoted her life to aiding the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers, and in perpetuating memories of the lost cause, with ardor and devotion, unflagging and fearless, as a true and faithful daughter of the Confederacy.

Stonewall Camp, Confederate Volunteers, Portsmouth, Va., has on more than one occasion tendered to her unanimous vote of thanks in appreciation and gratitude for her invaluable services in its behalf, and she shall have the thanks and esteem of every individual member as long as life lasts.

Colonel Niemeyer left one child—John Frederick Niemeyer.

HISTORY OF "THE CONFEDERATE FLAG."

[The following has been kindly furnished by the widow of Major Rogers, through the Rev. Arthur B. Kinsolving, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. The gallant designer of the final Confederate flag was a son of General Asa Rogers, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and a lawyer in lucrative practice. He died soon after the conclusion of the war at Middleburg, Va., in the 38th year of his age.—ED.]

The lowered banner of "the Stars and Bars" is furled forever. No longer the symbol of a struggling people, nor as one day we hoped to look upon as the flag of a nation, "The Confederate States of America," free and independent. But our flag has a history, and the time has come when, to preserve that history from oblivion, some record should be made of it.

The author of the new design adopted by the Confederate Congress was Major Arthur Lee Rogers, Confederate States Artillery, who, while disabled from active service in the field, devoted some of his leisure hours to improve the national emblem.

After much attention to the subject and the laws of heraldry, Major Rogers, in January, 1865, submitted his design to Congress, and on the 13th of that month Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana, submitted the following bill in the Senate: A bill to establish "The Flag of the Confederate States." The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact that the flag of the Confederate States shall be as follows: The width two-thirds of its length, with the union (now used as the battle flag) to be in width three-fifths of the width of the flag, and so proportioned as to leave the length of the field on the side of the union twice the width of the field below; is to have the ground red and a blue saltin thereon, bordered with white and emblazoned mullets or five-pointed stars, corresponding in numbers of that of the Confederate States, the field to be white, except the outer half from the union, to be a red bar extending the width of the flag.

Before offering the bill, Mr. Semmes addressed a letter to General Lee, commanding "The Army of Northern Virginia," and requested his views of the proposed alteration. General Lee replied that he thought it "very pretty" and that it certainly added distinctness to the flag; but, with his usual modesty, said he mistrusted his own

judgment in such matters, and that the naval committee were the proper gentlemen to be consulted.

The bill was accordingly referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs; and after various plans had been submitted, and the opinions of the leading officers of the navy obtained, said committee unanimously recommended its adoption. Among the distinguished Confederate officers who approved the design of Major Rogers and recommended his proposed alteration in the national symbol of "The Confederate States" were: General Joseph E. Johnston, General S. Cooper, Lieutenant-General Ewell, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, Rosser and Lomax, of the Cavalry; Brigadier-General Pendleton, of the Artillery; Major-General Heth, Major-General Smith, Governor of Virginia; General F. H. Smith, of Lexington, Va.; Captain N. W. Baker, acting chief of Signal Bureau; Captain Wilborne, of the Signal Corps; Brigadier-General Wharton, Colonel J. S. Mosby, and many other distinguished officers of the army.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, July 1, 1900.]

HOW THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLE AROUND RICHMOND BEGAN.

The dash and romance of war is supposed to surround the cavalry branch of the service, but at times the red artillery comes in for its share, as was the case in the opening of the Seven Days' fight around the capital of the Confederacy.

Everyone knows that for a week General Lee, in command of that grand old organization, the "Army of Northern Virginia," attacked, defeated and drove the "Army of the Potomac," under General McClellan, from one battlefield to another, finally penning him up on the banks of the James River, under shelter of the Federal gunboats, but very few at this late day can recall the incidents preceding the opening of the first day's fight at Mechanicsville, and how General Lee manœuvered to uncover the heavy works built by McClellan across the road leading from Richmond to and beyond the Chickahominy river.

For weeks after the battle of Seven Pines General McClellan had been gradually extending his lines to the north of Richmond, until

he had heavily fortified his position all the way from the White House, on the Pamunky river, to where the old Central Railroad, now the Chesapeake and Ohio, crosses the Chickahominy river, his forces being estimated at from 90,000 to 120,000 men, fully equipped with all the best arms, ammunition, commissary and quartermaster stores.

A glance at the map will show that this position, fortified as it was, menaced the Capital City, and that, unless some means could be devised to protect it, there was little to prevent the capture of our beautiful city. That little was General Lee and his three divisions under Longstreet, Hill and Jackson. The latter, it is true, a week before the Seven Days' fight began, was in the Valley of Virginia, giving one commander of the three divisions of the Federal army opposed to him a whipping one day, another the day after, and keeping all of them guessing where he was or whose turn it was next to be attacked and routed. While they were guessing Old Jack and his foot cavalry slipped off, and before General Banks (Jackson's quartermaster and commissary general) and his subordinates knew his whereabouts he was on General Lee's left flank, as we will see later on. There is no doubt about the fact of McClellan's ability. He was a fine general, and had under him a fine body of well equipped troops, but he was no match for General Lee, either in strategy or hard fighting.

During these weeks General Lee had been lying quietly between the Chickahominy and Richmond, gathering together such forces as he could induce Mr. Davis to give him, and while the small arms and artillery were not effective, nor the ammunition as good as that of McClellan, still there was no hesitancy on the part of General Lee in attacking McClellan and his army.

Our battery (Marmaduke Johnson's) had for some weeks been camped in the field between Colonel John B. Young's house, afterwards purchased by Mr. Ginter, and Emmanuel Church. On the Brook Road, near the Yellow Tavern, was the Hanover troops acting as pickets; between us and Richmond, Branch's Brigade of North Carolinians.

On the 24th of June, 1862, in the afternoon, orders were issued for us to move out the Brook Turnpike, and in a very short while, with the cavalry in front, our battery in the centre and Branch's Brigade in the rear, we were swinging down the road towards the northwest. As we passed the gate of Mr. Stewart's beautiful place several of the ladies of the family were gathered to watch the troops

go by. I stopped and requested that they would send word to my father that our battery had been ordered off, we knew not where. This message was very kindly and courteously delivered, and I am satisfied that it was due to the fervent prayers of that righteous man that my life was preserved through the three or four special incidents which I shall relate as I go on.

Just before dark we crossed the Chickahominy—at that point a very small creek—at a place called "Half Sink," then belonging to Hon. John Minor Botts. Here we found the first Federal pickets, but before any shots could be exchanged, they made off in great haste, and we went into camp for the night.

By daylight next morning we were again on the march. From time to time we found the Federal cavalry disposed to contest our advance, and from where we crossed the Chickahominy to Atlee's Station, on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, we had an almost continual skirmish. Just before reaching the railroad the enemy made a very determined stand, and we lost two or three men, but captured the guidon flag of the Federal cavalry. The last stand by the Yankees was on the field in front of the large white house on the right-hand side of the Chesapeake and Ohio road going from Richmond. Our guns were run up and one round from a section of the battery routed the cavalry, and we saw no more of them. The occupants of the house above referred to could not sufficiently express their delight at again being in the midst of Confederate soldiers. There was nothing about the house too good for us, and while the quality of the rations given us was not what we would have expected in olden times, it was furnished with such a hearty good will and with so many expressions of joy that it was as nectar of the gods to us.

It is probable that the road forked somewhere near this point, as we saw no more of the Yankees, and finally reached Mechanicsville. The advance of Branch's Brigade, our battery and the cavalry had uncovered the Meadowbridge road, whereupon General A. P. Hill crossed over and attacked the enemy just beyond Mechanicsville. A short distance before we reached the extreme left of our line the road was cut out from the hill, leaving a protected point where the surgeons had established a field hospital. To the right and forward of this point McIntosh's battery was doing good work, opposed to a battery of ten-pound Parrotts on the other side of the creek.

Captain Johnson ordered the writer forward to report to General Branch, to state that the battery was up, and ask where he desired

it to be put into action. Here occurred one of the first of the Providential protections that had been before alluded to. Five times I rode the little mare to the top of the hill in order to get over to where General Branch had established his field headquarters, but failed each time to force her against the shells bursting along the whole line to the right of McIntosh's battery. I then tied her under the hill and proceeded on foot. After some little difficulty I reached General Branch and reported. Just as I was about to receive his instructions a courier on horseback rode up, and at the same time a shell burst immediately over our heads, killing the courier and wounding several other men. Had I been on horseback I would probably have met the same fate as the courier.

Our battery was put into action, and the firing continued until late in the night, probably until 10 o'clock. The only guide we had to the location of the Yankee battery was the flash of their guns, but after the time mentioned the firing gradually grew less and we turned in to strengthen our position by throwing up earth-works in front of the guns.

As soon as it was light the next morning we resumed the duel, and for probably two hours a hot artillery fight was kept up; finally, however, the Federals withdrew. Again I had evidence of the interference of Providence. McIntosh's Battery had taken the reverse of an earth-work thrown up by General McClellan, but as it was on the south bank of the creek it had not been used until McIntosh found it an excellent place for his guns. Our battery crowded in close to McIntosh's, and as much room as possible was made for the protection of our men. Just before the firing ceased on the morning of the second of the seven days a sergeant of McIntosh's Battery and the writer were standing side by side watching the effect of the firing of our guns. Through the smoke and a very short distance off I noticed a peculiar looking object coming towards us, and in the twinkling of an eye I recognized it as a 3-inch rifle or 10-pound Parrot shell that had lost its balance and was turning end for end, coming quickly towards us. There was hardly time to say "drop," but I dropped as close to the ground as possible; my comrade endeavored to do the same thing, but just as his back bent the shot struck him between the shoulders and tore out about twelve inches of backbone. This, as I said, seemed another direct interposition of Providence. "Two shall be standing in the field—the one shall be taken and the other left."

Shortly afterwards we were ordered to cease firing, limber up and

take the road to Mechanicsville. At this point, probably, my story should end, as the title of the article would indicate, but there are two or three incidents that happened during the afternoon of the second day that came under my eye, and probably no man now living recollects these special episodes, and I will endeavor to relate the occurrences of the second day as briefly as possible.

Leaving Mechanicsville to take the road to Gaines' Mill, which road is at right angles with the main road and for a short distance runs on a level and then descends very sharply to the level of the creek, at the same time turning abruptly to the right. About a hundred yards in front there was a bridge, the road there turning to the left to reach Ellerson's Mill. Here on the evening previous there had occurred one of the most sickening slaughters imaginable. The Yankees had breast-works and batteries with infantry supports on the hill to the left of Ellerson's Mill. The creek had been dammed until the entire meadow had been overflowed and no body of infantry could ever have crossed this open space as long as the Yankees chose to keep them from doing so. A Colonel Williams, commanding an Alabama Regiment, I think, did, however, make an attempt to cross this overflowed meadow, and as a consequence his entire command was cut to pieces. In a space of less than 100 yards there lay two hundred and sixty dead Confederates, and no one knows how many had been wounded and carried off. The impression made upon the troops passing at that point was not calculated to increase their courage, as it was supposed that in the very near future we would again run up against McClellan and might have some further trouble with him. A short distance beyond Walnut Grove Church, I think, there was a large field. On the far side of this field there was a large body of woods, and as we marched along the road we saw the glint from shining muskets and easily recognized a large body of troops gathered on the edge of the woods. Our guns were immediately unlimbered, skirmishers were thrown forward, and the troops on the other side followed suit. Before any firing, however, begun, the men recognized each other and we found that we had struck the head of Jackson's column on its memorable march from the Valley to help General Lee in his hour of dire need. Great were the shouts and congratulations from one to the other as we met, but we were under rapid marching orders and had to leave Jackson's men, hoping to see them later.

At last our battery reached Gaines' Mill, and pulling up to the

top of the hill, found several batteries waiting for orders, among them Pegram's, Crenshaw's, the Dixie Battery and others.

The fighting in the woods to the right of the road and about 150 feet therefrom, was terrific. Fitz John Porter, as true and gallant a soldier as ever fought, was holding the right of McClellan's line with some of the best troops in the army, among them Sykes' Brigade of regulars. Just after we halted, General R. E. Lee and staff rode up and stopped, evidently regarding this point as the most critical along the whole line. Several efforts were made to get General Lee to retire, as now and then one of our men or horses would be shot. He refused, however, to leave and it was well he did not, for about that time a South Carolina brigade commenced coming out of the woods perfectly panic-stricken. General Lee ordered our guns unlimbered, then turning to the men around him, among whom I recall Major Lindsay Walker and Captain Hampden Chamberlayne, his adjutant, remarked: "Gentlemen, we must rally those men." Immediately galloping forward himself, he called on the South Carolinians to stop and for the sake of their State go back to their work. The panic stopped and the men gallantly rallied, and led by General Maxey Gregg and the equally gallant A. C. Haskell, the line was reversed and the thunder of musketry grew as loud as ever. At this time there was no cheering—every man was fighting with his mouth closed and standing his ground with all the courage he could command—and never anywhere do I recall a heavier fire than on the left of our line, General A. P. Hill, that magnificent fighter of the Light Infantry Division, showing himself the man he always was. Just about that time a very distinguished and well known lawyer of Richmond, one of the most dignified men in Virginia, a man of fine appearance and elegant manners, whose dignity would not on any occasion cause him to proceed out of a slow walk, rode up to our battery on a little pony. Captain Johnson, knowing him well, called him by name and asked what he was doing at that place at that time; his reply was: "I have always wanted to see a great battle, it has been the ambition of my life, and now that I have an opportunity, I intend to witness it." Captain Johnson begged him to return, but could not induce him to alter his mind. Finding that the old gentleman was determined to see the battle, he advised him to take his position on the hill about a quarter of a mile in front of our battery and on the left side of the road. Just in front of him there was an open space containing probably five or six hundred acres, beyond on the other side of the creek was posted General

Porter's artillery—some twenty-one guns. The old gentleman took his position, raised his green silk umbrella, and as it was an exceedingly hot day, pushed his tall silk hat from his forehead in a rather undignified manner. Just then Crenshaw's Battery was ordered forward to defend the left of our line against a flanking movement, and gallantly they went in at a full gallop, turning into the open space above mentioned and commencing to fire as soon as they could get their guns unlimbered. Of course the Yankees began to fire as soon as the guns appeared beyond the edge of the woods. Our attention was called to this firing, and before Crenshaw could begin to fire, our dignified friend had let down his umbrella, crammed his silk hat on the back of his head, and using the umbrella as a whip, was riding the pony down the hill towards the road at his utmost speed. Considering the man and the circumstances I do not remember ever to have seen a more ludicrous sight. He passed our battery at full gallop, with his heels and arms still flying; riding along the guns the men ridiculing him and calling him to come back, that the battle had just begun. Captain Johnson called to him and said: "You seem to have been easily satisfied, sir." In the distance we could hear his reply: "I think I have seen as much of a battle as I ever care to see again in my life."

Our battery was then moved forward to relieve Crenshaw's, and as we reached the edge of the woods we saw coming over the hill to our left and rear the leading brigade of Jackson's Division.

I have no recollection previous to this of having heard what afterwards became so famous and what has carried with it victory upon many a hard-fought field, then and now known as the "rebel yell," until these men of Jackson's, coming in on a double-quick, passed to the left of our battery down into the woods, brigade after brigade melting into the shadows of the dense thickets that lined this creek.

Our guns began firing immediately, and though the addition of this battery and the whole of Jackson's Division had been pushed against Fitz John Porter's front, so far as we could see, they did not give back one inch, but fought like true soldiers, and except for the increased noise of the musketry and cannon it would not have been known that additional troops were engaged. I have no idea how long we remained there, but long enough to empty our limber chests and caissons, and finally to be ordered out with a loss of fifteen men and nineteen horses. Here I again recall another of the Providential interferences. My horse had been shot almost as soon as we reached the field, and when the battery was ordered out I wanted to get away

from there as quickly as possible. As one of the caissons passed I seized the fifth wheel, mounted to the top of the caisson, and changed my mind about as quickly as I got up. The air above me seemed to be so full of shrieking shells and whistling minie balls that I thought the closer I could get to the ground the better, So I tumbled off the caisson and began running along the ground again. Just as I reached the ground two men of the battery climbed, as I had done, to the top of the caisson, and as they reached the seat a shell burst immediately over the caisson, killing two horses, the driver and these two men; whereas I, running immediately by the side of the caisson, was not injured in the least.

As we reached the road coming out we met Longstreet's Division, with Pickett's Brigade in front, George and Charley Pickett and Dorsey Cullen leading the advance with the men fresh from Richmond, coming up at a double quick. These leaders I had known from boyhood, and as I clasped the hands of these gallant men one at a time, tears of excitement forced themselves from my eyes, and I remarked: "Unless you break that line we are badly whipped." Wheeling to the right Longstreet pushed his division across the creek and up the hill, and it was only then that the Federal line broke and the yells of our men rang through the gathering darkness shouts of victory, the firing evidently showing that at last General Porter's gallant men had been forced from their position, and the battle of Cold Harbor and Gaines' Mill of the seven days' bloody battle around Richmond had been won.

In writing this article I have been led by a desire to state as a fact for future history that Branch's Brigade, Duke Johnson's Battery, and, I think, the Hanover Troop, were the instruments used by General Lee to bring on the great battle he proposed to fight in order to drive McClellan from the gates of Richmond.

In thinking over the stirring events of the day it seems to me that I would give all I have on earth to feel the good little mare under me, doing her best to keep up with Lieutenant Haskell, the blood flowing hot through my veins, the shouts of the men, the rattle of the guns, the dust, noise, thunder of cannon and rattle of musketry, that indeed was excitement, and now that I am old I long for the tingle of the nerves and the mingled feeling of fear and hope that will never come again. I often think that the man who gave up life in those days when the soldier's life was the only true living, can alone be called blessed.

J. B. M.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July, 1900.]

THE BARN-BURNERS.

A Chapter of Sheridan's Raid up the Valley.

MUCH FIRE BUT LITTLE FIGHTING.

Scouting in Rear of the Enemy – Close Calls and Hair-breadth Escapes Interestingly Related by a Participant.

In September, 1864, Sheridan advanced up the Valley of Virginia as far as Harrisonburg. Here he lay perhaps two weeks or more, falling back on the morning of the sixth of October, burning everything before him—every barn, mill, or other structure containing food for man or beast, driving before him on all roads from mountain to mountain all the live stock that could be found, thus executing that famous order which was intended to make this section a waste, which a crow could not fly over without carrying his rations with him.

BEHIND THE LINES BEFORE THE BURNING.

While Sheridan occupied Harrisonburg, his wagon-trains and their escorts were constantly harrassed along the Valley pike by a small, impromptu troop led by the gallant Captain John Q. Winfield, of Broadway. This handful of men was composed of members of several cavalry commands, who happened to be on furlough or cut off by Sheridan's advance. Some of these were McNeill's men, a number of them were Linvill's Creek boys—the Pennybackers, Bowmans, Shoups, Sites, Showalter's, Houck's, of Harrisonburg; the Ackers, one of them being the stalwart Jake Acker, kindhearted and gentle and true, but when aroused, brave beyond prudence.

Rendezvousing always by appointment somewhere toward the Valley pike, they broke ranks every evening, and retired for the night about the mouth of Brock's Gap, out of the way of scouting parties of the enemy.

One day we hung on the flank of a wagon-train all the way from Mount Jackson up to Tenth Legion, but the train guard was strong and kept too well closed for assault. We usually had twenty-odd men. At another time we made a dash on a train and guard of ap-

parently two hundred men down the lane from the hill just west of Sparta—now Mauzy. The wagons, going northward, had just gone over the little eminence in the road at the place and were barely out of view as we struck the pike, most of the guard with them. We had miscalculated a little. Four men only were in Sparta. One was cut off by our movement and was now in our rear, the other three made haste to escape—were chased hotly to the brow of the little eminence, losing their hats in the close run, and as we drove yelling into full view of the train, seeing and hearing this confusion, the entire guard fell from their horses right and left and took to wagons and fences with their carbines to meet this sudden onset. Instanter we turn tail and back at full gallop to Lacy Spring, two miles distant. We were a mile away before, glancing backward, we could see any movement to find out where the Rebs had gone to. They then began to come back over the little eminence to Sparta. This prisoner rode with us to Brock's Gap. He evidently believed us bushwhackers. On the way he tremblingly asked if we were going to take his life. I told him we did not make war that way. He talked about his wife and children. We started him on foot through the mountains with the chance to escape. However, McNeill caught him over in Hardy and he was brought back after Sheridan's retreat and so got to Richmond after all. His horse was traded off to Dr. C. for ten gallons of apple brandy. A high, long, lean Rosinante of a horse he was—and a most unfortunate transaction it was, for while the brandy lasted the men refused to rendezvous for service.

DAY OF THE BURNING OF THE VALLEY.

Several days after these incidents—to-wit, on the morning of the 6th of October, the ever memorable day of the burning—our little troop rendezvoused at the wire suspension bridge on the Linvill's Creek road, just south of Broadway. For some unknown reason only about half the band appeared. We decided to ride up the Creek road. We could get no news from Harrisonburg. When we reached the Banner place, now owned by G. W. S., we noticed smoke on southward about Harrisonburg. Turning off to the right we rode to the highest point we could find in the crest of the hill range. The smoke increased. Tongues of flame some declared they saw. A long, white canvas-covered wagon-train was now seen moving along down northward on the Ridge road far across yonder eastward—it had passed Linvill and was moving towards Broadway.

What could this mean? Too many wagons for a foraging party. What was Sheridan doing? A retreating force never left the Valley pike—the great highway and a magnificent road—so no one thought of a retreat. We could not grasp it; it was too bad to think. Falling back along all roads and burning as he comes did not suggest itself to one of our little party, till at last, as we sat on our horses there on that lone peak, motionless and horror struck for our country, we saw the awful work come on towards us.

Slowly and relentlessly it ate its way. All the way here before us, from Edom northward to Broadway, and from ridge to mountain, lay as fair a land as ever met the eye of man. Awful tragedy! Barn after barn, at first in the distance as by some invisible hand, takes fire. Then horsemen become visible, threading the fields as the tide rolled nearer, far and wide. On the destroyer comes—spot after spot, belching vast clouds of smoke and flame like Tophet, out there in the valley beneath us. Some count barns ablaze. I could not count. Some point out the fire-fiends darting now here, now there; now riding furiously fast cross-fields to a neighboring barn about to escape by neglect. See! He disappears behind it! There! He dashes off again! Oh! we all know what we are expecting next. We are almost breathless. It is but a moment; a little curling smoke, rising upward as if coming from some harmless chimney top when fire is kindled for a meal—a moment more dense clouds, and now all the roofs ablaze!

Our eyes are riveted on the infernal scene! Our hearts—how they pound and hurt us. Oh! is there no help? * * * Time wears on. Now the whole vale is red with fire mile on mile, and enveloped in smoke high over-head, twisting, writhing, dissolving. See! Yonder goes right at Broadway, John J. Bowman's mill, and Sam Cline's great stone barn! A sense of our powerlessness oppresses us. Stupidity lays hold on the mind, succeeding consternation.

Is the world being set on fire?

Look, men! A barn is being fired near us, at our very feet. Furies! "Quick! Let us fall on these burners and throw them in the burning barn," bursts from several throats at once. March! A start is actually made. Plunging down the hill we go. But confused cries and sounds reach our ears from another quarter. The tramp of cavalry. "We are hemmed in, men!" It dawns on us we shall be swept along in front of this awful storm. How shall we slip between, the enemy filling every road and visiting every farmstead and seeking stock over all the fields.

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ROSSER TO THE FRONT.

Swerving from our purpose, sweeping down from our wooded hilltop, straight over a road crossing our ridge, gobbling up a poor devil, who, unfortunately for him, happened to be crossing here; voices of men behind him; voices of men before him; on we fled up the companion peak, hustling our prisoner with us. This was near Trissel's church. Here a citizen, Tom Lambkin, recognized the prisoner as the man who just before had tried to burn his barn, but the women dissuaded him from it. We expect every moment to be discovered, as we are driven from pillow to post. We endeavored now to get to the mountain road. We are met by a volley and driven back. There is no way out—the enemy are on all roads. A long time we lay crouching in Limekiln Hollow, a narrow, deep ravine, often almost discovered by straggling horsemen driving cattle through the cedars on the steep hillside above us. At last, venturing southward, we rode, almost before we knew it, into Rosser's cavalry in full pursuit.

"Huzza for the Laurel Brigade!" we cried. "Huzza! Huzza!"

What did we do with our prisoner? We turned him over to Rosser's provost-marshal. A stolen horse he rode, leading his own, was afterwards restored to its owner, A. Showalter. Taking his carbine from him I handed it to Lieutenant Bradshaw, of McNeil's Rangers, who was with us that day without other weapon than his sword. The prisoner was killed next morning while trying to escape, I learned. He told me he was from Vermont, and had a wife and two children there.

Rosser's men were tired and the horses jaded from long marching. Lieutenant E. R. Neff and myself, separating from our little band (which never rendezvoused again), pushed our fresh horses on, passing the troops, passing our own Twelfth Cavalry, then halted in Horn's meadows, their horses biting the grass—passing everything in full trot to reach Coote's store, where firing was heard, and where we had friends for whom we felt concerned that day.

It was almost sunset. There lay then in the middle of the wide mountain road a mammoth stone, perhaps ten feet high and long and wide, a little south of Coote's store. The road divided, and a track ran on each side of this rough boulder, as the road descends here rapidly to the river a half mile distant. Trotting by this place we were called to halt by a small group of horsemen, and not notic-

ing them in our haste and their official stamp and bearing, we were called again in tones less mild, to "Halt."

Asked who we were, my comrade N. answered, "I am one of Rosser's men."

"Do you know me," then inquired a tall, square-shouldered officer, sitting as if to rest a little on the very top of this great stone and lowering for a moment the glass with which he was scanning the river road intently for the retreating foe.

"I do not," N. said. "Quite strange, sir, you are one of Rosser's men and do not know General Rosser," was the quick and sharp rejoinder.

It was explained that my comrade had left his company before General Rosser took command, and had been on detailed duty at Harrisonburg, and for myself, he remembered me.

Pointing out our destination just in front, N. added we had taken a barn-burner prisoner that day. It was an ill-considered speech, for our men were in no fine humor at Sheridan's wholesale wanton destruction of private property that day. On hearing this General Rosser became enraged and retorted, fiercely rising, "Sir, if you take a barn-burner prisoner, I'll take you."

Further explanation, however, turned aside his anger. We were surrounded and well-nigh prisoners ourselves when we crossed this man.

Then finding we knew all this country, he desired us to make a scout that night to the enemy's rear, and report to him at that same stone at sunrise next morning. Custer had turned down the river at Cootes' store, leaving the mountain road. Would he continue down the Valley on one of the middle roads next day, or was he making for the Valley pike, to join the main force at New Market?

INCIDENTS OF A NIGHT SCOUT IN CUSTER'S REAR.

All was quiet now ahead. Skirmishers had disappeared for the night. Riding on briskly toward our objective point now in view on the bank of the Shenandoah (it had been our home during the last two weeks), the servants were just emerging from the cellar along with the turkeys as we approached. Supper was just served, they told us, when the Yankee flood burst on them an hour before—officers entered and sat down to eat. But in the middle of the feast there was a cry outside, "The Rebs! The Rebs are coming." Up and

away, mounting in haste—and the Confederates next moment coming up, sat down and finished the meal.

With a lunch in our hands, proceeding wearily down the riverside a mile, when we reached the little hilltop at Brunk's garden, we observed two horsemen straight ahead of us across the hollow on the elevation in the field beyond, motionless, observing us. It proved to be their outpost.

"They look like our men," N. said. "Hold my rein, and we shall soon see." Dismounting, he took deliberate rest and aim at them against the garden fence. The men did not move for this. The distance was probably 175 yards. Then after some delay, he pulled trigger. The cap had only exploded with the usual sharp report. Still the men looked like statues.

"There is something more in this than we see," I said; "get on your horse." He appeared to feel so, too, and just as he sprung into his saddle, out into the road fifty yards away down in front of us, in the hollow from behind outbuildings or trees, sprang a dozen men, bringing up their pieces as they sprang, and fired point-blank at us.

A swish of balls tore past us as we put spurs to our horses. And looking over our shoulders as we disappeared from them behind the hill, we saw them "put their scrapers to it," to reach the top of the hill and give us another volley.

We lost no time. We hurried to put as much distance between us as we could before the second salute, which did come, and in a very brief space of time, we thought.

Well, we must cross the river at a higher ford. And so, crossing at Alger's about dark, we threaded our way past 'Squire Will's and on down northward, pursuing private ways.

On our way in the darkness at one place there shone out a bright light through an open hall door, the door being cut across the middle, the lower half of it closed. Hitching and tip-toeing up, half expecting a Yankee visitor inside, camp sounds being quite distinct to our right, we found only an elderly man, his wife, and grown daughter.

But the Yankees had been there. The good wife was still lamenting her losses. She sat there telling how they went through her bureau drawers, removing her pipe now and then and spitting viciously back upon her carpet, forgetting in her delirium, we suppose, the large blazing hearth just in front of her. I do not think she had a barn to lose; but this bureau was her grief. Every heart knows its own bitterness. For the time it eclipsed the awful calamity

abroad and left no room for thought of country. She insisted on our going in to see. We had not time. The poor old man was both sympathetic and indignant as he heard her recital. He could not say much—he had run out in the bushes at the approach of the soldiers. But he ventured at one very exasperating point in her tale of woe to quietly put in, looking significantly towards us: "If I had been here——." He was not permitted to say what he would have done. "Yes," broke in the old lady, "if you had been here your * * * * ." We leave this unfinished. But her very original and even startling speech stampeded us, and her daughter also.

Our safest way now lay around the base of a great wooded hill. Opening a pair of bars we entered these pathless woods and picked our way along, groping in the darkness. It was an hour when we emerged at last, breathing free again as we came out on a little field with another house lighted up. It was a long hour of most painstaking progress, and tangle-bushes and brush and stumbling with led horses. Hitching once more, we removed our jingling spurs, and approached stealthily for directions to the road, when lo! we enter the very same house we had left an hour before! We noticed the divided door again as we approached, but so completely were we turned round it did not dawn on us until we actually saw their faces—they were still up. It was too bad—the night was going—we must have encircled that hill.

At another place we were detained by your narrator going to sleep on his post. We were approaching an important cross-road, where we would very likely run against a picket, just west of Custer's camp. It was in the woods. Holding my comrade's horse as I sat on my own, he went forward to investigate. I fell asleep after the day's experiences, being but a youth. He returning and feeling about in the thick darkness, "for an age," he said, he could not find me nor the horses. Finally, in some interval of my slumbers, I did hear his whispered calls, and we set forward once more.

Further on, leaving our horses in the woods, we walked across fields to the homestead of a well-known citizen north of Timberville.

Do you see that pile of straw six feet high piled against the big barn doors? That is a tell-tale. Then here is a Yankee horse in the stall below. That means a guard in the house to protect private property. A few minutes later we are told by a fair inmate of that house, whom we contrived to awake without awakening that guard,

and who delivered in whispers to us all her guard had disclosed of the things we sought to know.

We were now close on Custer's men. One field lay between us; coarse voices, camp songs, laughter, blazing camp-fires, and now and then the ringing sounds of the axe cutting rails.

Custer had already taken the middle road. General Torbert and staff were still further down the road in a small house, asleep, without a single sentinel, all the staff horses picketed in the yard. Here was a temptation. But we did not have time now to carry their fine horses with us. The night was far spent. Already some streaks of light began to lace the eastern sky.

Our fair young friend, too, had begged us not to touch the guardsman's horse lest he should then burn her father's barn. Poor child! we said, "know that your barn is as good as burned right now—the preparation was all made by your noble guard before he went upstairs to pleasant sleep last night." Our words were verified next morning.

Thus ended a fearful day in the Valley of Virginia—a day neither of us and none of our little band can ever forget in all its scenes and incidents and sounds to the latest day of life. The plaintive lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep driven from their hillside, the rude shouts of foreign voices, and the tramp of cavalry, the blazing buildings everywhere, the blackened sites of once spacious barns, the smoke that all that day obscured the sun, and flying cinders of shingle and of straw; the countenances of women and little children, holding them by the hand, looking on!

* * * * * * *

And then that night. From one fine point of observation on that ride, for miles glowing spots of still burning buildings visible—tongues of flame still licking about heavy beams and sills—flames sometimes of many colors from burning grain and forage. These, with the numerous camp-fires lying nearer, bright-spotting the black face of night, it seemed to us the firmament had descended—the stars had fallen. It looked just that way. Think of it, we said: Looking downward to see the stars! The sight was unique, wonderful, awe-inspiring. Until this day no such desolation had been witnessed since the war began. What were we coming to? What would all this end in?

We found General Rosser before sunrise at a mill near the appointed place. This done, your friend was ordered to return posthaste to Harrisonburg and fix up his office and the wires again.

That long black office table, the telegrapher's key still attached to it, is still in existence in Rockingham. It is alive with reminiscences of the Valley campaigns; of the Laurel Brigade and its brave dashing commander; of Fitzhugh Lee, and the lamented Ashby, and of Breckinridge, and a host of other splendid men; of Jubal A. Early, the imperturbable, who often desired of his young friend a little spirits and complained sometimas it had a "taste of rotten apples," in his high-pitched, drawling voice.

Custer's rear guard opened fire on our men that morning across the roof of the residence of Dr. M. from the lofty bluff beyond the river. The enemy soon drew off, however, as Rosser advanced in pursuit—and Major M., of Rosser's staff, dismounting a moment, begged the little maid whose home was here to play for us all before we parted on the first piano ever brought to Rockingnam and sing this song, then sung so much because it was in everybody's heart:

"When this cruel war is over,
Praying them to meet again."

N. M. Burkholder.

June 27, 1900.

GLOWING TRIBUTE TO GENERAL R. E. LEE.

An Unequalled Leader of an Incomparable Host.

WITH A TRIBUTE TO THE CHARACTER AND ABILITY OF GENERAL R. E. LEE

From Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

In celebration of General Lee's birthday, on January 19th, 1899, the tenth annual banquet of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, held at Atlantic Hotel, in Norfolk, was an interesting occasion. Among the toasts responded to was that entitled "Lee and His Men; An Unequalled Leader of an Incomparable Host," to which Judge T. S. Garnett addressed himself. Judge Garnett's remarks were received with great enthusiasm, and he paid a lofty tribute to General Lee and the private Confederate soldier.

Judge Garnett said:

My Brothers,—It is generally believed that the cruel and unusual punishment known as "hazing," has been abolished from all respectable military schools and organizations.

I regret to feel that I am a victim to a process quite as heartless at the hands of your committee this evening, who have literally, at the eleventh hour, and at the last minute thereof, bound me hand and foot, bucked and gagged, placed upon me the well remembered barrel-shirt and paraded me before the Camp under the disguise of a speaker, duly labelled and set up in type as responding to a toast.

I never witnessed even the ordinary culprit undergoing his well merited punishment in winter-quarters, doing double duty or toting wood, without a feeling of sympathy, nor did I ever see a deserter shot to death in the presence of the brigade, without a pang of regret.

May I then beg of you a little tenderness of heart as I tell you that I had rather be shot as a deserter than afflict you with my crude, hasty and undigested thoughts upon the noble theme to which I have been summoned. Because, of all the subjects which can engage our minds this day, the greatest and best must be the "Life, Character and Memory of General Lee."

As to his life and character it would be scarcely less presumptuous for me to speak to you, his faithful followers and friends, than if I undertook to narrate your several family histories or tell you your own fathers' virtues. The prominent and ever-memorable facts of General Lee's life are stamped indelibly upon your minds, and his military glories are so fixed in the memories of every veteran, that when the last trumpet shall have been sounded, and the dead—the unforgotten dead who sank to death at his commanding, shall have all been quickened, in the twinkling of an eye, they will arise from beneath the shade of Jackson's beloved trees, on the far side of the cold river, and take their old places in the solid ranks where steel once glistened, ready to move at "early dawn" to meet the judgment then to be passed upon him who had so often ridden old "Traveler" through their midst.

I dare not, therefore, repeat the story of his fame to you who shared it in some part on every field of glory or in the tented camp, or on the long march or in the cheerless bivouac.

PRECIOUS AS EARTH CAN GIVE.

Rather let me speak of him as I remember him—a memory as precious as earth can give—and lest I pitch my key too high, let me go back to my boyhood's happy days, when at school near Arling-

ton, I used to see Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Lee ride over on his chesnut sorrel from Arlington to Seminary Hill, near Alexandria, alone, quietly dismount, tie his horse to the fence and enter the little chapel, taking his seat near by me, as Sunday after Sunday was his custom, whenever he happened to be at home on furlough. At that time he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Cavalry, and a little later he became Colonel of the First, as the following letter shows:

"Arlington, Washington City P. O., April 20, 1861.

"Honorable Simon Cameron, Secretary of War:

"Sir,—I have the honor to tender the resignation of my commission as Colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. Lee,

"Colonel First Cavalry."

The very next morning, just at daybreak, as I was checking my trunk, coming South, at Alexandria, I brushed up against a military-looking man, with a dark moustache, but otherwise clean-shaven face, getting his trunk checked at the door of the same baggage car. This was Colonel Lee, and had I known at that moment that he had just come from the presence of General Scott, who had prevailed upon President Lincoln to tender to Colonel Lee the command of the Active Army of the United States and that he had declined it, I would have fallen at his feet and thanked God for his unparalleled devotion to duty.

How few of us ever think of this! How many of us know what would have happened if he had chosen the other course.

Imagine Lee at Sharpsburg with 87,000 men, and McClellan opposing him with 27,000.

Picture to yourself Lee at Chancellorsville with 120,000 men confronted by Hooker with 40,000.

Suppose, for one moment, that at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Lee, with 125,000 had moved against Grant with 45,000 men—where would Grant's place in history be to-day?

The journey to Richmond was interrupted at Gordonsville, and there I saw Colonel Lee uncheck his trunk, as we had to do in those days, and have it transferred to the Richmond train. I can remember distinctly as I stood at his elbow, that I said to myself—here is a man who is destined to high command, and as I am going to follow

him, I will take a good look at him. I studied every feature of his face, and though his countenance was serious and clouded with sombre thought that day, I turned away as he left me with the thought that he was handsome beyond all the men I had ever seen.

Again I saw him when I enlisted in May, 1861, and once or twice in 1862, notably at his headquarters below Richmond, just after the raid of General Stuart around McClellan, on the Chickahominy. He had allowed his beard to grow and it had turned very gray.

I saw him no more until the 2d day of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, nor can I dwell on that view of him further than to speak of carrying dispatches from General Stuart there.

At Hagerstown I carried messages to General Lee and found him flying at his headquarters for the first time "The Milk White Banner of the Confederacy," with the battle-flag at its union, which formed the next to the last national flag of our country.

THE GREATEST OF MEN.

With occasional glimpses of him on the march as we entered upon the fall campaign of 1863, I was learning to look upon him as no longer a curiosity. I knew nothing of him personally up to that time.

But in the winter of 1864 I was sent to him frequently and as the aid-de-camp of General Stuart was admitted on occasion to the commanding general's tent. He would speak to me briefly, but with a cordial and gentle deep tone, and would ask after Stuart with good will and kindly interest.

I can recall the deep impression these interviews made upon me. No emperor on his throne, nor prince nor potentate on earth could inspire me with the sense of superiority which I felt General Lee possessed over all mankind. The atmosphere about him was that of the high mountains, rare and invigorating, and the mental vision was treated to a sense of the sublime.

I saw him often as we entered the Wilderness. I saw him rally the troops of Heth's Division that evening near Parker's store. I heard him say to some rushing out from "the firing line," as it is now called, "Steady, men, go back! We need all good men at the front now," and Colonel Venable remonstrated with him for being so close under fire, but "Mars Robert" wouldn't leave until the line was restored.

This was not the incident which occurred (next morning) at the

same spot, when the Texans yelled, "You go back, General Lee, to the rear," as they plunged into the masses of the enemy and hurled them back at the point of the bayonet.

But I saw him again that day, just a few minutes after Longstreet had been wounded, May 6th.

I had come across the Wilderness from Stuart. I dismounted and delivered a verbal message to General Lee.

He motioned me to follow him, and retiring on foot to an old dead tree, he sat down on the ground, and taking out his field map, ordered me to show him where Stuart was fighting. I pointed out the spot on the map, away off to our right flank, and said: "General Stuart has struck a heavy line of battle, held by infantry and artillery, and cannot break through them."

And here for the first time I experienced what I afterward learned was almost a habit with General Lee—to think aloud. He murmured to himself as if addressing me: "Well, Captain, what shall we do?" To which inquiry I am pleased to say I had sense enough to make no reply, and, indeed, to appear as if I had not heard it.

THE MAN WHO KNEW AND DID.

The same question escaped his lips as if in soliloquy when I came to him and told him that the battle of Five Forks had gone against General Pickett, and as I heard his deep bass voice asking, "Well, Captain, what shall we do?" I felt that nothing short of Almighty Wisdom could provide a way out of that calamity. But it meant nothing. He knew what to do, and he did all that man could do to rectify the blunders that some of his people were constantly committing.

Again I saw him the evening of the battle of Sailor's Creek. It was a few minutes before he learned of the great disaster that had befallen Custis Lee's Division and General Ewell's troops.

We (that is to say, General Roberts' Cavalry Brigade), had just crossed the creek and were watching the gallant fight of Walker's Stonewall Brigade, against the surging host of Yankees on the opposite bank. General Lee came up to our line, entirely alone, and dismounted near a cabin, holding "Traveler" by the bridle, and using his field glasses with the other hand. He was looking across the country at a large collection of white objects, which appeared like a flock of sheep, and as I stood beside him, he said: "Are those sheep or not?" "No, General, they are Yankee wagons."

He looked through his glasses, and then said slowly: "You are right; but what are they doing there?" It was an unexpected appearance, and indicated a closer pursuit than he had anticipated, and soon he rode away to the High Bridge, only to learn that his son had been captured, Custis Lee's Division annihilated and Ewell's troops eliminated from further action.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

I saw him last at Appomattox, but not after the surrender. It was just before he moved out against Sheridan and Ord's troops and his manner was in no wise different from what it had always been.

You, who witnessed his majestic bearing when all was over, can tell your children and all the generations to come, that "Human *fortitude* has equalled human calamity."

A few weeks after Appomattox, I was seated in his parlor on Franklin street, Richmond, talking with his daughter, when the General entered the room. Never can I forget his gentle manner as he extended his hand, and put me at my ease with a few cordial words of welcome, which he so well knew how to speak to a young and embarrassed visitor.

This was my last view of him. I saw him no more; he visited this city not long before he died, when in feeble health, and received the hospitality and homage of the people of Norfolk.

FAITH PERFECT IN LOVE.

Many weary years have passed since his death, October 12th, 1870, but the men who were with Lee have not forgotten. You who were with him cannot forget. Shall I praise you for that? Faith in him has become perfect in love. The works that you have wrought in his name, they shall testify of you to the end of time. The natural state of man is war, but how different seem the wars of this generation from our war.

The men of Lee, though few and feeble, and fading, like the last leaf, into the grave, can smile at the toy soldiers of the day, as they see the fighters, with the new-fangled cat-rifles, smokeless powder and dum-dum bullets, cut down ten officers and 270 men out of several thousand engaged and call it "the bloodest battle in the history of the world."

The beautiful long-range, amphibious navy breech-loader, with a time lock attachment and a telephonic range finder, warranted equal

to pine-top whiskey or new-dip brandy to kill at ten miles, has proven about as effective as one of our little mountain Howitzers, which, on the back of a mule, at the Gauley River fight, would shoot to the foot of a steep hill and carry the mule with it. But, gentlemen, we are modest.

Of course, my brothers, you perceive that I am jesting. I would not detract one particle from the glory, if that is the right name for it, won by Roosevelt's Rough Riders at Santiago, or of Fred Funston's Volunteers, the F. F. V.'s at Malolos, but I still insist that we did more execution with our old-fashioned arms at short range and in shorter time, with smaller numbers, than the Mausers and the Krag-Jorgensens can ever do. The only thing in modern warfare worth mentioning is the adoption of the old Confederate slouch hat, which, as a means of grace, has served to keep off the weather and keep up the spirits of the United States Volunteers. But I am wandering from my toast.

HONOR TO THE HERO.

Here's to the men who "in tattered uniform, but with bright muskets," sustained their cause against the whole world.

Here's to our "Cæsar, without his ambition; our Frederick, without his tyranny; our Napoleon, without his selfishness; our Washington, without his reward!"

Other heroes, having won great fame, sullied it by some selfish folly or unworthy act. Marlborough was a great gift-taker—so was Grant. Sherman fought for plunder, and malicious, fiendish revenge—so did Hannibal.

Yea, even now it seems good unto the modern warriors, by land and sea, to tarnish their laurels by suits for prize-money, great gifts of lands and dwelling houses, silver, gold and precious stones, as if a part of their contract for service in battle was a payment down in hard cash or a furnished mansion in the fashionable quarter of some great city. So much victory for so much preferred stock.

I forbear to name the long list of those who have accepted such rewards of their valor, but I point you to some of our companions-in-arms who held their glory above rubies and their reputation over much fine gold.

Maury, the illustrious path-finder of the seas, preferred the quiet shades of classic Lexington to the dazzling palaces of the Czar of all the Russias. He chose poverty among his own people to vast riches among strangers.

President Davis declined gift after gift proffered in sincere sympathy for his misfortunes. Lands, houses, salaries from big corporations, all were tendered him and refused.

And when the other day the noble old homesteads, first of Wade Hampton and then of John B. Gordon, were committed to the devouring flames, and all the priceless relics of their glorious past were turned into ashes, their loving comrades, out of pure brotherly feeling, urged each of them to let the veterans of this Lost Cause restore their homes, they steadily, firmly and affectionately declined the generous offer.

And what of our great commander? Money in vast sums was offered him if he would fall down and worship at its shrine.

An immense salary was offered him if he would but let the three letters of his name be used by a huge corporation for the purposes of gain. Positions of honor and vast profit were his at a word. But he turned to the quiet chair of Washington College, and there, as its president, ended a life of purity, dignity and unsullied honor.

LIKE LEADER—LIKE MEN.

Like leader—like men!

Unselfish—always brave, cheerful under all adversities, the men we knew beside us in war are worthy of the tribute paid them by a Northern historian in an address before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. Brevet Brigadier-General Charles A. Whittier, United States Volunteers, spoke as follows:

"The Army of Northern Virginia will deservedly rank as the best army which has existed on this continent; suffering privations unknown to its opponents, it fought well from the early Peninsula days to the surrender of that small remnant at Appomattox. It seemed always ready, active, mobile; without doubt it was composed of the best men of the South rushing to what they considered the defence of their country against a bitter invader, and they took the places assigned them, officer and private, and fought until beaten by superiority of numbers. The North sent no such army to the field."

When time with relentless hand and unerring blade shall have cut down the last of the Men of Lee, the revolving years shall continue to bring round this auspicious birthday. God grant that our children, to the latest generation, may gather fresh hope for Liberty from the contemplation of his virtues, his great deeds, and his illustrious character.

A copy of the foregoing having been sent by its accomplished author (now Grand Commander of the Department of Virginia United Confederate Veterans, with rank of Major-General) to Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-chief of the British Army, elicited the following response:

[Copy.]

(Seal of Commander-in-Chief.)

WAR OFFICE,
LONDON, S. W., 10th April, 1900.

Dear General Garnett:

I am much obliged for the newspaper containing a report of your recent speech upon the character and great military ability of General Robert E. Lee.

I have always placed him high amongst the world's few great men and still fewer great leaders of nations. But you had the privilege of serving under him and had so many more opportunities of judging his worth as a strategist and as a tactician than any mere students of war can ever have, that what you say of him is specially valuable.

As a man, he will ever stand out in American history on the same level as Washington, the lofty minded national hero. As a great military genius he will be by future generations classed with the very few world-known leaders of armies who tower above humanity as leaders born of God to lead others.

The more one studies his private character as a Christian and as a patriot, the more lovable and estimable he stands out before us; the more we know of his history in public life, the more all men must admire his devotion to country and to duty. And when the scientific soldier, with map before him, analyzes his campaigns, he is struck with his highly cultivated military genius.

With many thanks, believe me to be,

Very faithfully yours,
(Signed) WOLSELEY.

To General T. S. Garnett,
Richmond, Virginia.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, September 16th, 1900.]

VERY COMPLETE ROLL

Of Company F, Tenth Virginia Regiment,

OR THE MUHLENBURG RIFLES.

Organization of the Command. The History of Most of Its Members Traced. The Living and the Dead. Notes.

WOODSTOCK, VA., *September 8, 1900.*

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

This Roll of Company F, Tenth Virginia, is handed you by request of the Adjutant of Shenandoah Camp, Confederate Veterans, of this place. You will note that it is unique for completeness. The Camp would like it published in your Confederate column at some time when you have the space.

HERBERT F. MILEY.

The military company known as the "Muhlenburg Rifles" was organized and equipped during the year 1859, at Woodstock, Va.; responded to the call "to arms" on the 17th day of April, 1861; reported for duty at Harper's Ferry, and was assigned to the 10th Regiment, Virginia Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Colonel S. B. Gibbons, who was killed at McDowell, May 8, 1862; Colonel E. T. H. Warren, killed at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864; Colonel D. H. Lee Martz, surviving and residing at Harrisonburg, Va.; Major Samuel T. Walker, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; Major Joshua Stover, killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; Major Isaac G. Coffman, killed at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

Tom Pennybacker, Whit Gisling and B. F. Cootes were Adjutants and Rev. John P. Hyde, A. M., D. D., LL. D., was Chaplain.

The Regiment was assigned to the Brigade of General E. Kirby Smith (Fourth)—General Arnold Elzey succeeding to the command during the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, when General Smith was wounded.

April 17, 1862, at the urgent demand of the companies, the regiment was transferred from the Army of Northern Virginia to Gene-

ral T. J. Jackson's command in the Shenandoah Valley, and was assigned to General William B. Taliaferro's (Third) Brigade.

Elzey's Brigade was composed of the 10th and 13th Virginia, the 1st Maryland, and 3d Tennessee Regiments, and Taliaferro's of the 10th, 23d, and 37th Virginia, the 3d North Carolina, and 47th and 48th Alabama.

The company was designated as Company F, 10th Virginia Volunteer Infantry, and the following roster includes the original enlistments and recruits after entering the Army of the Confederate States of America.

Williams, Samuel C.—Captain. Incapacitated because of general debility, and died June 10, 1862.

Campbell, Josiah L.—First Lieutenant. Commissioned Captain August 22, 1861, and soon appointed Surgeon 33d Virginia Infantry; was Surgeon of 7th Virginia Infantry one year; then served as Surgeon of 10th Virginia Infantry until May, 1864, when he was assigned Surgeon of Imboden's Brigade.

Welsh, Mark—First Lieutenant. Promoted to Captain when Dr. Campbell was made Surgeon of 33d Regiment, and died February, 1862.

Fountain, Mehomiah—Second Lieutenant, subsequently Captain. Was injured by falling from a wagon at Centreville, Va., 1862. Surrendered at Gettysburg, July 31, 1863. Imprisoned at Johnston's Island twenty-three months, and died since the war.

Magruder, George W.—Second Lieutenant. Was commissioned Surgeon Confederate States Army, and died at Fort Worth, Texas, since the war.

McInturff, Levi—Orderly Sergeant, Mexican war veteran, and discharged because of disability.

Kibler, Jacob H.—Second Sergeant; elected Captain. Killed at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863.

Magruder, Philip W.—Third Sergeant; elected Lieutenant. Wounded in spine and knee at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863.

Bushong, Edward M.—Fourth Sergeant. Wounded at Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, Transferred to cavalry.

Williams, Samuel C.—First Corporal. Transferred to Chew's Battery. Died at Broadway, Va., since the war.

Bird, Mark—Second Corporal. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; Wilderness, May 5, 1864, and Fort Steadman, March 24, 1865. Surrendered at Fort Steadman and in prison at Point Lookout, Md., three months.

Hamman, George C.—Third Corporal. Elected Lieutenant. Wounded at Manassas, August 30, 1862, and at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Surrendered at Woodstock, November, 1863, and imprisoned at Camp Chase four months, Fort Delaware eight months, and Point Lookout three months.

Kneisley, Lewis C.—Fourth Corporal. Wounded May 25, 1862, at Winchester; July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill; August 30, 1862, at Manassas; May 18, 1864, at Spotsylvania. Captured at Woodstock on furlough, January 9, 1865, and held at Fort McHenry four months.

Albert, James H.—Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864. Prisoner at Old Capitol two weeks. Resides at Alvarado, Texas.

Albert, William H.—Wounded May 10th and surrendered May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania. Prisoner thirteen months at Fort Delaware.

Allen, John M.—Lost sight of after battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

Anderson, M. Luther—Wounded May 3, 1862, at Chancellorsville, and arm amputated. Died at Woodstock, July 8, 1867.

Allison, Perry J.—Wounded at Winchester, June 14, 1863. Surrendered May Fort Delaware thirteen months. Was transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides at Edinburg, Va.

Allison, John H.—Wounded at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862. Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Died in Illinois after the war.

Allison, M. W.—Surrendered at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. In prison at Fort Delaware and Point Lookout twenty-one months. Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Was a practicing physician at Hagerstown, Md., where he died in 1898.

Boyer, William M.—Transferred.

Blair, William H.—Surrendered near Woodstock, October, 1863. In prison at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware twenty-two months. Died after the war.

Barr, William H.—Wounded at Spotsylvania, May 10, 1864. Resides near Saumsville, Va.

Blair, James—Dismissed from service and died.

Bauserman, John H.—Wounded at Mechanics' Gap, near Romney, June 20, 1861; permanently disabled, and discharged at Fairfax, 1861.

Bushong, Calvin P.—Transferred to 12th Virginia Cavalry, 1863. Died in Clarke county, Va., after the war.

Burke, Robert W.—Detailed for other service. Resides at Edinburg, Va.

Bowman, John W.—Resides at Owen's Mills, Md.

Bargelt, William H.—Transferred to Rosser's Cavalry, 1862. Died since the war.

Bowman, Joseph—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862.

Barton, Isaac O.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862. Resides at Edinburg, Va.

Baker, Joseph—Teamster. Resides at Fisher's Hill, Va.

Baker, Abraham—Transferred from Imboden's Cavalry. Resides near Edinburg.

Boyer, William M.—Transferred?

Brannon, Jack—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862, and missing, Wilderness, 1864.

Bragonier, D. H.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862. Resides in Winchester, Va.

Bragonier, Robert C.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Lives at Luray, Va.

Clinedinst, James A.—Captured near Woodstock, October, 1863. Prisoner at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware twenty-two months. Resides at Moorefield, W. Va.

Clinedinst, John W.—Captured near Woodstock, Va., October, 1863. Prisoner at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware twenty-two months. Died since the war.

Clinedinst, John W.—Discharged at Booneville, Md., September 10, 1862. Re-instated First Lieutenant Company "B," 2d Regiment, Local Defence Troop, Richmond. Resides at New Market, Va.

Copp, Morgan—Died near Woodstock, February, 1862.

Copp, Joseph M.—Died near Woodstock, February, 1862.

Copp, Barnett—Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864. Prisoner at Fort Delaware, thirteen months. Lives near Saumsville, Va.

Conrad, Peter M.—Surrendered near Woodstock, Va., October, 1863. In prison at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware twenty-two months. Resides at Owen's Mills, Md.

Crisp, Harry—Died at Chicago subsequent to the war. Was a

brother of Lieutenant Charles F. Crisp, Company K, 10th Virginia Infantry, late Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Cook, Jacob.—Discharged at Harper's Ferry, May, 1861. Resides at Jadwyn, Shenandoah county, Va.

Cooper, John E. L.—Surrendered at Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865, and discharged from Point Lookout prison June 24, 1865. Resides at Mt. Jackson, Va.

Campbell, William H. H.—Same remarks as last above, except that he resides at Owen's Mills, Md.

Clower, Samuel V. R.—One time Sergeant-Major of the Regiment. Died at Woodstock, Va., June 17, 1898.

Caton, Edward—Died in hospital during the war.

Combs, Pius—Discharged at Gordonsville, Va., August 1, 1862. Resides at New Market, Va.

Clowes, George—Resides at Grafton, W. Va.

Clinedinst, Augustine—Surrendered at Fisher's Hill and at Warrenton Junction. In prison at Fort McHenry one month and at Point Lookout seventeen months. Transferred to 7th Virginia Cavalry. Resides at Moorefield Junction, W. Va.

Dinges, John W.—Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, and died May 6, 1863.

Dewer, Joshua—Transferred for Company A, 10th Virginia Infantry, and went to Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry. Resides at Milwood, Clarke county, Va.

Downey, Angelo—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Removed to Springfield, O., after the close of the war.

Dellinger, Martin—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry.

Jacob, Elick—Transferred to 10th Virginia Band, 1862. Lives at Luray, Va.

Evans, Henry H.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, and to Confederate States Navy. Afterward to Company E, 28th Virginia Infantry. Resides at Edinburg.

Estey, Dilmon—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862. Resides in Clarke county, Va.

Fadeley, Michael M.—Transferred from 33d Virginia Infantry or 12th Cavalry. Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864, and died at Richmond, 1865.

Fravel, Henry C.—Transferred to Chew's Battery, 1863. Died at Luray, Va., November 28, 1894.

Fravel, John W.—Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; right leg amputated below the knee. Died at Woodstock in 1900.

Ferrell, Oliver P.—Transferred to 7th Virginia Cavalry Band. Surrendered at Woodstock, January 9, 1865; prisoner of war at Fort McHenry four months. Died at Woodstock, 1868.

Fox, Joseph—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862. Resides at Oak Ridge, Rockingham county, Va.

Feller, John H.—Transferred to 11th Virginia Cavalry. Resides near Alonzaville, Shenandoah county, Va.

Grandstaff, Isaac H.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Died at Wadesville, Jefferson county, W. Va., since the war.

Gill, George W.—Detailed as blacksmith.

Grove, Luther S.—Transferred from Company A, 10th Virginia Infantry. Wounded at Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, and Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Resides at Strasburg, Va.

Hutchinson, John S.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Wounded at Winchester, May 25, 1862. Surrendered at Nye river, May 19, 1864. Prisoner at Point Lookout and Elmira ten months. Resides at Baltimore, Md., and is editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Methodist Episcopal.

Haas, William H.—Assigned to Confederate States Mail Service. Died March 27, 1888.

Haas, Isaac C—Transferred to Chew's Battery. Resides in Washington, D. C.

Haas, Erasmus C.—Surrendered May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania, and in prison at Fort Delaware twelve months.

Hockman, Philip J.—Killed at Manassas, August 30, 1862.

Hockman, Whiten F.—Killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Hoover, Harvey—Wounded at Winchester, May 25, 1862. Subsequently died in hospital.

Hoover, Silas.

Hoover, John H.—Transferred to Company K, 12th Virginia Cavalry. Resides at Woodstock.

Holtzman, Beverly S.—Transferred to cavalry, and lives in West Virginia.

Helfenstein, John—Re-enlisted from Company G, 10th Virginia Infantry, and killed at Winchester, May 25, 1862.

Hutchinson, J. Amos—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides near Edinburg, Va.

Hopewell, A. J.—Same.

Harris, Thomas H.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Surrendered at Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865. Prisoner at Point Lookout three months. Resides at Troy, Mo.

Hollenback, Samuel—Teamster, from Romney.

Hoffman, Andrew J.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, and subsequently to 7th Virginia Cavalry. Died at Edinburg since the war.

Henson, Thomas J.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides near Edinburg, Va.

Kneisley, Luther B.—Surrendered near Woodstock, October, 1863. Prisoner at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware twenty-two months. Died in Kansas City, Mo., March, 1890.

Kibler, James A.—Surrendered at Meem's Bottoms, near Mount Jackson, February, 1865. Prisoner at Fort McHenry and Fort Delaware four months. Severely wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Resides at Cavalry, Shenandoah county, Va.

Kendrick, Edward—Killed at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862.

Lewis, John P.—From Rockingham county. Slightly wounded near Lebanon church, June 1, 1862—the Muhlenburg Rifles, supported by the 3d Brigade and a Battery of Artillery, checking Fremont's advance until Jackson's army and trains had safely passed Strasburg.

Lodor, John S.—Wounded at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862. Resides at Frostburg, Md.

Loveday, John.

Loveday, Charles.

Lutz, Thomas J.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864, and in prison at Fort Delaware thirteen months. Resides at Topeka, Kan.

Lutz, James C.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, and enlisted in McNeill's Rangers, 1864. Captured near Hamburg, January, 1865. Prisoner at Fort McHenry four months. Resides near Forestville, Va.

Miller, Philip A.—Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864. In Fort Delaware prison thirteen months. Resides at Denton, Tex.

Miller, Robert S.—Wounded at Winchester, May 25, 1862, and died since the war.

Miley, George W.—Wounded at Spotsylvania, May 18, 1864, and surrendered at Nye river, May 19, 1864. Prisoner of war at Point Lookout and Elmira ten months. Is still on parole.

Miley, Joseph R.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862, and subsequently elected Lieutenant-Colonel, 12th Virginia Cavalry. Died at Strasburg, Va., in 1900.

McInturff, Lewis—Absent without leave and history unknown.

Miller, Charles.

Miller, George M.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, 1862, and wounded at McDowell, May 9, 1862. Subsequently transferred to 7th Virginia Cavalry. Resides at Aurelia, Ia.

Marston, Joseph H.—Died at Edinburg since the war.

Newland, Jesse—Resides at Hamburg, Va.

Orndorff, Walter E. E.—Wounded May 25, 1862, at Winchester, and May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, and died from the latter at Staunton, Va., May, 1863.

Orndorff, Simon—Transferred from Company A, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides in Paddy's Cove, Frederick county, Va.

Otto, George G.—Wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Resides in Washington, D. C.

Otto, John C.—Wounded at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. Resides at Woodstock.

John Peer—Died near Woodstock since the war.

Pitman, Erasmus.

Plauger, Joseph F.—Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, and right leg amputated below the knee. Lives near Detrick, Shenandoah county, Va.

Pitman, Philip—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Subsequently discharged because of age and infirmity, and elected to the Virginia Legislature.

Pennybacker, Frank S.—Transferred to 6th Virginia Cavalry. Resides at Mount Jackson, Va.

Pitman, Nathan—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry, and died near Edinburg since the war.

Palmer, John—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Died in Western State Hospital. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Rodeffer, James H.—Wounded May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, in head and right knee. Mayor of Woodstock.

Rodeffer, David—Died at Denison, Tex., since the war.

Rudy, Daniel C.—Detailed as teamster. Lives near Wardensville, W. Va.

Riddelle, Archibald S.—Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Resides at Strasburg, Va.

Rodeffer, Mark M.—Enlisted March, 1861, in Company A, 10th Mississippi Rifles. Engaged with Muhlenburg Rifles in battles from McDowell to Cedar Run, and then enlisted in Chew's Battery. Resides at Lovettsville, Loudoun county, Va.

Ream, David M.—Wounded at Manassas, August 28, 1862. Promoted to lieutenant and transferred to Imboden's Cavalry. Died at Culpeper since the war.

Rinker, Jacob Z.—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides in Loudoun county, Va.

Reynard, George—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry.

Saum, Daniel T.—Detailed as teamster and surrendered near Farmville, April 6, 1865. Discharged from Point Lookout prison June 18, 1865. Resides at Saumsville, Va.

Saum, Mahlon G.—Resides at Hagerstown, Md.

Sager, Joseph G.—Same as next below.

Sager, John T.—Surrendered May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania, and in prison at Fort Delaware fourteen months. Lives near Alonzaville.

Sager, William Dallas—Wounded at Mine Run, November 27, 1863, and killed at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864.

Spengler, Samuel M.—Resides in Baltimore, Md.

Samuels, Green B.—Wounded and captured at Winchester, September 19, 1664, and in Fort Delware prison until June 15, 1865. Promoted to lieutenant 1862. Brigade Inspector, 3rd Brigade, Stonewall Division. Aid to General R. T. Colston, commanding Stonewall Division at Chancellorsville. At R. E. Lee Camp, Soldier's Home.

Spengler, Cyrus—Died since the war.

Spiker, Elias Carson—Died February, 1862.

Smoot, George W.—Died February, 1862

Sheetz, Isaac B.—Resides in Rockingham county.

Samuels, Samuel C.—Killed at Spotsylvania, May 5, 1864.

Shillingburg, Abr.—Wounded at Manassas, August 28, 1862. Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864. Confined in Fort Delaware prison until June 13, 1865. Lives near Mt. Olive, Va.

Stanton, Benjamin J.—Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864, and paroled at Fort Delaware, September, 29, 1864. Died since the war.

Sheetz, Elias—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides near Edinburg, Va.

Sonner, Joseph W.—Transferred from Company A, 10th Virginia Infantry. Resides at Strasburg, Va.

Teeter, Joseph—Died in hospital.

Welsh, Richard—Transferred to cavalry and killed at Winchester, May, 1864.

Wierman, William L.—Surrendered at Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865. At Point Lookout prison three months. Resides near Winchester, Va.

Williams, George H.—Transferred to cavalry and killed at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.

Walters, John—Transferred from Company C, 10th Virginia Infantry. Surrendered at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864, and wounded same day. In prison at Camp Chase and Fort Delaware thirteen months. Removed to Pittsburg, Pa., since the war.

Besides participating in the battles indicated by casualties enumerated in the above muster-roll, the command was present at the following times and places, not participating, however, in all the engagements, named: Falling Waters, June 20, 1861; Munson's Hill, September 11, 1861; Drainesville, ——, 1861; Anandale, December —, 1861; Pendleton, Franklin county, May 10, 1862; Front Royal, May 24, 1862; Port Republic, June 8 and 9, 1862; Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; Peach Orchard, June 29, 1862, White Oak Swamp and Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862; Chantilly, September 1, 1862; aided in the capture of Harper's Ferry, and on detached duty September 19, 1862, when the battle at Antietam was fought; Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; Winchester, June 13–15, 1863; Rappahannock Bridge, November 2, 1863.

Survivors reside at and near Woodstock, except as otherwise indicated.

[From the Richmond, Va. *Times*, December 30, 1900.]

THE CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY AND A BRIEF HISTORY OF WHAT BECAME OF IT.

Interesting Data Carefully Compiled from the Memoranda of John L. Porter, the Distinguished Chief Constructor of the Confederate States Navy.

By JOHN W. H. PORTER.

The following interesting and instructive article was prepared for the *Times* by Mr. John W. H. Porter, of Portsmouth, Va., from memoranda left by John L. Porter, Chief Constructor of the Confederate States Navy. The article contains much valuable historical information, and will doubtless be widely read. It gives a list of the vessels in commission in the Confederate States Navy; tells where and when most of them were built; what became of them, and gives brief data about their movements and service:

ALABAMA—Wooden steam cruiser, eighty-nine guns, built at Liverpool in 1862, sailed from that port July 29th, 1862, and was sunk in action with the United States ship *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg, June 19, 1864.

ATLANTA—Formerly the merchant steamer *Fingall.* Converted into an iron-clad at Savannah and mounted four guns. Got aground in Wassaw Sound June 17, 1863, and was captured by the Federals.

ALBEMARLE—Iron-clad, two guns. Built on the Roanake river in 1864, sunk by a Federal torpedo boat the same year at Plymouth, N. C.

APPOMATTOX—Formerly the tug *Empire.* Bought at Norfolk in 1861 and mounted, two guns. Dismantled and abandoned in 1862.

ARCHER—Merchant schooner, captured by the Confederates off Long Island June 24, 1863, converted into a cruiser, abandoned at Portland June 27, and recaptured. Crew transferred to the *Caleb Cushing.*

ARCTIC—Iron-plated floating battery at Wilmington. Mounted three guns and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city, 1865.

ARKANSAS—Iron-clad, ten guns. Launched at Memphis in 1862 and completed on the Yazoo river, July 15, 1862. Her machinery became disabled near Baton Rouge in August of that year, and she was set on fire and abandoned by order of her commander.

BALTIC—Iron-plated ram, three guns. Burned by the Confederates at the fall of Mobile, in 1865.

BEAUFORT—Iron hull tug-boat. Bought at New Berne in 1861, and armed with one gun. Burned by the Confederates at Richmond in 1865.

BIENVILLE—Side-wheel river steamer. Bought at New Orleans in 1861 and mounted with six guns. Burned by Confederates on Lake Pontchartrain in 1862.

BLACK WARRIOR—Merchant schooner, armed to assist in the defence of Elizabeth City, February 10, 1862. Burned and deserted by her crew during the fight.

BOMBSHELL—Formerly a Federal gun-boat. Sunk by Confederate batteries at Plymouth, April 18, 1864, raised by the Confederates and recaptured by the Federals in Albemarle Sound, May 5, 1864.

CALEB CUSHING—United States revenue cutter, two guns. Captured by the Confederate schooner *Archer* in Portland harbor, June 27, 1863, and set on fire and abandoned to prevent recapture.

CALHOUN—Small side-wheel river steamer. Bought at New Orleans, 1861, and burned by the Confederates after the fall of that city in 1862.

CARONDELET—Side-wheel river steamer. Bought at New Orleans in 1861 and mounted with six guns. Burned on Lake Pontchartrain in 1862 to prevent capture.

COLUMBIA—Iron-clad, six guns. Built at Charleston, 1864. Caught on a sunken wreck there and broken in two by the falling tide.

CASWELL—Wooden side-wheel tender. Burned by the Confederates at the fall of Wilmington, 1865.

CHARLESTON—Iron-clad, six guns. Built in 1863 at Charleston and destroyed by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city in 1865.

CHATTAHOOCHIE—Wooden gun-boat, two guns. Burned by the Confederates on the Chattahoochie river at the close of the war.

CHICORA—Iron-clad. Built at Charleston and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city in 1865.

CHICAMAUGA—Formerly the blockade-runner *Edith*. Bought at Wilmington in 1864, mounted with two guns and turned into a cruiser. She was burned by the Confederates at Wilmington in 1865.

CLARENCE—Merchant brig captured by the *Florida*, May 6, 1863, and armed with a 12-pounder boat-howitzer. She was burned by her commander June 12, 1863, and her crew transferred to the *Tacony*.

COTTON—Side-wheel river steamer. Bought at New Orleans in 1861 and made into a gun-boat, Burned by her crew in 1864 to prevent capture.

CURLEW—Side-wheel river steamer. Bought at Norfolk, 1861, mounted with two guns. Sunk in battle at Roanoke Island, February 7, 1862.

DREWRY—Wooden tender, one gun. Built at Richmond. Disabled in action with Federal batteries at Trent's Reach, January 24, 1865, and abandoned.

DIANA—Wooden gun-boat, five guns. Captured from the Federals, March 23, 1863, in Atchafalaya river and burned in Bayou Teche, April 12, 1863, to prevent recapture.

EDWARDS—Wooden tug, bought at Norfolk, 1861, and mounted with one gun. Her name was afterwards changed to the *Forrest*.

ELLIS—Iron hull tug-boat. Bought at Norfolk in 1861 and mounted with one gun. Captured by the Federals at the battle of Elizabeth City, 1862.

EQUATOR—Wooden tug-boat, one gun. Burned by Confederates at the fall of Wilmington in 1865.

FANNY—Iron hull propeller, two guns. Captured from the Fed

erals October 1, 1861 and set on fire by Confederates at the battle of Elizabeth City, N. C., February 10, 1862.

Fire Fly—Wooden side-wheel river steamer. Used for a while at Savannah as a tender and then permitted to go to wreck.

Florida—Originally the merchant steamer *Oreto*. Bought in 1862 at Liverpool by the Confederates and mounted with five guns. She was boarded by the United States Ship *Wachusett* and captured in the harbor of Bahai, Brazil, October 7, 1864, while her captain and crew were ashore on liberty.

Forrest—Wooden tug-boat formerly the *Edwards*, bought at Norfolk in 1861 and mounted with two guns. She was disabled in battle at Roanoke Island, February 7, 1862, and was burned on the ways at Elizabeth City by the Confederates, February 10th.

Fredericksburg—Iron-clad, four guns. Built at Richmond, 1863, and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city, April, 1865.

Gaines—Side-wheel merchant steamer, mounted six guns. Sunk in battle of Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.

Germantown—Sailing sloop of war, twenty-two guns. Seized by Confederates at Gosport Navy Yard, 1861, and burned at the evacuation of Norfolk.

Georgia—Iron-clad floating battery at Savannah. Destroyed by the Confederates at the fall of that city, in December, 1864.

Georgia—Cruiser, originally the merchant steamer *Japan*. Bought at Dumbarton in April, 1863, and mounted five guns. Sold at Liverpool by the Confederate Government in 1864.

George Page—Side-wheel river steamer, seized at Alexandria in 1861 and armed with two guns. Her name was afterwards changed to the *Richmond*. She was burned by the Confederates at Quantico in 1862.

Harriet Lane—Captured from the Federals at Galveston, January 1, 1863. Mounted eight guns. Her name was changed to the *Lavina* and she was converted into a blockade runner. She was in Havana harbor at the close of the war.

Hampton—Wooden gun-boat, two guns. Built at Norfolk, 1862,

and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of Richmond, April, 1865.

HUNTRESS—Side-wheel tug, bought at Charleston in 1861, and mounted two guns. She was later condemned and sold.

HUNTSVILLE—Iron-clad, four guns; built at Mobile. She was burned by the Confederates at the fall of that city in 1865.

INDIAN CHIEF—Receiving ship at Charleston. Burned at the evacuation of that city in 1865.

IVY—Side-wheel river steamer, bought at New Orleans in 1861, and mounted two guns. She was burned by the Confederates in Yazoo river in 1863 to prevent capture.

ISENDIGA—Wooden gun-boat, three guns. Burned by the Confederates at the fall of Savannah, December, 1864.

JACKSON—Tug-boat, bought at Norfolk, 1861, and mounted two guns. She was dismantled and sold in 1862.

KATE BRUCE—Wooden schooner, bought in 1861 to convert into a gun-boat, but before completion she was sunk as an obstruction in the Chattahoochie river.

LADY DAVIS—Iron tug, bought at Charleston, 1861, and mounted one gun. Her machinery was put in the Palmetto State and the vessel sold.

LAPWING—Merchant bark, captured by the *Florida*, March 20, 1863, armed with two boat-howitzers and name changed to *Oreto*. She was set on fire and burned by her crew June 20, 1863.

LIVINGSTON—Side-wheel river steamer, bought at New Orleans, 1861, and mounted six guns. Burned by Confederates in Yazoo river in 1863.

LOUISIANA—Iron-clad, built at New Orleans, 1862, and mounted ten guns. She was set on fire by order of her commander and burned after the fall of New Orleans in 1862.

MCREA—Wooden propeller, bought at New Orleans, 1861, and mounted six guns. She was sunk by the Confederates after the fall of that city in 1862.

MACON—Wooden propeller, ten guns, built at Savannah, taken to Augusta after the fall of that city and held until the war ended.

MANASSAS—Iron-plated ram, built at New Orleans in 1861, mounted one gun; sunk by order of her commander at the battle of New Orleans, 1862.

MANASSAS—Schooner, formerly United States revenue cutter: seized at New Berne, 1861, and name changed to *Manassas*. She was dismantled after a few months' service.

MAUREPAS—Side-wheel river steamer, bought at New Orleans, 1861, and mounted five guns; sunk by Confederates to obstruct White river in 1862.

MISSOURI—Center wheel iron-clad, eight guns; built at Shreveport, La., in 1864.

MOBILE—Wooden tug, two guns; burned by Confederates in Yazoo river.

MORGAN—Merchant steamer, bought at Mobile, 1861; mounted six guns. She was destroyed by Confederates at the fall of that city in 1865.

MORNING LIGHT—Steamer, twelve guns, captured from the Federals off Sabine Pass, January 21, 1863.

MUSCOGEE—Centre-wheel iron-clad, eight guns; built at Columbus, Ga., and burned at the close of the war.

NANSEMOND—Wooden gun-boat, two guns; built at Norfolk, 1862, and burned by the Confederates at Richmond, 1865.

NASHVILLE—Side-wheel merchant steamer, seized at Charleston in 1861, and mounted eight guns; ran aground in Ogeeche river in 1864, and was destroyed by shell from the blockading vessels.

NEUSE—Iron-clad, two guns; built on the Neuse river, 1864, and burned by the Confederates in 1865 on the approach of Sherman's army.

NORTH CAROLINA—Iron-clad, four guns; built at Wilmington, N. C., 1863; sprung aleak and sunk in Cape Fear river in September, 1864, at anchor.

PALMETTO STATE—Iron-clad, four guns; built at Charleston, and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city, in 1865.

PAMLICO—Side-wheel river steamer; bought at New Orleans in

1861; burned by Confederates on Lake Pontchartrain, 1862, to avoid capture.

PATRICK HENRY—Side-wheel merchant steamer *Yorktown;* seized at Richmond, 1861; mounted ten guns; burned by Confederates at Richmond, 1865.

PLYMOUTH—Sailing sloop of war; seized by the Confederates at the Gosport navy-yard, 1861; burned at the evacuation of Norfolk, 1862.

POLK—Side-wheel river steamer, mounted seven guns; burned by Confederates in Yazoo river in 1863, to avoid capture.

PHŒNIX—Iron-clad floating battery, at Mobile. Burned by the Confederates at the fall of that city in 1865.

PONTCHARTRAIN—Side-wheel river steamer, mounted seven guns. Burned by Confederates in 1863 on the Arkansas river.

QUEEN OF THE WEST—Iron-protected ram. Captured from the Federals, February 14th, 1863, in Red river and sunk in battle in Atchafalaya river in April, 1863.

RALEIGH—Iron-clad, four guns; built at Wilmington in 1864 and wrecked on Wilmington bar, May 7, 1864.

RAPPAHANNOCK—Side-wheel river steamer, formerly the *Saint Nicholas.* Captured at Point Lookout, June 29, 1861, mounted one gun. Burned by the Confederates at Fredericksburg, April, 1862.

RAPPAHANNOCK—Cruiser, formerly the British gun-boat *Victoria.* Purchased at London in 1863 and taken to Calais, but on account of complications with the French Government she never put to sea, and was finally sold in 1864.

RESOLUTE—Wooden gun-boat, one gun. Destroyed by Federal field battery at the fall of Savannah in 1864.

RICHMOND—Iron-clad, four guns. Launched at Gosport Navy Yard in 1862 and burned by Confederates at the evacuation of Richmond, April, 1865.

ROANOKE—Iron tug, formerley the *Raleigh.* Bought in Norfolk in 1861 and mounted one gun. Burned at Richmond upon the evacuation of that city.

SAVANNAH—Iron-clad, four guns. Built at Savannah and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city in December, 1864.

SAMPSON—Side-wheel river steamer, two guns. Taken by the Confederates to Augusta upon the evacuation of Savannah, December, 1864.

SEA-BIRD—Side-wheel river steamer. Bought at Norfolk in 1861 and armed with two guns. Sunk in battle at Elizabeth City, February 10th, 1852.

SELMA—Side-wheel merchant steamer. Mounted, four guns. Captured by the Federals at the battle of Mobile Bay, August 5th, 1864.

ST. MARY—Side-wheel river steamer, two guns. Burned on Yazoo river.

STONO—Gun-boat, seven guns, formerley the *Isaac Smith*. Captured from the Federals in Stono river, January 30th, 1863, and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of Charleston in 1865.

SPRAY—Tug-boat, two guns. Sunk by the Confederates on St. Mary's river.

SHENANDOAH—Cruiser, formerly the merchant steamer *Sea King*, six guns. Delivered to English authorities at Liverpool after the close of the war, November 6th, 1865.

STONEWALL—Sea-going iron-clad ram, three guns, formerly the *Sphinx*. Purchased in Denmark in 1865 and name changed to *Stonewall*. She was acquired too late to be of service and was turned over to the Spanish authorities at Havana after the war ended.

SUMTER—Cruiser, formerly the merchant steamer *Habana*. Bought at New Orleans in 1861 and mounted with five guns. Her machinery gave out and she was sold at Charleston in 1862 by the Confederate authorities.

TACONY—Merchant bark, captured by the *Clarence* June 12, 1863. Burned June 24th and crew transferred to the *Archer*.

TALLAHASSEE—Cruiser, formerly the blockade runner *Atlanta*. Bought at Wilmington and mounted two guns. Name afterwards changed to *Olivetree*. Reconverted into a blockade runner, the "*Chameleon*," and taken to England.

TALMICO—Side-wheel, two guns. Accidentally sunk at Savannah in 1863.

TEASER—Wooden tug, two guns, bought at Richmond in 1861, and captured by the Federals in James river in 1862.

TENNESSEE—Iron-clad, six guns. Built at Mobile and captured in battle of Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—Side-wheel merchant steamer, formerly the *Jamestown*. Seized at Richmond in 1861 and mounted two guns. She was sunk by the Confederates, May, 1862, at Drewry's Bluff to obstruct James river.

TORPEDO—Wooden tug, two guns, burned by Confederates at Richmond.

TUSCALOOSA—Iron-clad, four guns. Burned by Confederates at at the fall of Mobile in 1865.

TUSCALOOSA—Formerly the bark *Conrad*. Captured June 21, 1863, by the *Alabama* and armed with four boat-howitzers. She was seized by the English authorities at Simon's Bay, South Africa, December, 1863, upon the charge of violation of neutrality of the port. She was subsequently released, but the Confederates never again claimed her.

TUSCARORA—Side-wheel river steamer, two guns. Burned accidently at New Orleans.

VIRGINIA—Iron-clad, formerly the United States ship *Merrimac*, ten guns. Seized by Confederates at Gosport Navy-yard, 1861, and converted into an iron-clad. Burned by her captain at the evacuation of Norfolk, in 1862.

VIRGINIA SECOND—Iron-clad, four guns. Built at Richmond in 1864, and burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of that city in April, 1865.

VELOCITY—Gun-boat, two guns. Captured from the Federals at Sabine Pass, January 21, 1863.

UNCLE BEN—Tug-boat, seized at Wilmington in 1861, mounted one gun. Her machinery was taken out and put in the *North Carolina*, and hull sold.

UNITED STATES—Old wooden frigate in ordinary at Gosport Navy-yard. Seized by Confederates in 1861, and used as a receiving ship. She was called sometimes the *Confederate States*.

WATER WITCH—Captured from the Federals in Ossabaw sound, June 3, 1864. Burned at the fall of Savannah, December, 1864.

WEBB—Wooden ram on the Mississippi and Red rivers. Burned by the Confederates after the close of the war.

WINSLOW—Side-wheel river steamer, formerly the *J. E. Coffee*. Bought at Norfolk in 1861 and mounted one gun. Wrecked on a sunken hulk outside of Hatteras, in 1861.

YADKIN—Wooden gun-boat. Built at Wilmington and burned by the Confederates at the fall of that city in 1865.

In addition to the foregoing, there were the following which were used temporarily as tenders and afterwards returned to their original owners, that did not carry permanent armament:

Superior, *Harmony* and *Kankakee* near Norfolk, and the *Schrapnel* at Richmond.

In the fall of 1861 the citizens of New Orleans fitted up a number of river boats as rams for local defense, and put them under command of Captain J. Edward Montgomery. They were bravely fought and were sunk in battle at Memphis and New Orleans. They were not attached to the Confederate States Navy. They were the *Warrior*, *Stonewall Jackson*, *Resolute*, *Defiance*, *Breckenridge*, *Van Horn*, *Price*, *Bragg*, *Lovell*, *Sumter*, *Beauregard*, *Jeff. Thompson*, *Little Rebel*, *Governor Moore*, *Quitman*, and possibly three or four others.

There were in the Confederate States Navy at Richmond three torpedo launches—the *Hornet*, *Scorpion* and *Wasp*. The *Wasp* was destroyed by the Federal batteries at Trent's Reach, in January, 1865, and the others were burned by the Confederates at the evacuation of Richmond, in April, 1865. There was also a torpedo launch at Charleston, with which Lieutenant Glassell attacked the *Ironsides*, and also the one with which Lieutenant Dixon, of the 21st Alabama Regiment, sunk the United States ship *Housatonic*.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, June 23, 1900.]

HOW LIEUT. WALTER BOWIE OF MOSBY'S COMMAND MET HIS END.

In the *McClure Magazine* for December, 1898, an account of the death of Lieutenant Walter Bowie, of Mosby's Command, appears over the signature of "Roy Stannard Baker," in which he cleverly shows how Detective Trail secured the Lieutenant's shot-gun from his home in Prince George county, Maryland, and with it followed him and his two comrades while scouting in Maryland during the war between the States, and when a favorable opportunity presented itself he killed the Lieutenant by emptying both barrels of his gun, loaded with buck-shot, into his breast, and then overpowered his comrades with an empty gun! How strange to those who know differently.

I read this story with interest, because of the novel sense shown in it, yet with no little astonishment, on account of the vast amount of ingenuity displayed in its make-up. To be frank, Mr. Baker so disfigured the circumstances that attended Walter Bowie's death that those who were with him at the time of its occurence fail to recognize them. Distorted history, especially war history, is so distasteful to me that if I be pardoned for the personal element that may appear in this paper, I shall endeavor to give an account of the raid on which Lieutenant Bowie was killed.

About the 25th of September, 1864, Lieutenant Walter Bowie, Company F, 43d Virginia Battalion (Mosby's Battalion), received intelligence that the "White House" at Annapolis, Md., was not guarded, and that with a small force the Governor could be captured and conveyed to Richmond, Va. This the Lieutenant reported to Colonel Mosby and asked for permission to capture His Excellency and hold him as a hostage for friends of his in southern Maryland, who had been lodged in the old Capitol prison at Washington, because of their southern proclivities. This request was made with so much earnestness that the Colonel espoused the cause of the young officer at once, and gave him a force of twenty-five men, with orders to proceed on the expedition.

All preliminary arrangements being completed, we were ordered to meet at Upperville, Va., at a given time. Every man answered

to his name at the time appointed. Lieutenant Bowie made a short address to his followers, acquainting them with the fact that on the expedition they were about to make dangers and trials awaited them. He was cheered to the echo by the men, who were armed cap-a-pie and as ready for the tilt as any knight of old. The line of march was now taken up for Mathias Point on the Potomac river, via Fredericksburg and King George Courthouse, Va., making the point of our destination the evening of the second day about dusk. Here we bivouacked on the premises of Mr. Marcus Tennant, a gentleman of culture and means, and as true to the South as the needle is to the pole. He was particularly kind to us, feeding and permitting us to sleep in his house. The next day was spent in lounging about the yard and along the shore of the river, watching the United States gun-boats passing to and fro doing scout duty. The Lieutenant in the meantime was actively engaged in looking after the ways and means of crossing the "Rubicon." The way was clearly seen, but the how to effect the going was the question. There were no available boats on the Virginia side, but near the Maryland shore a little schooner laid at anchor, which, judging from her dimensions at long range, Bowie thought would meet the requirements to a dot.

At this particular juncture, Long, the famous blockade-runner, as though he had previously been informed of our presence by "grapevine" telegraphy, cast anchor at our landing. The Lieutenant recognized in him a faithful and true friend, one who had rendered him valuable assistance on several previous occasions. Their meeting was most cordial, and after a short interview between them, Long was enlisted heart and hand in our cause, expressing a willingness to do all in his power to further our purpose. A short study of him revealed a genius in a minature way—a man of nerve, sagacity and honesty of purpose. A little danger sweetened and gave color to the life of this adventurous spirit. From love for the Southern cause, and a desire to aid the Confederates, some of whom were constantly passing his way, Long made it his business to cultivate the acquaintance of the crew of all vessels that anchored in his bailliwick, and being questioned as to the character of the crew of our coveted boat, he replied favorably to a probable capitulation to a small force. At any rate the "commander" concluded to give her a trial. He selected John Randolph and myself to accompany him, and ordered the rest of the men to remain where they were until further orders. All aboard in Long's boat, with the latter and I at the oars, and the Lieutenant at the helm, we were about to weigh

anchor, when a lady from Georgia, professing to be in the secret service of the Confederate States, under orders from the War Department at Richmond to proceed to New York with important dispatches, made her appearance and requested to be allowed to cross the river under our escort. On being examined by Lieutenant Bowie for proof of her loyalty to the South and the truth of her statement concerning her mission, our little heroine pronounced the shibboleth so clearly that she was permitted to pass under the suspended ear of corn with us. Oars were now dipped and we were soon well out in the stream. The night was clear and cold, necessitating our keeping a close watch on the enemy's gunboats, which were much in evidence and on the alert; being watchful ourselves, however, we were enabled to make the run without being detected by the lynx-eyed Yankees, effecting a landing at the "Big Walnut," Charles county, Md., eight miles below Port Tobacco. After concealing his boat in the bushes, Long guided us to the house of a Southern sympathizer, who received us kindly and otherwise conduced to our comfort by giving us quarters for the night and a good hot breakfast in the morning. Here we parted with the heroine of our story, whom, I regret to say, I have not since heard from.

Having said good-bye to the lady and gentleman of the house, we took up a position in a quiet spot in the woods overlooking the river, where we could see without being seen by the enemy. It was an ideal morning and full of beauty. I shall never forget the impression it made upon me. A poet could draw a beautiful word-picture from what was presented to our eyes. The sun was just peeping through the boughs of the trees that fringed the shore, his pencils of light leaped over, flirted with and painted in gorgeous colors the waves wherever they touched. In contrast with what we left in Virginia, all was quiet along the Potomac; not a sound was to be heard save the swish of the waves against the pebbled beach. The bosom of the river was dotted with white-winged vessels going to and from the various marts of the country. About a cable's length from shore rode at anchor the sloop upon which we had an evil eye, her crew little dreaming of our designs upon her.

It was the Lieutenant's purpose to board this boat at a given hour that night, but shortly before the appointed time to carry his purpose into execution, he decided that he could conduct his expedition more successfully with a smaller force than the one he started with from Virginia; therefore he would not need a larger boat than Long's for his purpose. Five more men were needed to complete

our party. After a short conference with Randolph and myself as to the most suitable men for the specific work before us, George O'Bannon, Charles Vest, George Smith, Haney, an ex-Lieutenant in the regular army, and George Radcliffe were detailed from those left in Virginia. Straws were drawn to determine who should go after the detail. He who drew the longest straw should enjoy this prerogative. Before the straws were drawn, however, Randolph and I held a hurried council of war and determined that in the event of the longest straw falling to the "commander," I should take his place. As fate decreed it and we anticipated, the duty fell upon him. And he, as though there was an exquisite pleasure in store for him, set about to perform it. Long, by order, was bringing his boat from its place of concealment, and the Lieutenant was just in the act of boarding the little craft, when our attention was called to two gentlemen approaching us from the direction of Port Tobacco, driving a pair of splendid black horses. They proved to be friends of the Lieutenant from the latter place, whom he received most cordially. Quite a lengthy confidential chat followed, for they had much in common to interest each other; during which time Randolph and I looked the horses over.

They were indeed things of beauty, perfect at every point and shone like two blackheart cherries, altogether tempting to a horseman enough to make one break the commandments, indeed I fear I did commit a misdemeanor to the extent of feeling how I could adapt myself to the one on the near side. The other, John Randolph eyed most covetously. Seeing that John was sinking as deep in the mud as I was in the mire, I whispered: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's horse," but this gentle reminder of the scriptural injunction did not remove the mote from John's eye. Here the Lieutenant and his friends joined us, leading to an episode that might prove interesting. After the usual introductory remarks on such occasions a significant "black bottle" was brought from its place of hiding in the corner of the buggy and introduced to the armed presence, it made the diplomatic bow of a courtier, and with an air of suspicion asked why this armed force on the sacred ground of the grand old Commonwealth of Maryland. After being assured by the "commander" that our visit to Maryland was of a friendly character, most cordial relations were established between us at once. But all pleasures must have an ending—a military necessity confronted us, and Bowie was not one to sacrifice duty upon the altar of pleasure.

He now bade his friends good-bye and ordered Long to bring his

boat ashore that he might go aboard. Just as he was in the act of doing so, however, as previously agreed upon by Randolph and myself, I leaped into and pushed the boat off, saying: "Lieutenant, I will return at 11 o'clock to-night." Bowie smiled and said: "That fellow Wiltshire is the devil." I was then, for the first time in my life, commander of a gunboat, and I showed my authority by ordering Long to pull for the Tennant Landing. It was still light and I had not gone far from under the bushes along the shore when I discovered that it was too light for our safety. So we had to rest on our oars until darkness covered us, for the enemy's gunboats were actively scouring the river in search of blockade runners. We again pulled for our objective point, making the run in good order and without incident. On landing, much to our surprise and delight, we discovered a beautiful little cutter lying high and dry on the beach, as though she were put there for our special use. At any rate, I so construed the providence, and put her in commission, making with Longs's quite a little flotilla. I found the boys waiting rather impatiently for our return; and when I informed them of the change made in the programme, those who were left out in the detail grew indignant. I gave them my regrets and the Lieutenant's order to the Sergeant in command, to return to the Colonel. My detail, on the other hand, were in high glee, and after taking leave of our comrades and the Tennants, we were soon aboard of our boats and off for the Maryland shore, reaching there, according to promise, at 11 o'clock. The Lieutenant and Randolph were snugly tucked in on a bed of shucks, sleeping the sleep of the "babes in the woods." I disliked so much to disturb them, but the military necessity still confronted us. A touch on the shoulder and a call in a low voice were sufficient to call the Lieutenant to his feet. "Ha, ho, boys, are you here so soon?" was his greeting. "Yes, we are here," was the reply. "Fall in; forward march," came next. Although sleepy and tired we marched to within two miles of Port Tobacco by morning, where we camped until the following night, when we again took up the line of march for Port Tobacco, arriving there between 8 and 9 o'clock. A good supper was served us at the Hotel Brawner by its proprietor, one of the gentlemen who called on us up the river. We had a jolly good time, telling war stories to our Maryland friends until the dead hour, when all good soldiers are supposed to have had taps and turned in for the night. The Lieutenant had gotten full particulars concerning the disposition of the garrison from a friend in the town.

In his usual quiet way, he informed us that we had a pleasant task before us. There were twenty of the 8th Illinois Cavalry quartered in the courthouse, and to capture them and their horses was necessary to the success of our expedition. This could be done, he added, by stratagem, or storming the castle. We could choose either plan. The former seemed to carry a charm about it, and it was adopted without a dissenting voice Here the guerilla idea of war was carried out in its strictest sense. As quietly as possible we took up position in front of the courthouse, under a cedar tree. From this point we could see the guard around the horses walking his beat. Leaving the rest of the men, the Lieutenant and I walked directly to and captured him with perfect ease. The prisoner was put in charge of George Smith. The rest of us walked briskly to the courthouse door, where Charlie Vest was left with orders to allow no one to pass out. Randolph, Haney, O'Bannon and Radcliffe were ordered to remain with Vest until they heard the enemy stir, when they were to rush in with a flurry. "Wiltshire, follow me," was the next command. Elbow to elbow, Bowie and I walked to the centre of the floor, when the former lighted a match and held it over his eyes, revealing the presence of twenty as brave men as were in the United States army, sleeping peacefully. Not a man stirred up to this moment. By the aid of this and another match, we found our way to the judge's stand. Here the stillness of the moment was broken by a big German springing to his feet and ramming his pistol against the Lieutenant, exclaiming: "By dams, me shoots." As these words issued from his lips, I put my pistol against his ribs, saying, with a slight emphasis of profane adjectives: "Surrender, or I will bore you through." Finding such strong objections to his carrying his threat into execution, the Teuton fell back in bed, declaring, "by dams, me no shoots." At this juncture the "big four" rushed in, making more noise than the whole of Mosby's Battalion would have done. Surrender! Surrender!! Surrender!!! came from the Confederates.

Believing that no small party would attack them, the Federals surrendered without making the slightest resistance. They were made to saddle and bridle nine of their horses for our use and that of the Governor. While this was being done, the Lieutenant was arranging a parole with the Federal officer, that required the prisoners to remain in the courthouse until "sunrise the next morning." "Mount your horses, forward, trot, march," ordered our commanding officer. "We can make the 'Big Walnut' by daybreak."

This, of course, was a ruse. Instead of going by the "Big Walnut" we went in the direction of Upper Marlboro, travelling hard until sunrise, when we halted in the woods until the following night, when we took up the line of march for Colonel W. W. Bowie's, the Lieutenant's father, arriving there about 4 A. M., where we were joined by Brune Bowie, then home on furlough. After a short sleep, and refreshments, we were introduced to the Bowies, who received us in good old Prince George style, and gave us a very delightful day. At nightfall, having paid our respects to the ladies, and received the Colonel's benediction, we sauntered along the pathway leading to our horses, waiting for the Lieutenant and Brune, who had tarried a while in the hall to say good-bye and receive a mother's blessing, to join us. The bright eye that we had just left under the chandelier in the great hall of "Eglington" evidently had impressed the knights.

Looking back at the group in the hall, Randolph said: "How pleasant the day has been spent. I shall always recall our visit to the Bowies with pleasure." This seemed to touch dear old Charlie Vest's poetic center, for he thought a moment, and said: "Yes, their voice like the pleasings of a lute—enchanting—draw one to them in memory." O'Bannon was about to supplement what had been said with one of his graceful speeches, when the Lieutenant with Brune, in his intensely-practical way, broke in upon the muses, saying: "Come, boys, let us get to our horses and be off." Once in the saddle, we drew rein for Hardesty's Store, near Annapolis, where we camped in the woods for a few days, while the Lieutenant and Charlie Vest scouted the Governor's house. Finding His Excellency more closely guarded than had been reported, they returned to camp with a sad heart to tell us of the unfruitful termination of our raid, and that we would return to Virginia on the morrow. That evening, Brune, Bowie and I were dispatched to Young's Store for Richard Belt, who desired to enlist in our command. This increased our party to ten.

At the head of the little band, Lieutenant Bowie took up the line of march for Virginia, going around Washington, D. C., via Sandy Spring, Montgomery county, Md., quite a little hamlet of about fifty inhabitants. One store, owned by Mr. Alban Gilpin, supplied the good people of that vicinity with the necessities of life. Mr. Gilpin, from long experience in mercantile life, had become skilled in decorative art, as was shown by his tastefully-arranged windows. Furbelows, flounces and fine clothes were artistically displayed in them.

The picture was more than the eye of Mosby's men could withstand. Uninvited, we entered the store and opened negotiations with Mr. Gilpin for a few of his wares. He could not well refuse such a hungry-looking set, on the other hand, he instructed his courteous clerk, Mr. Alban G. Thomas, to let us have such articles as we needed. Here an episode took place between Mr. Thomas and myself that doubtless inconvenienced the former no little at the time, but since such pleasant interchange of courtesies has been established between us that I trust all memories of the rude acts of war have been obliterated: My boots were run down at the heels, making it very painful to me to walk. Thinking surely footwear was carried in stock, I requested Mr. Thomas to show me a pair of No. 8 boots. He replied, "Mine is the only pair of boots in the store, and they are No. 7½." I was in a dilemma. The military necessity still confronted us. I insisted upon making the exchange. The clerk, true to his training in the Quaker-school, looked at me quizzically and said: "I reckon I will have to let you have them." I lost no time in adapting my No. 8 feet to his No. 7½ boots. That it was a close fit goes without saying, and so long as I wore them, I was forcibly reminded of my Sandy Spring raid. Mr. Thomas has since told me that the boots I left him have served him many a good turn. Thanking Mr. Gilpin for his many kindnesses, we mounted our horses and took up a forced march for the Potomac; but alas, the night was too "far spent" for us to make the haven of rest and safety. Near Rockville, day broke upon us, compelling us to go to the woods for the day. Having picketed our horses and breakfasted, we were sitting around the camp, discussing the events of the past night, and the prospects of our being in old Virginia to-morrow, when our attention was called to the tramp of approaching horsemen and a voice saying, "They have gone in here." We at first thought that the Federal cavalry were on our trail, but subsequent events proved that young Thomas had gotten the citizens of Sandy Spring together and had come after his boots. His force was ample, about forty, and well armed with shot-guns, to give us a great deal of anxiety. Lieutenant Bowie said: "Boys, we will charge them on foot."

Forming a single line, we charged with a yell down to the road. A hot fight ensued. Why there were no casualties here has always been a source of wonderment to me. Several of the citizens, one of which was Mr. Thomas, had dismounted to fight as infantry, while the rest kept to their horses as a reserve force. On making the road,

the Lieutenant mounted the first citizen's horse he came to, and ordered Vest and myself to mount ourselves and follow him. This we did with dispatch, the rest of the men holding the ground we had gained. The horse I fell heir to proved to be Thomas'. He was as swift as the wind and nimble as a cat. Hence he was not long forging his way by the side of Vest, who had gotten a start of me, both gaining considerably on our leader, who had just turned a bend in the road, when two shots were fired, striking the Lieutenant in the face and head with buckshot and knocking him from his horse, mortally wounded. Henry Ent, a blacksmith in Sandy Spring, armed with a double-barrel gun, had concealed himself behind a cedar tree, close to the road, and as the Lieutenant passed, he fired the fatal shots, and then fled through the thick underbush and dense forest. Vest and I retraced our way to the rest of the men with the sad news of our great loss. The command now devolved upon Randolph, who, in his usual cool way, said: "Mount your horses boys, and follow me." As though by a funeral dirge, we marched slowly to the spot where the Lieutenant lay wounded. What a sad scene. Although we were in danger of being attacked by the combined forces of the soldiers and citizens, we secured from a farmer nearby a wagon and conveyed our wounded commander to the kind man's house, where all was done by his brother, who remained with him, and the ladies of the house, to make his last moments comfortable, until death closed the scene. Brune now retired to his horse and endeavored to overtake us, but was intercepted by a body of Federal cavalay, and taken to the "Old Capitol," at Washington, a prisoner, where he remained until the close of the war.

The rest of our party, now reduced to eight, our original number, made our way to Virginia, taking the peak of the "Sugar-Loaf Mountain" as our guide and inspiration, for this overlooked our place of safety—Virginia. The dreary and lonely ride was made in silence and without incident, reaching the mountains about noon, where we rested until dark, when a lady who had two sons in White's Battalion, invited us to supper, and informed us that the pickets on the river had been ordered to Virginia on a raid. This seemed proverbial. After partaking of the hospitality of our benefactress, we crossed the "Rubicon" in safety—the end of a most eventful raid.

John Randolph made a report to Colonel Mosby of our sad casualty, who was much distressed at the loss of such a promising young officer.

JAS. G. WILTSHIRE,
2d Lieut. Mosby's Battalion.

Baltimore, Md., May, 1900.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, June 19, 1900.]

EFFORTS MADE TO ESTABLISH A CENTRAL CONFEDERACY IN 1861.

An Important Document.

VIRGINIA AMONG THE STATES.

Active Interest Taken by Maryland's Executive and Others to Form the Proposed New Government.

A document has recently been published in an obscure portion of the "Records of the War Between the States" which shows that just prior to the outbreak of the conflict between the States negotiations were begun looking to the formation of a Central Confederacy, in addition to the Southern Confederacy, in event of the dissolution of the Union. The States included in these negotiations were Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, Missouri and Ohio.

To most historians the fact that such a Confederacy was in contemplation is a surprise, and for them awaits the task of tracing out the beginning, the progress and the termination of the negotiations.

The only document which has thus far come to light and in which any reference to the proposed Confederacy is made is the report of Mr. Ambrose R. Wright, dated at Savannah, Ga., March 13, 1861, and addressed to Hon. G. W. Crawford, President of the Georgia Convention, by which Mr. Wright had been authorized to visit Maryland and to induce this State, if possible, to join the Confederacy of the cotton-growing States of the South. Mr. Wright visited Maryland, and at Annapolis he had an interview with Governor Hicks, in which the latter referred to the proposed formation of the Central Confederacy.

Maryland's action at that time, whether it would throw her fortunes with the South or remain in the Union, depended to a great extent upon the action of Virginia, which had not at the time of Mr. Wright's visit to Maryland separated from the Union. The most reasonable explanation of the termination of the negotiations was the secession of Virginia a few weeks after Mr. Wright's visit. With the loss of Virginia to the projected Confederacy the whole scheme evidently fell through.

MARYLAND'S POSITION.

In the meantime, as is well known, the friends of the Union in Maryland had rallied. Hon. Henry Winter Davis' strong hand was exerted, and Governor Hicks was, almost by force, compelled to take sides with the North. His course resulted in the stay of proceedings by which the Southern sympathizers had expected to swing Maryland into the column of seceding States.

These are, however, well known historical facts. The correspondence to which Governor Hicks makes reference would be interesting, if it could be found. The archives at Annapolis, Richmond, Trenton, Albany and Columbus should contain the letters in which are fully outlined plans for this new Confederacy. The language of the report of Mr. Wright gives rise to the belief that other States than those named were involved in the project, and, hence, an extension of the field of inquiry. It is very evident, however, that in the darkest and gloomiest days of the Union, when the cotton-growing States of the South had formed a powerful combination, there arose another sceptre, powerful in resources of men, arms, munitions and wealth, which, if directed against the Union, simultaneously with the blow from the South, would have crushed it, and, instead of one Union, "inseparable forever," the map of the United States would to-day show at least three, if not more, combinations of States.

Mr. Wright, in his report to Mr. Crawford, President of the Georgia convention, says:

"On the 25th of February (1861), I visited for the third time Annapolis, the seat of government (having failed, while there on a former visit on the 21st, to meet the Executive), and waited upon Governor Hicks, and after a personal interview and pretty free interchange of opinion with His Excellency, I handed to him the ordinance of secession with which I was entrusted, and also a written communication, in which I endeavored to justify and explain the action of the State of Georgia, and attempted to show that the material interests of Maryland would be greatly promoted and advanced by her co-operatiou with the seceding States. To this communication I have received no reply, although, upon a suggestion of Governor Hicks that he would favor me with a reply at his earliest convenience, I have waited for two days to receive such communication as he should be pleased to make to your body.

"In the absence of any written reply to my note of the 25th ultimo, I can only give your honorable body the result of the personal

interview I had with the Governor, and I regret to say that I found him not only opposed to the secession of Maryland from the Federal Union, but that if she should withdraw from the Union he advised and would urge her to confederate with the Middle States in the formation of a central confederacy. He almost informed me that he had already, in his official character, entered into correspondence with the governors of those States, including New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, Missiouri and Ohio, with a view, in the event of an ultimate disruption of the Federal Union, to the establishment of such central confederacy.

"He thought our action hasty and ill-advised, and not justified by the action of which we complain, and that we were attempting to coerce Maryland to follow our example; but he had great confidence in the Peace Conference then in session in Washington, and had assurances that that body would agree upon a plan of adjustment that would be entirely acceptable to Maryland; that the proposition before the conference known as the Guthrie plan was a fair and proper basis of compromise and settlement. He also informed me, in the course of our interview, and in answer to a direct inquiry from me on that point, that in the event of the Federal government's attempting to coerce the seceding States he would interpose no objection to the marching or transporting of troops through his State, and their embarkation at Baltimore by the Federal government for that purpose; that, as chief magistrate of the State, he had no power to prevent it, as it would not be an invasion of the State, and that he would not convene the Legislature under such circumstances, that they might take action in the premises.

"These opinions and views of the Governor I have reasons to believe are not entertained by a majority of the people of Maryland. Indeed, I have no doubt that the people there would spontaneously rise en masse and resist the invaders, though it crimsoned their soil with the best blood of the State. The people, then, in my humble judgment are true to the memories of the past. They are a gallant, patriotic and brave people, whose feelings and sympathies are warmly enlisted in our cause, and although some of them do entertain the opinion that we have, perhaps, acted precipitately, they acknowledge that our action is fully justified by the events of the past, and declare their determination to assist us, if need be, in sustaining our independence. It is greatly to be regretted that such a gallant people should be prevented by their own officials, however high they may be, from giving an authoritative expression of their conviction,

and of taking such action as, in their judgment, the affairs of the country demand. Without the consent of Governor Hicks neither the Legislature nor an authorized convention can be assembled, and I have no hesitancy in stating that he will never convene either. If Virginia shall withdraw from the Union the people of Maryland will, in the shortest possible period of time, assume the responsibility, assemble in spontaneous convention, and unite their destinies with the Confederate States of the South.

"In conclusion, I would respectfully add that this communication would have been made at an earlier day, but I waited, hoping to receive an answer from Governor Hicks before I laid before your body the result of my mission."

SYMPATHETIC RESOLUTIONS.

While Mr. Wright was in Baltimore, on his way to Annapolis, the celebrated convention was held here, over which Hon. Robert M. McLane presided, and which passed resolutions of sympathy with the South, reserving any suggestion for definite action until Virginia had acted. These resolutions, which have become historic, are as follows:

"*Whereas*, It is the opinion of this meeting that in the present alarming crisis in the history of our country it is desireable that the State of Maryland should be represented by judicious, intelligent and patriotic agents, fully authorized to confer and act with our sister States of the South, and particularly with the State of Virginia; and,

"*Whereas*, Such authority can be conferred solely by a convention of the people of the State; and,

"*Whereas*, In the opinion of the meeting, the Legislature not being in session, a full and fair expression of the popular will is most likely to be heard by a convention called by a recommendation of the Executive; and,

"*Whereas*, It is alleged that the Governor now has it in contemplation to recommend by proclamation such a movement in the event of a failure by the Peace Conference and Congress to effect any satisfactory solution of the vexed question now agitating the country; be it, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we shall approve such proceedings on the part of the Governor and add the voice of this convention to urge the voters of this State to regard such proclamation. And, with a view

to allow time for the action of the Governor in the matter, the convention will adjourn until the 12th of March next, unless intermediately the State of Virginia should, by her sovereign convention, secede from the Union, in which event, and in case the Governor of the State shall not have then called a sovereign convention of the people of this State, this convention shall at once assemble at the call of the president, with a view of recommending to the people of this State the election of delegates to such a sovereign convention.

"*Resolved further*, as the sense of this convention, That the secession of the several slave-holding States from the Federal Union was induced by the aggression of the non-slave-holding States, in violation of the Constitution of the United States.

"*Resolved further*, That the moral and material interest and the geographical position of this State demand that it should act with Virginia in this crisis, co-operating with that State in all honorable efforts to maintain and defend the constitutional rights of its citizens in the Union, and failing in that, to associate with her in confederation with our sister States in the Union.

"*Resolved further*, That the honor of this State requires that it should not permit its soil to be made a highway for Federal troops sent to make war upon our sister States of the South, and it is the opinion of this convention that an attempt on the part of the Federal government to coerce the States which have seceded would necessarily result in civil war, and the destruction of the government itself."

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEN. ROBT. E. LEE.

Chancellorsville to Gettysburg—March to August, 1863.

The following abstracts from the War Records, published by the United States Government, exhibit most strikingly, not only the profound ability of General Robert E. Lee as a military chieftain, but also the moral grandeur of his character.

The general belief has been, that General Lee had the finest army on the Gettysburg campaign that he ever commanded, and that the army as well as the commander was full of confidence and strength. This correspondence shows that the army was debilitated from being insufficiently fed; the horses were weakened from the same cause, and

that at every point the commanding general was thwarted, not being permitted to assemble his own command for the great effort. Also that his veteran brigades, Cooke's, Jenkins' and Corse's, were kept inactive against his protest, and that his advice was continually unheeded. The crowning difficulty was the weakness in cavalry for offensive operations.

The opposition which he encountered and the wants and difficulties which beset him are painfully manifest.

The agony which wrung his noble being is truly pathetic. His patience, his ardent patriotism were sublime.

Few men have been so tried in the crucible of agonized spirit.

The facts as presented give a limning not to be attained in set phrase.

The gallant officer who made this compilation, Colonel William H. Palmer, formerly Chief of Staff of General A. P. Hill, has richly merited our gratitude.—EDITOR.

SERIES I, VOL. XXV, PART II—CORRESPONDENCE. SERIAL NUMBER 40.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

R. E. Lee, March 27th, 1863, page 687, to James A. Seddon, Secretary of War. — His army not supplied with food.

R. E. Lee, March 29th, 1863, page 691, to Seddon. — Scouts on duty ordered away by Department without his knowledge.

R. E. Lee, April 1st, 1863, page 697, to General W. N. Pendleton. — Tells him to have his artillery horses "grazed and browsed" in the absense of long forage.

R. E. Lee, April 16, 1863, page 725, to President Davis. — Unable to bring his army together for want of subsistence and forage.

R. E. Lee, April 17, 1863, page 730, to Seddon. — Army failing in health, because of insufficient rations—¼ lb. bacon, 18 oz. flour, 10 lbs. rice, to each 100 men every third day. Will break down when called upon for exertion.

R. E. Lee, April 20, 1863, page 737, to Davis. — Gives points in the South (Florida and Georgia), where supplies can be had in abundance.

R. E. Lee, April 20, 1863, page 740, to Davis. — Insufficiency of cavalry in his army, points out where cavalry regiments doing nothing can be ordered to him. Fears disaster from insufficiency of cavalry.

R. E. Lee, May 2, 1863, page 765, to Davis. — If I had all of my command and could keep it supplied with provisions and forage I would feel easy.

R. E. Lee, May 7th, 1863, page 782, to Davis. — Calls attention to the insufficiency of his cavalry. His army 40,000, Hooker's 120,000 men. Losses at Chancellorsville heavy. Always so where the inequality of numbers is so great. Recommends that troops be brought from the South, where they have nothing to do, and will perish from disease and inaction. Bring Beauregard with them and put him in command here.

R. E. Lee, May 20th, 1863, page 810, to Davis. — A. P. Hill, I think upon the whole, is the best soldier of his grade with me.

R. E. Lee, May 30, 1863 page 832, to Davis. — Requests that the War Department take charge of D. H. Hill's department of the Cape Fear, and that he be relieved from its supervision. D. H. Hill does not co-operate with him or obey him, or return troops that belong to the Army of Northern Virginia. These delays he fears will leave him nothing to do but to retreat. Fears that the time has *passed* when he can take the offensive with advantage.

R. E. Lee, May 30, 1863, page 834, to Seddon. — Recommends that troops be brought from South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Cape Fear Department and James river. Asks to be relieved of the command of the Cape Fear Department.

R. E. Lee, June 2, 1863, page 848, to Davis. — Regrets to lose Jenkins' and Ransom's Brigades, good officers and veteran troops. Comments on D. H. Hill's actions.

R. E. Lee, June 2, 1863, page 849, to Seddon. — Further comments on D. H. Hill's retaining his troops and attempting to send inferior troops in their stead.

R. E. Lee, June 3, 1863, page 851, to Seddon. — About D. H. Hill and the best Brigades retained from the Army of Northern Virginia.

SERIES I, VOLUME XXVII, PART III, SERIAL NO. 40.

GETTYSBURG.

R. E. Lee to General Sam Jones, page 858, June 3, 1863. — Even with this reduction I am deficient in general transportation for commissary, quartermaster, &c., trains.

R. E. Lee to General A. P. Hill, page 859, June 5, 1863. — Third Army Corps in front of Fredericksburg; balance of the army moving north.

R. E. Lee to Seddon, Secretary of War, June 8, 1863, page 868. — Whiting and D. H. Hill. "He does not seem to have projected much and has accomplished less."

Nothing to be gained by remaining on the defensive. If the Department thinks it better to remain on the defensive, it has only to inform me. Troops not needed in the South. Sent to the armies in the field, we might hope to make some impression on the enemy.

NOTE.—*On the way to Gettysburg.* — Insufficient food, insufficient transportation, insufficient cavalry. No infantry reinforcements. Can't get his own troops from Cape Fear department. Troops rotting from inaction in the South. Heroically starts north, but on the 8th of June, at Culpeper C. H., is uncertain if the Department will let him go on.

Seddon, Secretary of War to General Lee, June 9, 1863, page 874. — Apologises to General Lee, and explains that the disposition of the troops in North Carolina is determined by President Davis.

General R. E. Lee, June 9, 1863, to Davis, page 874. — Culpeper C. H. Reports that the enemy, cavalry, infantry and artillery, have crossed the Rappahannock in force. Prisoners from two corps captured. Suggests orders to Cooke's Brigade and Jenkins' Brigade to be sent to Army N. Virginia.

President Davis, page 874 June 9, 1863. — Mr. Davis refers General Lee's dispatch to General D. H. Hill as to Jenkins' and Cooke's Brigades.

Samuel Cooper, A. General, to General D. H. Hill, June 10, 1863, page 879. — Informs General D. H. Hill of General Lee's order as to Cooke's and Jenkins' Brigades, and leaves it to General D. H. Hill's discretion if General Lee's order shall be carried out.

R. E. Lee to Seddon, June 13, 1863, p. 886. — You can realize the difficulty of operating in an offensive movement with this army if it is to be divided to cover Richmond. It seems to me useless to attempt it with the force against it.

S. Cooper, A. A. General, to D. H. Hill, June 15, 1863, pages 890–891. — Authorizes Hill to retain Jenkins' Brigade. Ransom's to Drury's Bluff. Corses' Virginia Brigade, drawn from General Lee's command at Culpeper.

R. E. Lee to General A. P. Hill, June 16, 1863. — Informs him that Anderson's Division of his Third Army Corps has reached Culpeper C. H. Expects another division next day.

Davis to Lee, June 19th, 1863, page 904. — Informs General Lee why a part of his army, "Pickett's Division, Corse's Brigade, has been detained. Jenkins' Brigade deemed necessary by D. H. Hill to protect Petersburg."

General A. G. Jenkins to D. H. Hill, June 20, 1863, Murfee's Depot, page 908. } I beg as a personal favor that you arrange to send my Brigade to join General Lee. I have sent scouts to Suffolk. No enemy, no gunboats.

General G. E. Pickett, Berryville Pike, to General R. H. Chilton, A. A. G., A. N. Va., June 21, 1863, page 910. } Wants his scattered command sent to him.

General Lee to General J. E. B. Stuart, June 22, 1863, page 913. } Move with three Brigades into Maryland. (Two Brigades can guard the Blue Ridge and take care of your rear.) Take position on General Ewell's right. Place yourself in communication with him. One column will move by the Emmettsburg route, another by Chambersburg.

General Lee to General Stuart, June 23, 1863. } I think you had better withdraw on this side of the mountain to-morrow night, cross at Shepardstown the next day and move over to Fredericktown. In either case, after crossing the river you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions, &c.

General Lee to Davis, June 23, 1863, page 925. } Urges withdrawal of troops from Carolina and Georgia under Beauregard and part at least pushed forward to Culpeper C. H. His presence would give magnitude to even a small demonstration and tend greatly to confound and perplex the enemy. Good results would follow from sending forward under General Beauregard such of the troops about Richmond and North Carolina as could be spared for a short time. The good effect of beginning to assemble an army at Culpeper C. H. would I think soon become

apparent, and the movement might be increased in importance as the result might appear to justify.

General Lee to General Samuel Cooper, A. A. G., June 23, 1863, page 925.

Urges that Corse's Brigade be sent to "Pickett's Division," not needed where it is, especially if the plan of assembling an army under Beauregard at Culpeper C. H. is adopted.

General Lee opposite Williamsport, June 25, 1863, page 930, to Davis.

If the plan I suggested the other day of organizing an army even in effigy under Beauregard at Culpeper C. H., can be carried into effect, much relief will be afforded.

If even the brigades in Virginia and North Carolina, which Generals D. H. Hill and Elzey think cannot be spared, were ordered there at once, and General Beauregard were sent there, if he had to return to South Carolina; it would do more to protect both States than anything else.

General Lee, Williamsport, June 25, 1863, to Davis.

It seems to me that we cannot afford to keep our troops awaiting possible movements of the enemy, but that our true policy is, as far as we can, to employ our own forces as to give occupation to his, at points of our selection. * * * * I feel sure, therefore, that the best use that can be made of the troops in Carolina and those in Virginia now guarding Richmond, would be the prompt assembling of the main body of them * * together with as many as can be drawn from the army of General Beauregard at Culpeper C. H., under the command of that officer. It should never be forgotten that our concentration at any point, compels that of the enemy, and his numbers

being limited, tends to relieve all other threatened localities.

Page 916. *Abstract from the Department of North Carolina, Major-General D. H. Hill Commanding, Headquarters near Richmond, Virginia, June 30th, 1863.*

Permanent force:

Clingman's Brigade,	
Cook's Brigade,	Officers, 1,308.
Martin's Brigade,	
Colquitt's Brigade,	Aggregate present, 22,822.
Jenkins' Brigade,	
Ransom's Brigade,	
Unattached Infantry,	Pieces of Field artillery, 104.
Artillery,	
Cavalry.	

Major-General Elzey's Command.

Wise's Brigade,	
Corse's Brigade, of Pickett's Division,	Numbers not given.
Local troops.	

Mr. Davis' Letter to General Lee, June 28, 1863.

Giving reasons why he could not send General Beauregard to Culpeper C. H., or any troops to Culpeper C. H., to make a diversion in his favor, *was entrusted to a courier*, who was captured by Captain Dahlgren, of General Meade's staff. So that General Meade had full knowledge that he had nothing to fear in the direction of Washington.

General Lee first learned that his suggestions would not be entertained by reading Mr. President Davis' letter to him in the *New York Herald* and *New York Tribune*.

GENERAL LEE RESIGNED IN AUGUST.

[From New Orleans *Picayune*, December 30th, 1900.]

"THE CASE OF THE SOUTH AGAINST THE NORTH."

BY B. F. GRADY.

A REVIEW BY WILLIAM WALKER.

The importance of the study of history is universally recognized. It is especially obvious when one's own country is concerned. In practical acknowledgment of this fact, the history of the United States has been made a part of the curriculum of the common schools in the several States, which, together, constitute the Federal Union. It is to be regretted, however, that so far as they deal with the political development of this country, the text-books placed in the hands of American boys and girls are not only superficial, but, in too many instances, incorrect and misleading. This is not surprising, when it is remembered that school books are usually mere abridgements, and that so many of the larger works dealing professedly with the political history of the United States have been written from a sectional and partisan point of view. Mr. B. F. Grady declares in the preface to his book, "*The Case of The South Against The North*," that his primary object has been the removal from the public mind of some of the wrong impressions which have been made during the last thirty-seven years.

Mr. Grady is a man of mature age, wide reading and practical experience as a public man. He has been a soldier, a college professor and a member of Congress. No one who reads "*The Case of The South Against The North*" will doubt that this work is the result of prolonged research and serious thought. If it be charged that he, too, has written from a sectional and partisan point of view, it may be replied that his statements and arguments are based upon official records and other authentic sources of information. If he is anywhere in error, he can be very easily corrected, because he has been extremely careful in the citation of his authorities. Moreover, his book is an answer. Though the South has submitted to the arbitrament of arms, it has yet a right to be heard before the august tribunal of history. It is true that the South has been defended with great ability by jurists and publicists of the learning, forceful-

ness and acuteness of A. T. Bledsoe and B. J. Sage; but these writers deal almost exclusively with questions of constitutional law. Mr. Grady, while he goes over the ground already traversed by them, is at pains to follow the actual course of Federal legislation, insofar as it appears to have a sectional significance. The general effect of his presentation of the case is to show that from the beginning of the history of the Federal Government, the Southern States have been compelled to occupy a defensive attitude. The British colonies in North America had entered into several temporary unions, so to speak, for mutual defense, before the war of the revolution.

After the close of the war with France (1764), England revived and amended an old law levying duties on sugar and molasses, on the ground that the colonies should contribute to the payment of her large war debt, which was in part contracted in their defense. This act created considerable excitement in Boston; but there was manifestation of serious discontent outside of Massachusetts. The stamp act, in 1765, however, raised a storm of opposition in all the colonies, and, at the request of Massachusetts, a Congress assembled in New York, composed of delegates from them all except Canada, New Hampshire, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia. This Congress adopted a declaration of rights, and sent an address to the king and a petition to the parliament, asserting the right of the colonies to be "exempted from all taxes not imposed by their consent." The obnoxious act was repealed the next year, but another was passed imposing taxes on glass, paper, painters' colors and tea, on their importation into the colonies. This latter act was approved by the king in June, 1767, and in February, 1768, the Legislature of Massachusetts invited the co-operation of the other colonies in an effort to secure a redress of grievances. The circular in which this invitation was conveyed was very offensive to the British government, and a demand was made for its rescission, but Massachusetts refused to rescind, reaffirming its position in still stronger language. A body of troops was then sent over to suppress "the rebels," and finally, on the 5th of March, 1770, a number of the citizens of Boston, led by a negro named Crispus Attucks, attacked a military guard "with clubs, sticks and snow-balls covering stones." Dared to fire by the mob, six of the soldiers discharged their muskets, killing three of the crowd and wounding five others. The captain and eight men were tried for murder and all were acquitted, except two, who were convicted of manslaughter. About this time parliament repealed all the taxes imposed by the act of 1767, except that on tea. Another

act, passed in 1773, permitted the East India Company to carry their tea into the colonies and undersell the smugglers of Dutch tea. Mr. Grady asserts, on the authority of "Montgomery's American History," that nine-tenths of all they imported was smuggled from Holland. There remained only a duty of three pence per pound to be paid in the port of entry; but the importation was resisted in the principal importing cities, "notably in Boston, where the smugglers organized a band of 'Mohawk Indians' and dumped into the sea about $100,000 worth of tea." Parliament thereupon passed several retaliatory and repressive acts, by the first of which the harbor of Boston was declared closed until a compensation should be made to the India Company for their tea, and 'till the inhabitants should discover an inclination to submit to the revenue laws. The effect of the second act was to take away the charter of the Massachusetts Bay, leaving the council to be appointed by the king, as in the southern provinces, and making town meetings unlawful, except for the purpose of elections.

When the people of Boston heard of the passage of the first of these acts they called a meeting and voted to make application to the other colonies to refuse all "importations from Great Britain and withhold all commercial intercourse with her, as the best mode to secure a repeal of the oppressive law." The other colonies showed themselves by no means unsympathetic at this juncture. The assembly of Virginia appointed a day of "fasting, humiliation and prayer," and the royal governor having at once dissolved the House of Burgesses, "the members resolved themselves into a committee," adopted resolutions declaring, in substance, that "the cause of Boston was the cause of all," and took steps to induce the other colonies to appoint delegates to the general Congress proposed by Boston. North Carolina's legislative assembly also denounced the Boston port bill, and approved the plan for a general Congress. At last, on the 5th of September, 1774, the first "Continental Congress" was organized in Philadelphia, all the colonies being represented except Canada and Georgia. The first act of this Congress was to agree that each colony should have one vote, and this equality, says Mr. Grady, was preserved by subsequent congresses, by the States under the articles of confederation, and, in the Senate, under the constitution. "Without it co-operation and union would have been impossible." This Congress declared what it deemed to be the inalienable rights of English freemen, pointed out the dangers which threatened those rights, and besought the people

of the colonies to renounce commerce with Great Britain, and advised all the colonies to send delegates to a general Congress, to be assembled in the same place in May of the next year. Meanwhile an act of parliament restrained "the trade and commerce of the provinces of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire and the colonies of Connecticut and Rhode Island and Providence Plantations in North America, to Great Britain, Ireland and the British Islands in the West Indies," and prohibited "such provinces and colonies from carrying on any fishery on the banks of Newfoundland or other places therein mentioned, under certain conditions and limitations." This act diminished the food supplies of the poor in Boston, and great distress would have followed but for contributions from other colonies. But, stimulated rather than deterred by this last act of aggression, the colonies, as advised, appointed delegates to another general Congress, all being represented except Canada and Georgia, as before, on its assemblage in May, 1775. Georgia was also represented some two months later. Hostilities had broken out between Great Britain and Massachusetts before this Congress met. The battle of Lexington had been fought, and volunteers from Connecticut and Vermont, under Colonel Ethan Allen, had seized upon the military posts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. "New England," says Mr. Grady, "had now crossed the Rubicon; a step had been taken which imposed on the other colonies the necessity of choosing whether they would stand aloof and permit her to be crushed by Great Britain, or go to her relief with men and money. They choose the latter; the 'cause of Boston' had become, in a new and fearful sense, 'the cause of all.'"

In reciting the causes which brought about the Revolution, the Declaration of Independence, and the adoption of the articles of confederation, Mr. Grady shows the relations existing between the different colonies before they assumed the prerogative of sovereign States, and brings out the fact that the struggle with the mother country was begun mainly for the relief of New England, and especially of Massachusetts, from oppressive British legislation. This fact is contrasted with the persistent effort of New England States to take advantage of their federal relations, secured by the adoption of the constitution of the United States, to enhance their wealth at the expense of the other States. This policy seems to have acquired a secular vitality. Begun in the eighteenth century, it has been maintained almost uninterruptedly to the closing year of the nineteenth, and nothing is more certain than its continued enforcement

through at least the opening years of the twentieth. Mr. Grady remarks that having brought the record of events up to the formation of the new government, "we need to be somewhat familiar with the different interests of the different sections of the Union, which could be benefitted or injured by congressional legislation. We begin with New England's shipping interests, because they were among the first to ask for special favors, and to sow the seeds of that sectional conflict which produced the war between the northern and southern States." Shipbuilding had, at an early date, become the leading industry of the seaboard towns of New England, and the numerous vessels belonging to Massachusetts placed her, in relation to commerce, at the head of the colonies. For about a century and a half New England enjoyed almost a monopoly of the carrying trade of the colonies. This business was disturbed by the Revolution; but after the war was over, commerce resumed its importance, and, stimulated by preferences accorded to them because of bitter memories of British aggressions, New England's shipping interests enjoyed, it would not be far from the truth to declare, almost as many monopolistic privileges as were afterwards conferred on them by acts of Congress. But, however that may be, the builders and owners of ships in New England were unwilling to trust entirely to a mere sentimental protection. They desired that their privileges should have the sanction of federal law, and their desire was gratified. Upon the application of their representatives, "an absolute monopoly of the coastwise trade was conferred on ships built in the United States, with the privilege of adjusting freight and passenger rates to suit the owners; a discriminating tonnage tax was imposed on all foreign ships engaged in carrying goods to or from these States; a discriminating tariff tax was imposed on all articles imported into these States in foreign ships; ship builders in the United States were granted an absolute monopoly of the 'home market' for ships, and New England's cod fishermen were quartered on the taxpayers of all the States." Largely in consequence of these protective measures, the shippers of the United States, as far back as 1810, controlled a greater part of the world's carrying trade than either Holland or England; but already the victims of paternalism had begun to ask what had become of the justice promised in the constitution. At the time of the adoption of the constitution, and for several decades afterwards, agriculture was the employment of the great majority of the people of this country, and diversification of industry was confined almost exclusively to the north. In the northern States

the surplus crops of the farmers were consumed by those engaged in other occupations, while southern farmers had to seek a market in foreign lands. Mr. Grady, therefore, contends that under these circumstances the South was subjected to two wrongs by the operation of federal laws: "First, foreign prices had to be accepted for her crops whether sold abroad or in the United States, and tariff laws compelled her to purchase her supplies of manufactured articles at prices considerably above those charged in foreign markets, and, second, every act of Congress designed to counteract hostile commercial legislation by any foreign government — most of the tariff acts included — led to further restrictions on exports from the United States, of which the South furnished from 80 to 90 per cent."

In successive chapters Mr. Grady undertakes to show how the northern States secured special and undue advantages from fishing bounties, the assumption by the general government of the war debts of the several States, the establishment of the Bank of the United States, the disproportionate distribution of pensions for service in the Revolution, and the unjust and the unconstitutional disposal of the public lands; but these separate charges, all embraced in the statement of the case against the South, must be dismissed with a bare mention in this brief review. It may be remarked, however, that nearly all the laws enacted by Congress for the special benefit of the North have been defended by loose constructions of the constitution. The disposition to enlarge the power of Congress by evading the limitations which a strict construction of that instrument would impose was the vice of the old federalist party as it is of its legitimate successor, the Republican party of to-day. Justin Winsor, in the *Narrative and Critical History of America*, edited by him, compares written and unwritten constitution. Prof. Diman, in the *New Englander*, May, 1878, and Woodrow Wilson in his *Congressional Government*, "have not failed," he says, "to show that the difference of form of the written and unwritten constitutions is reduced to a small divergence through the elasticity and adaptibility secured in the American document from its elementary character." Von Holst, a German publicist, whose writings upon the political history of this country seem to be much admired in certain quarters, seems to regard it as unfortunate that the discussion of important measures in Congress should be so much occupied with the question of constitutionality. There seems, indeed, to be growing into vogue a theory of historical development in the interpretation of organic law, and it has even been intimated that the country has outgrown

a constitution made to meet the demands of a comparatively primitive era. Unmeasured danger lurks in these suggestions. The maintenance of the constitutional limits of federal power and the preservation of the reserved rights of the several States are not the demands simply of a traditional local sentiment, but are essential to the security of personal rights and individual liberty.

Tariff legislation in the United States has been fruitful of much sectional bitterness, mainly because of its protective features. Men may honestly differ as to the constitutionality of any measure of protection; but even were the validity of taxation for protection universally admitted in principle, it would still be impossible to claim, with any approach to plausibility, that the general government can justly foster particular interests by the imposition of oppressive burdens upon the interests no less legitimate and important. And certainly it cannot be maintained that any section of the country should be made to pay a disproportionate part of the cost of supporting the general government. But this is the gravamen of the charge in *The Case of the South Against the North.* The other questions that have divided the sections have in reality become grave political issues mainly because of their incidental relation to this one. The system of territorial expansion, beginning with the Louisiana purchase, the extension of slavery beyond the limits of the original slave States, the right of nullification and the right of secession, each in turn excited opposition at the north because in one way or another, it seemed to menace the continuance of the undue profits derived by that section from the operation of the taxing power of the Federal Government. The famous resolutions of 1798 asserted the right of the States to interpose their authority in arrest of unwarranted action on the part of the Federal government. In regard to the acquisition of Louisiana, Alexander Johnston says: "The Federalists felt, as Quincy expressed it afterwards, that 'this is not so much a question concerning sovereignty, as it is who shall be sovereign.'" The Federalists were favorable to the scheme of a strong central government, but the Federalists at the north desired to control that government in the interest of their own section. Mr. Jefferson, however, did not negotiate the purchase of Louisiana with a view to the extension of slavery, a consummation which he would not have regarded as desirable. He, in fact, had not contemplated the cession of the whole of the Louisiana territory; that proposal came from Napoleon himself. In regard to the general effect of the preponderant influence of the protected interests, Mr. Grady quotes

the view presented by Mr. Benton in his *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*. Referring in general terms to the causes of southern discontent, Mr. Benton says that the complaint of the South against the North existed when he came into the Senate (1821), and had commenced in the first years of the Federal Government, at the time of the assumption of the State debts, the incorporation of the first national bank and the adoption of the funding system, all of which drew capital from the South to the North: "It continued to increase, and, at the period (1838) to which this chapter relates, it had reached the stage of an organized sectional expression in a voluntary convention of the Southern States. * * * * The changed relative condition of the two sections of the country, before and since the union, was shown in the general relative depression or prosperity since that event, and especially in the reversed condition of their respective foreign trade. * * * * The convention referred the effect to a course of federal legislation unwarranted by the grants of the constitution and the objects of the union, which subtracted capital from one section and accumulated it in the other; protective tariff, internal improvements, pensions, national debt, two national banks, the funding system and the paper system, the multiplication of offices, the conversion of a limited into an almost unlimited government, and the substitution of power and splendor for what was intended to be a simple and economical administration of that part of their affairs which required a general head. * * * What has been published in the South and adverted to in this view goes to show that an incompatibility of interest between the two sections, though not inherent, has been produced by the working of the government—not its fair and legitimate, but its perverted and unequal working."

Mr Benton was an authority on the statistics of Federal taxation, and Mr. Grady pronounces him an undoubtedly impartial writer. In the passage just quoted from his *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*, he describes this relative condition of the two sections of the country in 1838. Ten years before that date, discussing the "bill of abominations," he said: "Wealth has fled from the South and settled in the regions north of the Potomac, and this in the midst of the fact that the south in four staples alone, in cotton, tobacco, rice and indigo (while indigo was one of its staples), has exported produce since the revolution to the value of $800,000,000, and the north has exported comparatively nothing." And truly, adds Mr. Grady, did the South Carolina delegation say, in their address to their

constituents, after the passage of the tariff act of 1832: "That in this manner the burden of supporting the government was thrown exclusively on the Southern States, and the other states gained more than they lost by the operations of the revenue system." The nullification proceedings in South Carolina ensued upon the passage of the act of 1832. The discussion of the doctrine, or theory, of nullification, was begun by some southern members of Congress, notably by Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, in January, 1830. Senator Hayne asserted the right of a state "to interpose and arrest the execution of any federal measure oppressive to its citizens and violative of the Constitution, and as a last resort to retire from the union." Mr. Grady observes that "this was an unfortunate move, aside from any merit in it; it united against those who held Mr. Hayne's opinions many of the honest and sincere friends of the union and all those who were, or hoped to be, beneficiaries of Federal legislation. Naturally, a champion of the union was sought for; and he was found in Daniel Webster, whose reply to Hayne added very much to his fame, was regarded as a *coup de grace* to States' rights, and became as familiar as 'Mother Goose's Melodies' in every section of the union." Mr. Webster delivered two speeches in the course of the debate, one on January 25th, and the other two days after, as a rejoinder. Mr. Grady considers the two together and summarizes them as follows:

"First—He (Webster) asserts that the power of Congress is unlimited in granting public lands for roads, canals, education, etc., in Ohio and other western States, without regard to the conditions on which Virginia and other States ceded the lands to the United States; and he finds his authority in the 'common good,' it being, he declares, 'fairly embraced in its objects and terms.'

"Second—Of the government he says: 'It is not the creature of State legislatures; nay, more, if the whole truth must be told, the people brought it into existence, established it and have hitherto supported it, for the very purpose, among others, of imposing certain salutary restraints on State sovereignties.'

"Third—Having not lived to see the 'reconstruction measures' thrown out of court as not coming under its jurisdiction, he asserts that all questions involving the rights of States and the powers of Congress being for decision to the United States courts.

"Fourth—Of the government, again, he says:

"So far from saying that it is established by the governments of

the several States, it (the constitution) does not even say that it (the general government) is established by the people of the several States; but it pronounces that it is established by the people of the United States in the aggregate. * * * So they declare, and words cannot be plainer than the words used. * * * They ordained such a government, they gave it the name of a constitution, and therein they established a distribution of powers between this, their general government, and their several State governments."

Of course, the constitution does not anywhere declare that it has been established "by the people of the United States in the aggregate." Referring to that matter in another chapter, Mr. Grady explains why the different States were not severally mentioned in the Declaration of Independence, and remarks that it was for the very reason which caused their names to be stricken out of the constitution after "we, the people." That reason was that it was not known to the committee appointed to draft the declaration whether all the colonies would approve it. In the same chapter Mr. Grady calls attention to the answer to Mr. Webster by Mr. Calhoun, and to "the complete overthrow of his (Webster's) political doctrines, by quoting his own former utterances (always scrupulously ignored and excluded by northern compilers of school readers, speakers, union text-books, etc.)," and adds a quotation from an address delivered long after this debate at Capon Springs, Va. There, in June, 1851, Mr. Webster said: "I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that, if the northern States refuse, willfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side, and still bind the other side." Here Mr. Webster seems to recognize very clearly the fact that the several States are distinct political entities, and the further that the constitution is the written and formal embodiment of the compact, or "bargain," which they—not "the people of the United States in the aggregate," made with each other in order to enter into "a more perfect union." He also admits, in plain terms, that a State may withdraw from the union when the constitution has been violated. He might have said with equal propriety that the uniform abuse of a power, conferred upon the general government by the constitution to the detriment of any of the States is in itself a violation of the whole spirit, the intention, of the federal compact.

It was not the purpose of this brief review to follow Mr. Grady

through his whole sketch of the tariff agitation and his masterly examination of constitutional questions. It was intended simply to indicate the general outlines of his work, and to furnish a few striking illustrations of his method. His statement of "The Case of the South Against the North" should be very carefully read by all students of the political history of this country.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July 8, 1900.]

CARPENTER'S BATTERY OF THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.

Company A, of the 27th Virginia Regiment, of the old Stonewall Brigade, which fought with such desperate valor at the first battle of Manassas, was honored by General Jackson in his having had it transformed into an artillery company and assigned to duty under himself, in the Valley of Virginia, when he was sent there in chief command, which honor was the more highly accentuated by its accompanying him considerably in advance of the order to the entire brigade to join him in the Valley of Virginia. And so thus went forth Carpenter's Battery, from its membership with the Stonewall Brigade, rejoicing in that honor, and filled with enthusiasm for the dauntless and heroic commander, whose glorious leadership had already won its unspeakable admiration and unquenchable faith.

In the beginning it was supplied with four 6-pounder Tredegar, smooth-bore iron guns, but all insignificant as were these four funny little pieces of artillery, behold what fine execution they did at Kernstown! Then and there was made a name and fame for Carpenter's Batte,y, which it so gloriously maintained to the bitter end, at the Appomattox culmination. And still, with its funny little guns, it travelled up the Valley and out through Staunton to that tight little fight at McDowell's, where it again acquitted itself bravely.

Who of us will ever forget the worse than hardships of fighting, the cold, privation and starvation of that ever memorable march to Romney, in particular, and the continued career of our contests of glory in our marches and tribulations from that time on, in general

which attest the spirit and prowess of a company, out of, as well as in, the forefront of battle. A good soldier, be it remembered, must suffer and endure on the wearisome march, and in the tiresome tented field, no less than in the fiercest battle. The battles in which Carpenter's Battery fought may be counted by scores, from its first bloody infantry charge at the first Manassas, and its artillery baptism at Kernstown, onward incessantly in every battle of the Army of Northern Virginia, to the closing scene of General Lee's desperate endeavor just before Appomattox.

When it was Company A of the 27th Regiment, our good and brave first captain, Thompson McAllister, led it to deeds heroic in that first Manassas battle, where our losses were heavy, but where we gained a fighting name the soldier so dearly prizes, and then, too, we were only boy soldiers!

The failure of Captain McAllister's health, occuring soon after that famous event, in which he bore so conspicuous a part, devolved the captaincy next on our former First Lieutenant, Joseph Carpenter, and it was he who so nobly and bravely commanded the company at Kernstown, and onward as artillery until a fatal shot struck him down at Cedar Mountain, his death ensuing therefrom. He was a military cadet, under Major (Stonewall) Jackson, at the Virginia Military Institute, and this will account for his company's being one of the best drilled and disciplined companies in all the old Stonewall Brigade. His death was greatly lamented. After this his brother, John C. Carpenter, a lieutenant, became our third captain, and remained in command until the war closed, being always at his post of duty, except when wounded, which was often the case, though he still lives, as is said of him, in fragments. Two brothers of these second and third captains were also desperately wounded—Lieutenant Ben Carpenter, shot through the lungs, but who is now living in Covington, Va., and Private Tobe Carpenter, who was killed at Wade's Depot, in the Valley of Virginia.

From beginning to end our loss was forty-three killed outright, and a proportionate number in wounded, which means hundreds, since it must be remembered that recruiting was continually going on in our ranks. At one time Cutshaw's Battery, which, like our own, had been greatly reduced by the casualties of war, through a faithful and fearless discharge of its duty, was consolidated with Carpenter's Battery, and the union made a fine and splendid company. Our commissioned officers from first to last were Captains

Thompson McAllister, Joseph Carpenter and John Carpenter; Lieutenants George McKendree, H. H. Dunot, W. T. Lambie, Ben Carpenter, Charles O. Jordan, and —— Barton.

Our sergeants and gunners were largely instrumental in making and sustaining the fine morale of the company. Two of the gunners at Kernstown were formerly civil engineers, to which is attributed the fact of our doing such fine execution and making there so proud a name. At the first shot of the first gun there, General Jackson, who was seated on his horse only a few paces distant, clapped together his hands vehemently and exclaimed: "Good! Good!" What a glorious time was that for that gunner, and for Carpenter's Battery entire! The battery obtained its prestige there and maintained it to the end. With scarcely an exception, the privates of Carpenter's Battery were of the proper stuff, and never quailed before the enemy, whatever were the odds.

Did it not require too much space to publish all the names of these it would be a pleasure to me to write them out from a roster of the company, which required years to complete, now at my disposal.

The company was organized in Covington, Va., April 20th, 1861, hurried to Staunton, but was ordered back to rendezvous, for drill and equipment, soon thereafter repairing to Harper's Ferry, where it performed picket duty on Loudoun Heights and built block houses. A little later it assisted in the demolition of the Harper's Ferry arsenal and the burning of the great Potomac-river bridge. Then we were mustered into the old 1st Virginia Brigade, which the immortal General Bee said was standing at Manassas "like a stonewall," while other brigades wavered from the clash and shock of that bloody conflict. There company A used musket, ball and bayonet, while at Kernstown, and thereafter, on too many fields to enumerate, as Carpenter's Battery, it sent forth its defiance in the deadly solid shot, the seething, hissing shell and the whistling grape and canister.

C. A. Fonerden.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE HISTORY COMMITTEE OF THE GRAND CAMP C. V., DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA.

By Judge GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, Acting Chairman.

October 11th, 1900.

I. THE RIGHT OF SECESSION ESTABLISHED BY NORTHERN TESTIMONY.

II. THE NORTH THE AGGRESSOR IN BRINGING ON THE WAR ESTABLISHED BY THEIR OWN TESTIMONY.

To the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia:

Some time in July last, Dr. Stuart McGuire, seeing that his father, Dr. Hunter McGuire, the able and distinguished Chairman of this Committee, was permanently disabled for longer discharging the duties devolving on him, sent his resignation to your Commander. A meeting of this Committee was promptly called, and it was the unanimous opinion of the members present that the resignation should not be accepted, but that some member of the Committee should be designated to write the Report for this meeting. I was designated by the Commander for the performance of this important task.

Fully recognizing then, as I do now, both my inability and the lack of time at my command, for the proper discharge of the duty thus assigned me, I earnestly asked to be excused from the undertaking, and nothing but my devotion, both to Dr. McGuire and the Confederate cause, could have induced me to consent to undertake a work for which I felt so poorly prepared.

Since that time, the hand that strikes no erring blow, has taken from us our able and beloved Chairman, and he now sleeps in beautiful Hollywood. I have no words to express the personal loss I feel at this calamity, and I know that you, and each of you, share with me in these feelings. Distinguished both in war and in peace, for ability and fidelity to every trust, there was nothing for which he was more distinguished than for his love and fidelity to our cause, and to those who fought to sustain it. He is lost to us as counsellor

and friend. He is lost to us as our leader in labor for the truth. I am here not to supply his place. No one can know, as I do, how unequal I am to such an undertaking; but I am about to try, as best I may, to carry out the plans he had formed, to obey his instructions, all unconsciously given. I persuade myself that in this attempt I shall have your kind indulgence.

SOUTH NOT THE AGGRESSORS.

The evening before Dr. McGuire was stricken with the malady which forever incapacitated him for any earthly service, I was with him, and, as was frequently the case, we were talking of the Confederate war. In the course of the conversation, he alluded to the Report of last year, and feelingly expressed his just pride in the way you received it. He then said: "I am already making preparations for my next Report. I intend in that to vindicate the South from the oft-repeated charge that we were the aggressors in bringing on the war;" and he then added: "This will be my last 'labor of love' for the dear Southern people." Within less than twenty hours from the time that sentence was spoken, the splendid intellect that conceived it was a mournful wreck, and the tongue which gave it utterance was paralyzed.

My task, therefore, is to show that your Chairman was right in saying that the South was not the aggressor in bringing on the war; that, on the contrary, we did all that honorable men could do in the vain attempt to avert it—all that could be done without debasing the men and women of the South with conscious disgrace, and leaving to our children a heritage of shame; and I shall further prove that the Northern people with Abraham Lincoln at their head, brought on the war by provocation to war and by act of war; and that they were and are, therefore, directly responsible for all the multiplied woes which resulted therefrom. In doing this, I shall quote almost exclusively from Northern sources; and, whilst I cannot hope to bring to your attention at this late day anything that is new, I do hope that, by reiterating and repeating some of the old facts, I shall be able to revive impressions which may have faded from the minds of some; I shall hope, too, to reach the many, many others, especially the young, who have been the victims of false teaching with respect to these facts, or have had no opportunity, or perhaps, little disposition, to become familiar with them.

REASONS FOR SUCH PAPERS.

It is well to set forth the reasons that actuate us in preparing such papers as these. These reasons were presented with great force in the Report of 1899. Now, as then, they are found in the fact that denials or perversions of the truth are sown broadcast all over the literature of the North. Not only does this characterize their permanent histories, as then shown with such clearness of criticism and cogency of reply, but their story-writings, their perodicals and transient newspaper publications—all, are vehicles, to a degree at least, of misrepresentation on these points. Their worthiest orators and writers have dared to tell the truth on important points, but the literature we have described is that which reaches the haphazard reader and permeates the South as well as the North. The Grand Army of the Republic contains many brave men. We have met them with arms in their hands. It contains others whose weapons of warfare are opprobrious epithets and denunciatory resolutions. This is a matter of annual display. Annually the Northern public is again misled, and its day of repentance is postponed. The men of the South are, therefore, constrained to make record of the truth. I, therefore, proceed to restate my purpose, which is to show *that the South did not, and that the North did, inaugurate the war.* Before proceeding to the direct discussion of this question, and because the right of a State to secede from the Union was the real issue involved in the conflict, and the proximate cause thereof, I think it pertinent to inquire particularly, in what special locality, if in any, this doctrine originated; by whom, if by either party rather than the other, it was most emphatically taught; and especially when, if in either section, the threat of the application for the dissolution of the Union was first, most frequently and most ominously heard! In pursuance of this inquiry, and adhering to our plan of calling the North to witness, let us ask first, What was the opinion of Northern and other unprejudiced writers on this question both prior to and since the war? Of course, we know that the right of a State to secede was commonly held by the statesmen of the South, and we venture the assertion that no unprejudiced mind can to-day read the history of the adoption of the Constitution and the formation of this government under it without being convinced that the right of secession as exercised by the South did exist.

THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

A distinguished English writer says:

"I believe the right of secession is so clear, that if the South had wished to do so, for no better reason than that it could not bear to be beaten in an election, like a sulky school-boy out of temper at not winning a game, and had submitted the question of its right to withdraw from the Union to the decision of any court of law in Europe, she would have carried her point."

Indeed, the decision of this question might, with propriety, and doubtless would, have rested for all time on the principles enunciated in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and '99, and the report of Mr. Madison on these resolutions. The Virginia resolutions and report were drawn by Mr. Madison, the "father of the Constitution;" and those of Kentucky by Mr. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence.

These principles, emanating from these "master-builders," would, as we have said, have settled the rights of the States on this question forever, but for the fact, as Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts tells us, that the North was controlled by *expediency*, and not by *principle*, in the consideration of them. These resolutions, when adopted by Virginia and Kentucky, were sent to the Northern Legislatures for their concurrence; and the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, from whom we are quoting, says in terms, in his Life of Webster, that when the resolutions were thus submitted, "they were not opposed on *constitutional grounds*, but only on those of *expediency* and hostility to the revolution they were considered to embody." That they did not, and could not, cite any constitutional principle as ground for their rejection, only they held that the revolution involved in their application was at that time *inexpedient*. In other words, *it did not pay* the New England States to endorse the principles of those resolutions then; but when they thought they were being oppressed by the Federal Government a few years later (as we shall presently see), they were not only ready to endorse these resolutions, *but actually threatened to secede from the Union.*

TWO PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

But I wish to advance a step further in the argument, and to inquire—

(1) *Where the doctrine of secession originated?* and

(2) *What distinguished Northern statesmen have said of the right, both before and since the war?*

Here we may properly add the clear statement of an able Northern writer, who declares his opinion (presently to be quoted in full) that at the time the Constitution was accepted by the States, *there was not a man in the country who doubted the right of each and every State peaceably to withdraw from the Union.* In fact, we may at once answer our first inquiry by saying that the doctrine of secession *originated* in neither section, but was recognized at the first as underlying the Constitution and accepted by all parties. In confirmation of this view, but particularly with respect to the region of its earliest, most frequent, most emphatic and most threatening assertion, we proceed to show further that a recent Northern writer has used this language:

"A popular notion is that the State-rights—secession or disunion doctrine—was originated by Calhoun, and was a South Carolina heresy. But that popular notion is wrong. According to the best information I have been able to acquire on the subject, the State-rights, or secession doctrine, was originated by Josiah Quincy, and was a *Massachusetts heresy.*"

This writer says Quincy first enunciated the doctrine in opposing the bill for the admission of what was then called the "Orleans Territory" (now Louisiana) in 1811, when he declared, that "if the bill passed and that territory was admitted, the act would be subversive of the Union, and the several States would be freed from their federal bonds and obligations; and that, *as it will be the right of all (the States), so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.*"

Whilst this author may be right in characterizing the development of the doctrine, and fixing this right as a "Massachusetts heresy," he is wrong in fixing upon its first progenitor, and in saying that the date of its birth was as late as 1811; for in 1803, one Colonel Timothy Pickering, a Senator from Massachusetts, and Secretary of State in the Cabinet of John Adams, complaining of what he called "the oppressions of the aristocratic Democrats of the South," said, "I will not despair; I will rather anticipate a new Confederacy." * * * "That this can be accomplished without spilling one drop of blood I have little doubt." * * * "*It must begin with Massachusetts.* The proposition would be welcomed by Connecticut; and could we doubt of New Hampshire? But New York must be associated; and

how is her concurrence to be obtained? She must be made the center of the Confederacy. Vermont and New Jersey would follow, of course; and Rhode Island of necessity."

THE HARTFORD CONVENTION.

In 1814, the Hartford Convention was called and met in consequence of the opposition of New England to the war then pending with Great Britain. Delegates were sent to this Convention by the Legislatures of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, and several counties and towns from other Northern States also sent representatives. This Convention, after deliberating with closed doors on the propriety of withdrawing the States represented in it from the Union, published an address, in which it said, among other things:

"If the Union be destined to dissolution * * * it should, if possible, be the work of peaceable times and deliberate consent. * * * Whenever it shall appear that the causes are radical and permanent, a separation by equitable arrangement will be preferable to an alliance by constraint among nominal friends, but real enemies."

In 1839, Ex-President John Quincy Adams, in an address delivered by him in New York, said:

"The indissoluble link of union between the people of the several States of this confederated nation is, after all, not *in the right*, but in the heart. If the day should ever come (may Heaven avert it) when the affections of the people of these States shall be alienated from each other, the bonds of political association will not long hold together parties no longer attracted by the magnetism of consolidated interests and kindly sympathies; *and far better will it be for the people of the disunited States to part in friendship with each other than to be held together by constraint.*"

This same man presented to Congress the first petition ever presented in that body for a dissolution of the Union.

Mr. William Rawle, a distinguished lawyer and jurist of Pennsylvania, in his work on the Constitution, says this:

"It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself *whether it will continue a member of the Union.* To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principles on which all our political systems are

founded, which is that the people have in all cases a right to determine how they will be governed."

In the case of the *Bank of Augusta against Earle*, 13 Peters, 590-592, it was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States the same year in which Mr. John Quincy Adams made his speech above quoted from that—

"They are *sovereign States.* * * * We think it well settled that by the law of comity among nations a corporation created by one sovereign is permitted to make contracts in another, and to sue in its courts, and that the same law of comity prevails among the several *sovereignties* of this Union."

Shortly after the nomination of General Taylor, a petition was actually presented in the Senate of the United States, "asking Congress to devise means for the dissolution of the Union." And the votes of Messrs. Seward, Chase and Hale were recorded in favor of its reception.

In 1844, the Legislature of Massachusetts attempted to coerce the President and Congress by the use of this language:

"The project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may tend to drive these States (New England) into a dissolution of the Union."

THE VIEWS OF WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster (the great "expounder of the Constitution," as he is called), notwithstanding his famous reply to Mr. Hayne, delivered in 1830, in which he so ingeniously denied the right of a State to determine for itself when its constitutional powers were infringed, and also that the Constitution was a compact between sovereign States, and contended that the power to determine the constitutionality of the laws of Congress was lodged only in the Federal Government, in a speech delivered at Capon Springs, Virginia, in 1851, used this language:

"If the South were to violate any part of the Constitution intentionally and systematically, and persist in so doing from year to year, and no remedy could be had, would the North be any longer bound by the rest of it; and if the North were deliberately, habitually and of fixed purpose to disregard one part of it, would the South be bound any longer to observe its other obligations? * * * How

absurd is it to suppose that when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes, either can disregard any one provision and expect nevertheless the other to observe the rest! * * A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other."

He said in a speech delivered at Buffalo, N. Y., during the same year:

"The question, fellow-citizens (and I put it to you as the real question)—the question is, Whether you and the rest of the people of the great State of New York and of all the States, will so adhere to the Union—will so enact and maintain laws to preserve that instrument—that you will not only remain in the Union yourselves, but permit your Southern brethren to remain in it and help perpetuate it."

How different is the language above quoted from Mr. Webster in his Capon Springs speech from the proposition as stated by Mr. Lincoln in his first inaugural, when he says:

"One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak—but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?"

But, what more could be expected of Mr. Lincoln, when it is well known that he held that the relation of the States to the Union was the same as that which the counties bear to the States of which they respectively form a part?

HIS REPLY TO HAYNE.

Those who deny the right of secession are fond of quoting as their authority extracts from Mr. Webster's reply to Mr. Hayne, made in 1830. It is worthy of note that the Capon Springs and Buffalo speeches were made in 1851; and these last are the product of his riper thinking—his profounder reflections. He had evidently learned much about the Constitution in the twenty-one years that had intervened, and in his maturer years, was indeed speaking as a statesman, and not only as an advocate, as he did in 1830.

But it is all important to remember that Mr. Webster nowhere in this whole speech refers *to the right of secession*. His whole argument in this connection, is against the right of *nullification*, another and very different thing; but one which, as we will presently show, was *actually being exercised* by fourteen out of the sixteen Free States in 1861.

In 1855, Senator Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio (afterwards, as we know, one of the most notorious South-haters), said in a speech delivered in the United States Senate:

"Who is the judge in the last resort of the violation of the Constitution of the United States by the enactment of a law? Who is the final arbiter, the General Government or the States in their sovereignty? Why, sir, to yield that point is to yield up all the rights of the States to protect their own citizens, and to consolidate this government into a miserable despotism."

And he further said, on the 18th of December, 1860:

"I do not so much blame the people of the South, because I think they have been led to believe that we to-day, the dominant party, who are about to take the reins of government, are their mortal foes, and stand ready to trample their institutions under foot."

And notwithstanding the expression of these sentiments, we know, as we say, that this man became one of the most ardent supporters of the "miserable despotism" established by Abraham Lincoln, and became the second officer in that "despotism" on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

DOCTRINE HELD BY GREELEY.

On the 9th of November, in 1860, Mr. Horace Greeley, the great apostle of the Republican party, and who was often referred to during Mr. Lincoln's administration as the "power behind the throne—greater than the throne itself"—said in his paper, the *New York Tribune:*

"If the Cotton States consider the value of the Union debatable, we maintain their perfect right to discuss it; nay, we hold with Jefferson, to the alienable right of communities to alter or abolish forms of government that have become oppressive or injurious; and if Cotton States decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. *The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless;* and we do not see how one party can have a right to do what another party has a right to prevent."

On the 17th of December, 1860, just three days before the secession of South Carolina, he again said in the *Tribune:*

"If it (the Declaration of Independence) justified the secession from the British Empire of three million of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southrons from the Federal Union in 1861. If we are mistaken on this point, why does not some one attempt to show wherein and why?"

Again, on February the 23rd, 1861, five days after the inauguration of President Davis at Montgomery, he said:

"We have repeatedly said, and we once more insist, that the great principle embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of American Independence—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed—is sound and just, and that if the Slave States, the Cotton States or the Gulf States only, choose to form an independent nation, they have a clear moral right to do so."

And we know that this man was one of the foremost of our oppressors during the war, although his kindness to Mr. Davis and others after the war, we think, showed that *he knew he had done wrong*. And yet, he had the audacity (and may we not justly add mendacity, too?) to say, after the war, that he never at any moment of his life had "imagined that a single State, or a dozen States, could rightfully dissolve the Union." Comment is surely unnecessary.

On November the 9th, 1860, the *New York Herald* said:

"Each State is organized as a complete government, holding the purse and wielding the sword: possessing the right to break the tie of the confederation as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion as a nation might repel invasion. * * * Coercion, if it were possible, is out of the question."

Both President Buchanan and his Attorney-General, the afterwards famous Edwin M. Stanton, decided at the same time that there was no power under the Constitution to coerce a seceding State.

SENTIMENT IN THE NORTH.

But this "Massachusetts heresy," as the writer before quoted from calls the right of secession, was not only entertained, as we have shown, at the North before the war, but has been expressed in the same section in no uncertain terms long since the war. In an article by Benjamin J. Williams, Esq., a distinguished writer of Massachusetts, entitled "Died for Their State," and published in the *Lowell Sun* on June 5th, 1886, he says, among other things:

"When the original thirteen Colonies threw off their allegiance to Great Britain, they became independent States, independent of her and of each other." * * * "The recognition was of the States separately, each by name, in the treaty of peace which terminated the war of the Revolution. And that this separate recognition was deliberate and intentional, with the distinct object of recognizing the States as separate sovereignties, and not as one nation, will sufficiently appear by reference to the sixth volume of Bancroft's History of the United States. The Articles of Confederation between the States declared, that 'each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence.' And the Constitution of the United States, which immediately followed, was first adopted by the States in convention, each State acting for itself, in its sovereign and independent capacity, through a convention of its people. And it was by this ratification that the Constitution was established, to use its own words, 'between the States so ratifying the same.' It is, then, a compact between the States as sovereigns, and the Union created by it is a federal partnership of States, the Federal Government being their common agent for the transaction of the Federal business within the limits of the delegated powers."

LAW OF CO-PARTNERSHIPS.

This able writer then illustrates the compact between the States by the principles of law governing ordinary co-partnerships, just as Mr. Webster did. And he then says:

"Now, if a partnership between persons is purely voluntary, and subject to the will of its members severally, how much more so is one between sovereign States? and it follows that, just as each, separately, in the exercise of its sovereign will, entered the Union, so may it separately, *in the exercise of that will, withdraw therefrom.* And further, the Constitution being a compact, which the States are parties 'having no common judge,' 'each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress,' as declared by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison in the celebrated resolutions of '98, *and the right of secession irresistibly follows.*

"But aside from the doctrine either of partnership or compact, upon the ground of State sovereignty pure and simple, does the right of State *secession impregnably rest.*"

We have quoted thus fully from this writer not only because he is a Northern man, but because he has stated both the facts and the principles underlying the formation of the Union, and the rights of the States therein, with an accuracy, clearness and force, that cannot be surpassed.

But again: In his life of Webster, published in 1889, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, from whom we have before quoted, and at this time one of the distinguished senators from Massachusetts, uses this language in speaking of Mr. Webster's reply to Mr. Hayne. He says:

"The weak places in his (Webster's) armor were historical in their nature. It was probably necessary (at all events Mr. Webster felt it to be so) to argue that the Constitution at the outset was not a compact between the States, but a national instrument, and to distinguish the cases of Virginia and Kentucky in 1799, and of New England in 1814, from that of South Carolina in 1830. The former point he touched upon lightly; the latter he discussed ably, eloquently and at length. *Unfortunately the facts were against him in both instances.*"

And in this connection, Mr. Lodge then uses this language:

"When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of the States at Philadelphia, and accepted by the votes of the States in popular convention, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side, to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered into by the States, *and from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw—a right which was very likely to be exercised.*"

Mr. James C. Carter, now of New York, but a native of New England, and perhaps the most distinguished lawyer in this country to-day, in a speech delivered by him at the University of Virginia, in 1898, said:

"I may hazard the opinion that if the question had been made, not in 1860, but in 1788, immediately after the adoption of the Constitution, whether the Union as formed by that instrument could lawfully treat the secession of a State as rebellion, and suppress it by force, few of those who participated in forming that instrument would have answered in the affirmative."

NORTH'S ATTITUDE SINCE THE WAR.

And we should never forget this pregnant and, we think, conclusive fact in regard to this question, namely: the conduct of the North after the war in regard to Mr. Davis, General Lee, and others of our leaders. As is well known, Mr. Davis was indicted three times in their own courts upon charges which directly and necessarily involved a decision of the right of a State to secede from the Union. Immediately on the finding of these indictments, he (through his eminent Northern as well as Southern counsel), appeared at the bar of the court and demanded a speedy trial, in order that he might judicially vindicate his course and that of his people before the world. This right of trial was postponed by the Federal Government for nearly three years. During two of these years he was confined in a casemate at Fortress Monroe and subjected to indignities and tortures, by which it was attempted to break the spirit of the distinguished captive; and at the same time to degrade the people whom he represented, and for whom he was a vicarious sufferer. It is hardly necessary to say that this conduct is to-day universally regarded as not only unworthy of the representatives of the government which held Mr. Davis as its prisoner, but that it has made a page in its history of which it ought to be, and we believe is, ashamed.

When at last the Government consented to try the case, it declined to meet the real question involved, in its own chosen tribunal; and having been advised by the best lawyers and statesmen at the North, that the decision must be against the North and in favor of the South, in order to evade the issue, the Chief Justice himself suggested a technical bar to the prosecution, which was adopted, and the cases dismissed. The South was entirely in the power of the North, and could do nothing but accept this, their own virtual confession that they were wrong and that we were right.

CRUEL, WICKED, RELENTLESS WAR.

And so we say, our comrades, that just because the States of the South did, in the most regular and deliberate way, exercise their constitutional and legal right to withdraw from a compact which they had never violated, but which the Northern States had confessedly violated time and again, a right which, as we have seen, was not only recognized by the leading statesmen of the North, but which it had threatened on several occasions to put into execution—we say,

just because the Southern States did take this perfectly legal step in a perfectly legal way, these same people of the North, with Abraham Lincoln at their head, proceeded, as we shall presently show, without warrant of law or justice, to inaugurate and wage against the South one of the most cruel, wicked and relentless wars of which history furnishes any record or parallel. Is there any wonder, then, that the representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic would have us be silent about the facts which we have referred to, and not teach the truths of this history to our children, *when we thus condemn them out of their own mouths.*

But we come now to consider, who were the agressors who inaugurated this wicked war?

We think it important to make this inquiry, for the reasons already given and because we apprehend, there is a common impression, that inasmuch as the South fired the first gun at Fort Sumter, it really thereby brought on the war, and was hence responsible for the direful consequences which followed the firing of that first shot. *Nothing could be further from the truth.* Mr. Hallam, in his Constitutional History of England, states a universally recognized principle, when he says:

"The aggressor in a war (that is, he who begins it) is not the *first* who *uses force*, but the *first who renders force necessary.*"

Now which side, according to this high authority, was the aggressor in this conflict? Which side was it that *rendered the first blow necessary?*

WHAT MR. STEPHENS SAYS.

Says Mr. Stephens, in his "War Between the States:" "I maintain that it (the war) was inaugurated and begun, though no blow had been struck, when the hostile fleet, styled the 'Relief Squadron,' with eleven ships carrying two hundred and eighty-five guns and two thousand four hundred men, was sent out from New York and Norfolk, with orders from the authorities at Washington to reinforce Fort Sumter, peaceably if permitted, *but forcibly if they must.*"

He further says:

"The war was then and there inaugurated and begun *by the authorities at Washington.* General Beauregard did not open fire upon Fort Sumter until this fleet was to his knowledge, very near the Harbor of Charleston, and until he had enquired of Major Anderson,

in command of the Fort, whether he would engage to take no part in the expected blow, then coming down upon him from the approaching fleet?"

Governor Pickens and General Beauregard had been notified from Washington of the approach of this fleet, and the objects for which it was sent, but this notice did not reach them (owing to the treachery and duplicity of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, practiced on the Commissioners sent to Washington by the Confederate Government, which are enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every American citizen), until the fleet had neared its destination. But Anderson refused to make any promise, and when he did this, *it became necessary* for Beauregard to reduce the fort as he did. Otherwise his command would have been exposed to two fires—one in front and the other in the rear.

SEWARD'S TREACHERY AND DUPLICITY.

I wish I had the time to give here the details of this miserable treachery and duplicity practiced on the Confederate Commissioners by Mr. Seward, with, as he says, the knowledge of Mr. Lincoln. These gentlemen had been sent to Washington, as they stated in their letter to Mr. Seward, to treat with him, "with a view to a speedy adjustment of all questions growing out of this political separation, upon such terms of amity and good will as the respective interests, geographical contiguity and future welfare of the two nations may render necessary."

I can only state that although Mr. Seward refused to treat with the Commissioners directly, he did so, through the medium of Justices Campbell and Nelson, of the Supreme Court of the United States; that through these intermediaries the Commissioners were given to understand that Fort Sumter would be evacuated within a few days, *and they were kept under that impression up to the 7th of April, 1861, although during that interval of twenty-three days the "Relief Squadron" was being put in readiness for reinforcing Sumter. And even on that date (the day after the Squadron was ordered to sail), Mr. Seward wrote Judge Campbell, "Faith as to Sumter fully kept: wait and see,"* when he must have known that nothing was further from the truth, and as events then transpiring conclusively showed. Judge Campbell wrote two letters to Mr. Seward, setting out all the details of the deception practiced on the Commissioners through him and Justice Nelson, and asked an explanation of his conduct. But

no explanation was ever given, *simply because there was none that could be given.* And Mr. Seward's own memorandum, made by him at the time, shows that he was acting all through this matter with the knowledge and approval of Mr. Lincoln. History affords but few parallels, if any, to such base conduct on the part of those occupying the high and responsible positions then held by these men. The only excuse that can be given for this conduct, is that *they regarded it as a legitimate deception to practice in a war which they had then already inaugurated.*

LINCOLN ADMINISTRATION RESPONSIBLE.

Mr. George Lunt, of Massachusetts, in speaking of the occurences at Fort Sumter, uses this cautiously framed language, as the question of which side commenced the war is one about which the North is very sensitive. As we know, on the 7th of April, 1861, President Davis said:

"With the Lincoln administration rests the responsibility of precipitating a collision and the fearful evils of protracted civil war."

And so Mr. Lunt says:

"Whether the appearance of this fleet (the Relief Squadron), under the circumstances could be considered a pacific or hostile demonstration may be left to inference. Whether its total inaction during the fierce bombardment of the fort and its defence continued for days, and until its final surrender, justly bears the aspect of an intention to avoid the charge of *aggression*, and to give the whole affair the appearance of *defence* merely, may also be referred to the judgment of the reader."

The question also occurs, he says—

"Whether this sudden naval demonstration was not a palpable violation of the promised 'faith as to Sumter fully kept,' *as to be an unmistakable menace of 'aggression,' if not absolute aggression itself.*"

And he further says:

"It should also be considered that when the fleet came to anchor off Charleston bar, it was well known that many other and larger vessels of war, attended by transports containing troops and surf boats, and all the necessary means of landing forces, had already sailed from Northern ports—'destination unknown'—and that very

considerable time must have been requisite to get this expedition ready for sea, during the period that assurances had been so repeatedly given of the evacuation of the fort.

"It bore the aspect certainly of a manœuvre, which military persons, and sometimes, metaphorically, politicians denominate '*stealing a march.*'"

He says further on:

"It was intended to 'draw the fire' of the Confederates, and was a *silent aggression*, with the object of producing an *active aggression* from the other side."

This very cautious statement, from this Northern writer, clearly makes the Lincoln Government the REAL AGGRESSOR, under the principle before enunciated by Mr. Hallam.

Mr. Williams, the Massachusetts writer before quoted from, says:

"There was no need for war. The action of the Southern States was legal and constitutional, and history will attest that it was reluctantly taken in the last extremity, in the hope of thereby saving their whole constitutional rights and liberties from destruction by Northern aggression, which had just culminated in triumph at the Presidential election by the Union of the North against the South."

And he says further on:

"The South was invaded, and a war of subjugation, destined to be the most gigantic which the world has ever seen, *was begun by the Federal Government* against the seceding States, in complete and amazing disregard of the foundation principle of its own existence, as affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, that 'Government derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,' and as established by the war of the Revolution for the people of the States respectively. The South accepted the contest thus *forced upon her*, with the eager and resolute courage characteristic of her proud-spirited people."

But I propose to show further that this war did not really begin with the sailing of that Northern fleet, and certainly not at Fort Sumter; and that the *first blow* was actually struck by John Brown and his followers, as the representatives of the abolitionists of the North, *in October, 1859, at Harper's Ferry, Va.*

THE JOHN BROWN RAID.

A Northern writer says of the "John Brown Raid:"

"Of course, a transaction so flagitious with its attendant circumstances affording such unmistakable proof of the spirit by which no small portion of the Northern population was actuated, could not but produce the profoundest impression upon the people of the South. *Here was an open and armed aggression*, whether clearly understood and encouraged beforehand, certainly exulted in afterwards, by persons of a very different standing from that of the chief actor in this bloody incursion in a peaceful State."

John Brown and his associates did attempt insurrection, and *did commit murder*, in that attempt, upon the peaceful, harmless citizens of Virginia, and he expiated these, among the highest crimes known to the law, upon a felon's gallows. How was that execution received at the North? And in what way did the representatives of the Republican party endorse and adopt as their own the conduct of this felon in his outrages, his "first blow" struck against the South? We will let the same Northern writer tell. He says:

"In the tolling of bells and the firing of minute-guns upon the occasion of Brown's funeral; the meeting-houses were draped in mourning as for a hero; the prayers offered; the sermons and discourses pronounced in his honor as for a saint."

Two of Brown's accomplices were fugitives from justice, one in the State of Ohio, and the other in that of Iowa. Requisitions were issued for them by the Governor of Virginia; and the Governor of each of these Northern States refused to surrender the criminal, thus making themselves, and the people they represented, to a degree at least, *particeps criminis*. And the newspapers have recently informed us, that the present Chief Magistrate of this nation, and the head of the same party, which deified John Brown, and approved of his crimes, has visited and stood "uncovered" at his grave, as if he still recognized him as the "forerunner" of him whom they term the "Savior of the Country;" so we regard, and rightly regard, his attempted insurrection, as the legitimate forerunner of the cruel, illegal and unjustifiable war inaugurated and waged by Mr. Lincoln against the South.

AGGRESSIONS OF THE NORTH.

But we advance still a step further in the argument, to show from Northern authorities alone, still other *aggressions* of the North against the South, *in bringing on this war*. In his speech, entitled

"Under the flag," delivered in Boston, April 21st, 1861, Wendell Phillips used this language, which we are persuaded is the opinion of many misinformed people to-day, both at the North and at the South. He says:

"For thirty years the North has exhausted conciliation and compromise. They have tried every expedient; they have relinquished every right, they have sacrificed every interest, they have smothered keen sensibility to national honor, and Northern weight and supremacy in the Union; have forgotten they were the majority in numbers and in wealth, in education and in strength; have left the helm of government and the dictation of policy to the Southern States," &c.

We propose to show, from *the highest Northern sources*, that so far from the above statement being true, it is *exactly the opposite of the truth.*

General John A. Logan, afterwards a Major-General in the Federal Army, a United States Senator and a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican ticket, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, on the 5th of February, 1861, uses this language:

"The Abolitionists of the North have constantly warred upon Southern institutions, by incessant abuse from the pulpit, from the press, on the stump, and in the halls of Congress, denouncing them as a sin against God and man. * * * By these denunciations and lawless acts on the part of Abolition fanatics such results have been produced as to drive the people of the Southern States to a sleepless vigilance for the protection of their property and the preservation of their rights."

The Albany *Argus* of November 10th, 1860, said:

"We sympathize with, and justify the South as far as this; their rights have been invaded to the extreme limit possible within the forms of the Constitution; and beyond this limit; their feelings have been insulted, and their interests and honor assailed by almost every possible form of denunciation and invective; and if we deemed it certain that the real animus of the Republican party could be carried into the administration of the Federal Government, and become the permanent policy of the nation, we should think that all the instincts of self preservation and of manhood, rightly impelled them to resort to revolution and a separation from the Union, and we

would applaud them, and wish them God-speed in the adoption of such a remedy."

The Rochester *Union*, two or three days later, said:

"Restricting our remarks to actual violations of the Constitution, the North has led the way, and for a long period have been the sole offenders or aggressors." * * * "Owing to their peculiar circumstances, the Southern States cannot retaliate upon the North *without taking ground for secession*."

STARTED BY MR. SEWARD.

The New York *Express* said, on April 15th, 1861 (the day after the surrender of Sumter):

"The 'Irrepressible conflict' started by Mr. Seward, and endorsed by the Republican party, has at length attained to its logical foreseen result. That conflict undertaken 'for the sake of humanity' culminates now in inhumanity itself." * * * "The people of the United States, it must be borne in mind, petitioned, begged and implored these men (Lincoln, Seward, *et id*), who are become their accidental masters, to give them an opportunity to be heard before this unnatural strife was pushed *to a bloody extreme, but their petitions were all spurned with contempt*," *&c.*

Mr. George Lunt, a Boston lawyer, in an able work, published in 1866, entitled "The Origin of the Late War," from which we have before quoted, says of the action of the Northern people:

"But by incessantly working on the popular mind, through every channel through which it could be possibly reached, a state of feeling was produced which led to the enactment of Personal Liberty bills by one after another of the Northern Legislative Assemblies. At length fourteen of the sixteen Free States had provided statutes which rendered any attempt to execute the fugitive slave act so difficult as to be practically impossible, and *placed each of those States in an attitude of virtual resistance to the laws of the United States*."

If these acts were not *nullification*, what were they?

LINCOLN QUOTED AS PROOF.

We propose to introduce as our last piece of evidence that, which it seems to us, should satisfy the mind of the most critical and exact-

ing, and which establishes, beyond all future cavil, which side was the aggressor in bringing on this conflict. We propose to introduce *Mr. Lincoln himself.* In the latest life of this remarkable man, written by Ida M. Tarbell, and published by Doubleday & McClure Co. in 1900, she introduces a statement made to her by the late Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, of what took place between Mr. Lincoln and a Committee of which he (Medill) was a member, sent from Chicago to Washington, to intercede with the authorities there to be relieved from sending more troops from Cook county, as was required by the new draft just then ordered, and which, as we know, produced riots in several parts of the North. The author makes Medill tell how his Committee first applied for relief to Mr. Stanton, and was refused, how they then went to Mr. Lincoln, who went with them to see Stanton again, and there listened to the reasons assigned *pro* and *con* for a change of the draft. He then says:

"I shall never forget how he (Lincoln) suddenly lifted his head and turned on us a black and frowning face:

"'Gentlemen,' he said, in a voice full of bitterness, '*After Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country.* The Northwest has opposed the South, as New England has opposed the South. It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it. You called for emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked, you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I have a right to expect better things of you. Go home and raise your 6,000 extra men.'"

And Medill adds that he was completely silenced by the truth of Lincoln's accusation, and that they went home and raised the 6,000 additional troops. We could multiply testimony of this kind almost indefinitely; but surely we have introduced enough not only to prove that the statement made by Mr. Phillips is utterly without foundation, but to show further, by the testimony of our *quondam enemies themselves, that they were the aggressors from every point of view*, and that the South only resisted when, as the New York *Express* said of it at the time, it had, "in self-preservation, *been driven to the wall, and forced to proclaim its independence.*"

VIRGINIA'S EFFORTS FOR PEACE.

We can only briefly allude to the noble efforts made by Virginia, through the "Peace Congress," to avert the conflict, and how these efforts were rejected almost with contempt by the North. Mr. Lunt, speaking of this noble action on the part of the "Mother of Presidents," as he calls Virginia, says:

"It was like a firebrand suddenly presented at the portals of the Republican Magazine, and the whole energy of the radicals was at once enlisted to make it of no effect."

Several of the Northern States sent no Commissioners to this Congress at all; others, like Massachusetts, only sent them at the last moment, and then sent only such as were known to be opposed to any compromise or conciliation.

The following letter of Senator Chandler, of Michigan, indicates too clearly the feelings of the Republican party at that time to require comment. It is dated February 11th, 1861, a week after the Congress assembled, and addressed to the Governor of his State. He says:

"Governor Bingham (the other Senator from Michigan) and myself telegraphed to you on Saturday, at the request of Massachusetts and New York, to send delegates to the Peace Compromise Congress. They admit that we were right and they were wrong, *that no Republican State should have sent delegates;* but they are here and can't get away. Ohio, Indiana and Rhode Island are caving in, and there is some danger of Illinois; and now they beg us, for God's sake to come to their rescue and save the Republican party from rupture. *I hope you will send stiff-backed men or none.* The whole thing was gotten up against my judgment and advice, and will end in thin smoke. Still I hope as a matter of courtesy to some of our erring brethren, that you will send the delegates.

"Truly your friend,

"Z. CHANDLER."

"*His Excellency Austin Blair.*"

"P. S.—Some of the Manufacturing States think that a *fight* would be awful. *Without a little blood-letting this Union will not, in my estimation, be worth a curse.*"

Mr. Lunt says:

"If this truly eloquent and statesmanlike epistle does not express the views of the Republican managers at the time, it does at least indicate with sufficient clearness their relations towards the 'Peace Conference' and the determined purpose of the radicals to have 'a fight,' and it furthermore foreshadows the actual direction given to future events."

HELD OUT TO THE LAST.

But I cannot protract this discussion further. Suffice it to say, that Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas did not secede, until Mr. Lincoln had actually declared war against the seven Cotton and Gulf States, then forming the Southern Confederacy, and called on these four States to furnish their *quota* of the seventy-five thousand troops called for by him to coerce these States. This act, on Mr. Lincoln's part, was without any real authority of law, and nothing short of the most flagrant usurpation, Congress alone having the power to declare war under the Constitution. He refused to convene Congress to consider the grave issues then confronting the country. But when it did assemble, on the 4th of July, 1861, he tried to have his illegal usurpation validated; but Congress, although then having a Republican majority, refused to consider the resolution introduced for that purpose. The four States above named, led by Virginia, only left the Union then, after exhausting every honorable effort to remain in it, and only when they had to determine to fight *with* or *against* their sisters of the South. This was the dire alternative presented to them, and how could they hesitate longer what to do?

In the busy, bustling, practical times in which we live, it will doubtless be asked by many, and, with some show of plausibility, why we gather up, and present to the world, all this array of testimony concerning a cause, which is almost universally known as the "lost cause," and a conflict, which ended more than thirty-five years ago? Does it not, they ask, only tend to rekindle the embers of sectional strife, and can thus only do harm? You, our comrades, know that such is not our purpose or desire. Our reasons have been very briefly stated. It is the truth that constrains. The apologists for the North, using all the vehicles of falsehood, are insistent in spreading the poison; with it the antidote must go. If others attribute to us wrong motives in this matter, we are sorry, but we have no apologies to make to any such. We admit that the Confederate war is ended; that slavery and secession are forever dead,

and we have no desire to revive them. We recognize, too, that this whole country is one country and our country. We desire that, government and people doing that which is right, it may become in truth a glorious land, and may remain a glorious inheritance to our children and our children's children. But we believe the true way to preserve it as such an inheritance is to perpetuate in it the principles for which the Confederate soldier fought—the principles of Constitutional liberty, and of local self-government—or, as Mr. Davis puts it, "the rights of their sires won in the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom, and independence, which were left to us, as an inheritance to their posterity forever." This definition, a distinguished Massachusetts writer says, is "the whole case, and not only a statement, but a complete justification of the Confederate cause, to all who are acquainted with the origin and character of the American Union."

Yes, we repeat, this is our country, and of it, we would say, with Virginia's dead Laureate at the Yorktown celebration:

"Give us back the ties of Yorktown,
Perish all the modern hates,
Let us stand together, brothers,
In defiance of the Fates,
For the safety of the Union
Is the safety of the States."

At Appomattox, the Confederate flag was furled, and we are content to let it stay so forever. There is enough of glory and sacrifice encircled in its folds, not only to enshrine it in our hearts forever; but the very trump of fame must be silenced when it ceases to proclaim the splendid achievements over which that flag floated.

BATTLE-FIELD, NOT A FORUM.

But, Appomattox was not a judicial forum; it was only a battle-field, a test of physical force, where the starving remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, "wearied with victory," surrendered to "overwhelming numbers and resources." We make no appeal from that judgment, on the issue of force. But when we see the victors in that contest, meeting year by year and using the superior means at their command, to publish to the world, that they were *right* and that we were *wrong*, in that contest, saying that we were "Rebels" and "traitors," in defending our homes and firesides against their cruel invasion, that we had no legal right to withdraw from the Union, when we only asked to be let alone, and that we

brought on that war; we say when these, and other wicked and false charges are brought against us from year to year, and the attempt is systematically made to teach our children, that these things are true, and therefore, that we do not deserve their sympathy and respect, because of our alleged wicked and unjustifiable course in that war and in bringing it on—*then it becomes our duty*, not only to ourselves and our children, but to the thousands of brave men and women who gave their lives a "free-will offering," in defence of the principles for which we fought, to vindicate the justice of our cause, and to do this, we have to appeal only to the bar of truth and of justice

THE TRUTH WILL LIVE.

We know the Muse of History may be, and often is, startled from her propriety for a time; but she will soon regain her equipoise. Our late enemy has unwittingly furnished the great reservoir from which the truth can be drawn, not only in what they have said about us and our cause, both before and since the war; but in the more than the one hundred volumes of the official records published under the authority of Congress. We are content to await, "with calm confidence," the results of the appeal to these sources.

We have, as already stated, in this report, attempted to *vindicate our cause*, by referring to testimony furnished almost entirely from the speeches and writings of our adversaries, both before and since the war. *We believe we have succeeded in doing this.* Nay, the judgment, both of the justice of our cause and the conduct of the war, on our part, has been written for us, and that too by the hand of a Massachusetts man. He says of us:

"Such exalted character and achievement are not all in vain. Though the Confederacy fell as an actual physical power, she lives illustrated by them, *eternally in her just cause—the cause of Constitutional liberty.*"

Then, in the language of the Virginia Laureate again, we say:

"Then stand up, oh my countrymen,
And unto God give thanks
On mountains and on hillsides
And by sloping river banks,
Thank God, that you were worthy
Of the grand Confederate ranks."

Since your last year's Report was mainly directed to the vindication of our people from the false charge that we went to war to perpetuate slavery, we have thought we could render no more valuable service in this Report, than to show—(1) That we were right on the real question involved in the contest; and (2) That notwithstanding this, and the further fact, that the South had never violated the Constitution, whilst the North had confessedly repeatedly done so; nay, that fourteen of the sixteen Free States had not only nullified, but had *defied* acts of Congress passed in pursuance of the Constitution, and the decisions of the Supreme Court sustaining those acts, *and that the North, and not the South, had brought on the war.* We believe we have established these propositions by evidence furnished by our late adversaries; and the last, by that of Mr. Lincoln himself. On this testimony, we think we can afford to rest our case. And we believe that the evidence furnished in our last Report, and in this, *will establish* the justice, both of our cause and of the conduct of our people in reference to the war.

HISTORIES IN OUR SCHOOLS.

The several histories, used in schools, were so fully discussed in our last Report, that we deem it unnecessary to add anything further on that subject. We are gratified to be able to report, that the two works, adversely criticised in our last Report, viz: Fiske's and Cooper, Estill & Lemon's Histories, respectively, have found but little favor with the School Boards of our State. This is shown by the fact, that out of the 118 counties and corporations in the State but one has adopted Fiske's, and that one has purchased a supply of Jones' History, to be used by the pupils in studying the history pertaining to the war. That Cooper, Estill & Lemon's History is now only used in six places; whilst all the other counties and corporations (with the exception of one, which uses Hansell's), use either Mrs. Lee's or Dr. Jones' Histories, or the two conjointly, the relative use of these being as follows: Lee's, 68; Jones', 25; Lee and Jones, conjointly, 17.

It will thus be seen, that the danger apprehended from the use of the two works criticised, is reduced to the minimum. But we must not be satisfied until that danger is entirely removed by the abolishment of these books from the list of those adopted for use, by our State Board of Education. We are informed by this Board, that it can do nothing in this direction pending the terms of the existing

contracts with the publishers of these works, which contracts expire on July 31st, 1902. But we are also informed, that under the provisions of a law passed prior to the making of these contracts, it is competent for County and City School Boards, to change the text books on the history of the United States whenever they deem it proper to do so. We would, therefore, urge these local boards to stop the use of the two works criticised in our last report, *at once*.

COMPOSED OF GOOD MEN.

It is also most gratifying to us to state, what you, perhaps, already know, that all three of the members of our State Board of Education, are not only native and true Virginians, but men devoted to the principles for which we fought, and that they, and each of them, stand ready to co-operate with us, as far as they can legally and properly do so, in having our children taught "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," in regard to the war, and the causes which led to it. *We would ask for nothing more, and we should ask for nothing less, from any source.*

We repeat the recommendation heretofore made, both to this Camp and to the United Confederate Veterans, that separate chairs of American history be established in all of our principal Southern Colleges, so that the youth of our land may be taught the truth as to the formation of this government, and of the principles for which their fathers fought for the establishment and maintenance of Constitutional liberty in our land.

Our attention has recently been called to the fact that in none of the histories used in our schools, is any mention made (certainly none compared with what it deserves) of the splendid services rendered our cause by the devoted and gallant band led by Colonel John S. Mosby. This organization, whilst forming a part of General Lee's Army, and at all times subject to his orders, was to all intents and purposes an independent command. We believe, that for its numbers and resources, it performed as gallant, faithful and efficient services as any other command in any part of our armies, and that no history of our cause is at all complete, that fails to give some general idea, at the least, of the deeds of devotion and daring performed by this gallant band and its intrepid leader.

UNION OF OUR FATHERS.

We sometimes hear (not often, it is true, but still too often) from

those who were once Confederate soldiers themselves, or from the children of Confederates, such expressions as—"We are glad the South did not succeed in her struggle for independence." "We are glad that slavery is abolished," &c.

We wish to express our sincere sorrow and regret, that any of our people should so far forget themselves as to indulge in any such remarks. In the first place, we think they are utterly uncalled for, and in bad taste. In the second place, to some extent, they reflect upon the Confederate cause, and those who defended that cause; and in the third place, it seems to us, if *our own self-respect* does not forever seal our lips against such expressions, that the memories of a sacred past, the blood of the thousands and tens of thousands of those who died, the tears, the toils, the wounds, and the innumerable sacrifices of both the living and the dead, that were freely given for the success of that cause, would be an appeal against such expressions, that could not be resisted. If all that is meant by the first of these expressions is, that the speaker means to say, "He is glad that the 'Union of our Fathers' is preserved," then we can unite with him in rejoicing at this, if this is the "Union of our Fathers," as to which we have the gravest doubts. But be this as it may; we have never believed that the subjugation of the South or the success of the North, was either necessary, or the best way to preserve and perpetuate the "Union of our Fathers."

On the secession of Mississippi, her Convention sent a Commissioner from that State to Maryland, who, at that time, it may be sure, expressed the real objects sought to be obtained by secession by the great body of the Southern people. He said:

"Secession is not intended to break up the present Government, but to perpetuate it. We do not propose to go out by way of destroying the Union, as our fathers gave it to us, but we go out for the purpose of getting further guarantees and security for our rights," &c.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER.

And so we believe, that with the success of the South, the "Union of our Fathers," which the South was the principal factor in forming, and to which she was far more attached than the North, would have been restored and re-established; that in this Union the South would have been again the dominant people, the controlling power, and that its administration of the Government in that Union would have been

along constitutional and just lines, and not through Military Districts, attempted Confiscations, Force Bills, and other oppressive and illegal methods, such as characterized the conduct of the North *for four years after the war*, in its alleged *restoration* of a Union which it denied had ever been *dissolved*.

As to the abolition of slavery: Whilst we know of no one in the South who does not rejoice, that this has been accomplished, we know of no one, anywhere, so lost to every sense of right and justice, as not to condemn the iniquitous way in which this was done. But we feel confident that no matter how the war had ended, it would have resulted in the freedom of slave, and as surely with the success of the South as with that of the North, although perhaps not so promptly.

We are warranted in this conclusion, from several considerations —(1) It was conclusively shown in our last Report, that we did not fight for the continuation of slavery, and that a large majority of our soldiers were non-slaveholders; (2) That our great leader, General Lee, had freed his slaves before the war, whilst General Grant held on to his until they were freed by the Emancipation Proclamation; and (3) Whilst Mr. Lincoln issued that proclamation, he said in his first inaugural:

"I have no purpose directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. *I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.*"

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.

With the success of the South, we believe emancipation would have followed by some method of compensation for the property rights in slaves, just as the North had received compensation for the same property, when held by it. Certainly it would not have been accomplished *by putting the whites under the heel of the blacks*, as was attempted by the North. In the contest between Lincoln and McClellan, in 1864, the people of the North were nearly equally divided on the issues involved in the war, Lincoln having received 2,200,000 votes in that contest, whilst McClellan received 1,800,000 (in round numbers). We know too, that Lincoln was not only a "*minority*" President, but a big "minority" President, his opponents having received a million more votes in 1860 than he received. So that, with a *divided* North, and a *united* South, on the principles for which we contended, if the South had been successful in the war, her people would have dominated and controlled this country for

the last thirty-five years, as they did the first seventy years of its existence, and, in our opinion, both the country and the South would have been benefited by that domination and control.

Again, think of the difference between the South being made to pay the war debt, and pensions of the North, and the latter having to pay those of the former. And again, we reason, that if the South, in all the serfdom and oppression in which she was left by the results of the war, has accomplished what she has—(she has made greater material advances in proportion than any other section)—what could she not have done, if she had been the conqueror instead of the conquered?

We simply allude to these material facts, with the hope that these, and every consideration dictated by self-respect, love of, and loyalty to, a sacred and glorious past, will prevent a repetition of the expressions of which we, as representatives of the Confederate cause and people, justly complain, and against which we earnestly protest.

Committee on Publishing a School History for Use in Our Public and Private Schools.

GEO. L. CHRISTIAN, *Acting Chairman*,

R. T. BARTON,	CARTER R. BISHOP,	R. A. BROCK,
Rev. B. D. TUCKER,	JOHN W. DANIEL,	JAMES MANN,
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JOHN W. FULTON,	M. W. HAZELWOOD,	MICAJAH WOODS,

THOMAS ELLETT, *Secretary*.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 20th, 1901.]

UNPARALLELED LOSS OF COMPANY F,

26th North Carolina Regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade, at Gettysburg.

Went into Action with Three Officers and Eighty-eight Enlisted Men, and Every One of them was either Killed or Wounded.

COLLIERSTOWN, VA., January 12, 1901.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Colonel William H. S. Burgwyn, of Henderson, N. C., has recently published in *Gold Leaf* of that Town an article, which will prove interesting to old Confederate soldiers.

I forward a copy of said article to you for your Confederate column, if you will kindly give it space. I am sure its reproduction in your journal would greatly please the North Carolina readers of the *Dispatch*.

Colonel Burgwyn has taken great pains in the preparation of the article.

Very kindly yours,

R. M. TUTTLE.

The following is the article in *Gold Leaf:*

A gentleman who at all times manifests a deep interest in the achievements of North Carolinians, and especially the glorious deeds of North Carolina soldiers—than whom the world has never seen better—as illustrated on every battle-field from Bethel to Appomattox, kindly furnishes the *Gold Leaf* the following. It is a remarkable record—the fatalities of Company F, 26th North Carolina Regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade, at the battle of Gettysburg which is told about and we are sure it will be read with interest and amazement no less than with wonder and admiration. The article is as follows:

The statement that has appeared in many publications of the loss of the 26th Regiment of Pettigrew's Brigade at Gettysburg, viz: that "this company went into action with three officers and eighty

eight enlisted men, and that every man was killed or wounded, is so unparalleled in the annals of war, that the claim will not be admitted unless there is irrefragable proof of its truth. Happily the Captain of the company, and now a Presbyterian minister located at Collierstown, Va., has preserved the record. In a letter to the writer, dated October 4, 1900, this gallant officer, now the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, thus writes:

"Your letter came duly to hand, and I set to work to settle forever the contest as to Company F. Fortunately, and even more, for it seems like a special Providence, I had preserved my report published in the Virginia paper (Richmond *Enquirer* or *Examiner*). I had pasted it long years ago (during the war), in the back of my sister's album, and it is still clear and legible. I have had to amend it in four names only, using just a little later information. The proof is now, irrefragable, I give, you will observe not only the names, but the exact wounds received, just what I sent to the Richmond paper soon after the battle. I was detained in a hospital in Richmond some weeks after the battle.

"The orderly Sergeant's statement as you will see, fully agrees in all essential features with my report. These papers will, I think, enable you to clinch every claim we make for Company F.

"Yours truly,

"R. M. Tuttle."

There was enclosed in the above letter a statement signed by J. T. C. Hood, Orderly Sergeant, Company F, 26th Regiment North Carolina Troops, as follows:

"Company F, 26th Regiment, North Carolina Troops, went into the fight at Gettysburg, Pa., with eighty-eight answering to roll call on the morning of July 1, 1863, besides three commissioned officers (one private being detailed to guard our knapsacks).

"Having been wounded on the first day in both leg and foot, I hobbled to the stone bridge two miles south of Gettysburg, where I had an opportunity of seeing a great many of the wounded of the first day's fight, and from what I gathered from them and saw myself, the loss of Company F, on the first day was about twenty-five killed and sixty wounded. Also, after the second and third day, there was not a single man left, all being killed or wounded."

In addition to the above, the writer has before him the muster and pay roll of the Company, giving its condition on June 30, 1863, as

it rested in bivouac that day about three miles from Gettysburg. Captain Joseph J. Young, now residing at Polenta, Johnston county, was the Quartermaster of the regiment from the beginning to the end of the war. He has preserved duplicate copies of the muster and pay roll of the regiment which he values as among his greates treas ures; and the writer has been privileged to inspect the same for the pupose of this verification.

This muster and pay roll state that there were present for duty, three commissioned officers, three sergeants, two corporals, one musician, and eighty-four privates; and present on extra or daily duty, nine privates; total present, commissioned, 3; total enlisted, ninety-nine; aggregate present, 102. The strength of the Company present and absent is put down as 134.

As an additional testimony I quote from a sworn statement published in the *Raleigh Morning Post*, February 11, 1900, by Captain James D. Moore, cashier of the First National Bank, of Gastonia, N. C., who was a private in Company F, at Gettysburg, viz:

"I was present at the battle of Gettysburg, a private in R. M. Tuttle's Company (F), 26th Regiment. In the first day's battle we had eighty-seven men for duty; we lost every man, either killed or wounded, except one, Sergeant Robert Hudspeth. I was the eighty fifth man shot, wounded in the neck and left leg. Henry Coffey, sergeant, now living near Lenoir, was the eighty-sixth man shot. Our company joined the color company on the left, and being at the head of the company I joined the color guard and was by the colors during the fight. The entire color guard was killed or wounded, and a number of officers who picked up the colors and carried them forward were also killed or wounded. Among them the young and gallant Colonel Burgwyn. Lieutenant-Colonel Lane was severely wounded toward the close of the fight near the top of the hill. He also had the colors when he was shot. Of the two left of my company, Henry Coffey was wounded just after I fell, leaving only Sergeant Robert Hudspeth surviving unhurt out of our entire company. This Robert Hudspeth came to see me at the field hospital on the fourth of July, and he informed me that he had gotten some four or five men who were on detail as ambulance and pioneer corps on the first day, and were not in the fight on that day, and he took them into the fight the third day. On that day Tom Cozart, of Company F, carried the flag. Cozart fell (killed) with the colors just before reaching the stone fence. The others were killed or wounded, and that he, Hudspeth, was knocked down by the bursting of a shell."

The following are the names of the killed, mortally wounded and wounded in Company F, 26th Regiment, North Carolina Troops, Pettigrew's Brigade, at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1–3, 1863, as reported to the Richmond, Va., *Enquirer* or *Examiner*, soon after the battle, by the Captain R. M. Tuttle, as he lay wounded in the hospital in Richmond:

We went into the battle July 1, 1863, with eighty-eight rank and file and three commissioned officers—the captain and two lieutenants —ninety-one in all. Every man was either killed or wounded, viz:

KILLED ON THE FIELD.

Lieutenant John B. Holloway.

PIVATES.

Robert M. Braswell.
I. H. Coffey.
T. J. Cozart.
James Deal.
Jackson Gragg.
John C. Lewis.
Joseph Phillips, and
J. P. Shook.
W. L. Thompson.
Robert H. Carswell.
Cleveland Coffey, a twin.
Thomas Crump.
William Fleming.
Abram Hudson.
J. B. Littlejohn.
W. E. Phillips, twins.
John A. Taylor.
M. L. Townsell, a twin.—19.

MORTALLY WOUNDED—PRIVATES.

J. M. Clouts.
Thomas M. Coffey.
Rufus Ervine.
G. W. Holloway.
Joseph Setser.
Hosea Stallings.
J. G. Coffey, a twin.
W. S. Coffey.
H. H. Hays.
George Morgan.
W. E. Setser.
William Underdown.

WOUNDED—WOUNDS DESCRIBED.

Captain R. M. Tuttle, badly, right leg.
Lieutenant C. M. Sudderth, badly in hand.
Sergeant J. T. C. Hood, badly in thigh and foot.
Sergeant R. N. Hudspeth, by bursting of shell.
Sergeant H. C. Coffey, badly in wrist.
Corporal S. P. Philyaw, badly in thigh.
Corporal A. H. Courtney, leg broken (amputated).

PRIVATES.

Hezekia Annas, badly in thigh.
George Arney, leg broken.
S. P. Badger, badly in foot.
Joseph Baldwin, badly in thigh.
Zero Black, badly in hip.
W. W. Bean, badly in foot.
W. W. Bradford, slightly in arm.
Nathan Bradshaw, slightly in knee.
R. W. Braswell, slightly in breast.
John Bowman, slightly in thigh.
Redmond Church, badly in foot.
J. C. Clark, badly in arm.
William Clark, badly in foot, leg and shoulder.
A. J. Coffey, finger shot off.
H. C. Courtney, badly in thigh.
J. P. Coffey, by bursting shell.
S. W. Crisp, badly in thigh.
H. C. Crump, slightly in arm.
Nathaniel Culbreath, badly in side.
Thomas Curtis, badly in thigh.
William Curtis, arm amputated.
J. M. Holloway, badly in breast.
Paul Howell, badly in thigh.
Ambrose Hudson, by bursting shell.
A. M. Hudspeth, badly in face.
G. W. Hudspeth, badly in leg.
W. W. Kerby, slightly in shoulder.
John Kincaid, badly in shoulder.
Philip Sargent, badly in thigh.
Elkanah Mathis, slightly in arm.
James D. Moore, badly in thigh.
Noah Page, badly in thigh.
William R. Payne, slightly in body.
A. W. Perkins, slightly in side.
Gideon Philyaw, slightly in hip.
George Porch, slightly in thigh.
John Porch, badly in back.
Pinkey Powell, slightly in head.
M. M. Rader, badly in shoulder.

W. H. Rich, slightly in arm.
W. R. Rich, slightly in head.
T. W. Setser, badly in thigh.
William Stallings, leg broken.
John M. Sudderth, badly in thigh.
T. F. Sudderth, slightly in finger.
Benjamin Taylor, slightly in heel.
L. A. Thomas, badly in arm.
J. C. Thompson, badly in shoulder.
C. A. Tuttle, slightly in arm.
Richard Upchurch, slightly in hand.
J. W. Underdown, badly in thigh.
Joseph Winkler, badly in back.
Israel Zimmerman, badly in leg.—60.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed dead, - - -	19
Mortally wounded, - - -	12
Wounded, but recovered, - -	60
Total, - - -	91

(Signed) R. M. TUTTLE,
Captain Co. F, 26th Regt., N. C. Troops.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, May 28, 1899.]

GREAT BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

The Work of Mahone and Weisiger at the Fight.

By GEORGE S. BERNARD.

Reply to a Times Editorial Which Paid a Tribute to the Late General Weisiger—A Discussion of the Battle.

Editor of The Times:

Sir—In its editorial of Sunday, February 26, 1899, *The Times*, whilst paying a handsome tribute to the late General David A. Weisiger, makes some statements calculated to do great injustice to the memory of the late General William Mahone.

Referring to the battle of the Crater, in which both of these distinguished Confederate officers won fame, *The Times* said:

"The Virginia brigade and the Georgia brigade of Mahone's Division were brought during the morning from the far right to recapture the Confederate lines by assault. The Virginia brigade advancing in front, came up a covered way to within two hundred yards of the crater, and then debouched to the right and formed line of battle directly in front of the crater. General Mahone remained in the covered way directing the movement and he ordered Weisiger to hold his brigade after it was formed, until the Georgia brigade, following him, got formed on his right. After Weisiger's formation was complete and the Georgia formation was going on, Weisiger saw the Federal officers jumping out of their works and motioning their men to do the same and form. He saw it was only a question of a moment whether he should charge them or be charged by them in overwhelming numbers. Despatching a message to Mahone that he could wait no longer but must charge at once, he gave the command, led his men, and in a moment was hand to hand in a desperate encounter with the enemy. His triumph was complete, and with his 800 men he killed, wounded, and captured many thousands. Weisiger himself was shot through the body and being borne back to the covered way he found General Mahone still there. Mahone said to him: 'Weisiger, you and Joe Johnston are always getting yourselves shot.' In telling it Weisiger said he thought he was a dead man and was indifferent, therefore, about insubordination, and he replied: 'Yes, General Mahone, and if you would go where General Johnston and I go, you would get shot, too.' "

THE VIRGINIA BRIGADE.

The statements here made are in several particulars inaccurate.

The Virginia Brigade, after emerging from the covered way, did not form "directly in front of the crater," but with the right of its line of battle as it faced eastwardly towards the Confederate breastworks (then in the possession of the enemy), considerably—probably over a hundred yards—to the left and rear of the crater. General Mahone's purpose was to have the Georgia Brigade form on the right of the Virginia Brigade, and, as *The Times* correctly says, his order to General Weisiger was to hold his brigade until this formation, that is to say, the placing of the two brigades in continuous line of battle, should be completed. Had this plan been carried out,

the right of the Georgia Brigade would have been about "directly in front of," or to speak more accurately, directly in rear and west of the crater, and the first assault would probably have been more effective; but, made as the charge was, with the Virginia Brigade and only a part of the Georgia Brigade, together with some of Elliott's Brigade (which occupied the trenches immediately at, and on the right and left of, the crater at the time of the explosion), the assault, although brilliant, was not, in any sense, a complete triumph. Only the couple of hundred yards of the breastworks immediately to the north of the crater were recaptured. The crater itself was not, but was held by several hundred of the enemy for at least four hours longer, that is to say, until 1 o'clock P. M., when the final assault of the day, that made by the Alabama Brigade of Mahone's Division, supported by troops from General Bushrod Johnson's Division, resulted in its capture, and in the capture of the several hundred men then occupying it. This assault was made under the direction of General Mahone, after at least one unsuccessful assault by the Georgia Brigade, the assault of the Georgians being made about an hour after that of the Virginians.

To say that General Weisiger's "triumph was complete," and that "with his 800 men he killed, wounded and captured many thousands," and to make this statement without qualification, is to claim for the Virginia brigade and its commander, as their special work, what belongs to the whole of the Confederate forces engaged in the battle of the Crater.

In a congratulatory order issued by General Mahone to the Virginia, Alabama, and Georgia Brigades during the week following the engagement he stated that, with an effective force of less than 3,000 men and a casualty list of 598, they killed 700 of the enemy's people, wounded, by his own account, over 3,000, and captured 1,101 prisoners, embracing eighty-seven officers, seventeen stands of colors, two guerdons, and 1,916 stands of small arms, "deeds which," to use the language of the order, "entitle their banner to the inscription, 'The Crater,' Petersburg, July 30, 1864."

TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE.

Talk with the men of Elliott's Brigade, which, under the gallant Colonel F. W. McMaster, did no small amount of fighting on this famous day; talk with the men of Wise's Brigade, which held the Confederate lines next on the south of the crater; talk with the men

of Ransom's North Carolina Brigade, which occupied the lines next to Elliott's Brigade on the north of the crater; talk with Major David N. Walker, of your city, who commanded a battery on the south of the crater; talk with Captain W. Gordon McCabe, who as Adjutant of Pegram's Battalion of Light Artillery, posted immediately west of the crater, witnessed the charge of the Virginia Brigade; talk with Dr. Joseph W. Eggleston, of your city, who, as a member of Lamkin's Mortar Battery, fired many a shell into the Federal lines during the engagement; talk with many others of the surviving participants in the battle, and they will satisfy you that, so far from the success of the Confederate arms at the crater being the work of the Virginia Brigade alone, strictly speaking, it was not the sole work of the three brigades commanded by General Mahone, but the result of fighting wherein other infantry took part and the artillery was a potential factor.

But to what officer in particular does especial credit for this success belong? To General Weisiger, says *The Times*. These are not the words, but the substance of its editorial of February 26, 1899.

If General Weisiger, and not General Mahone, was entitled to the credit of recapturing the Confederates' works as claimed by *The Times*, it is manifest that both General A. P. Hill, to whose corps the division commanded by General Mahone belonged, and General R. E. Lee were laboring under a mistake, when, on the day of the battle, in their official reports, they referred to the retaking of the salient as the work of Mahone, the report of General Lee to the Secretary of War, published on page 818 of serial 82 of the *War Records*, being as follows:

"Headquarters near Petersburg,

"July 30, 1864, 6:30 P. M.

"Hon. James A. Seddon, Secretary of War:

"General A. P. Hill reports that General Mahone, in retaking the salient possessed by the enemy this morning, recovered the four guns with which it was armed, captured 12 stand of colors, seventy-four officers, including Brigadier-General Bartlett and staff, and 855 enlisted men. Upward of 500 of the enemy's dead are lying unburied in the trenches. His loss slight.

"R. E. Lee."

MEMORABLE SERVICE.

If it was General Weisiger, and not General Mahone, whose service on the 30th of July, 1864, was especially memorable, as one would infer from the editorial of *The Times* under consideration, President Davis was in error when, three days after the battle he promoted General Mahone to a major-generalship, and made his promotion date from the day of what Mr. Davis referred to as "his memorable service" in the following official communication to General Lee, published at page 1156, of serial 88 of the *War Records:*

"RICHMOND, August 2, 1864.

"General R. E. Lee, Petersburg, Va.:

"Have ordered the promotion of General Mahone to date from the day of his memorable service, 30th of July. Have directed the appointment, temporary, of Captain Girardey as recommended. Has your attention been called to Colonel Dunavant or DeSaussure, temporarily to supply the place of General Elliott? I have enquired as to the position of Colonel Butler, and whether he can be detached.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

If the work of the Virginia Brigade under General Weisiger was a complete triumph, and General Mahone's work was as nothing, as one would suppose from a perusual of *The Times'* editorial, General Bushrod Johnson, whose lines had been broken, was under a false impression as to the true state of things, when in his official report made August 20, 1864, and published at page 787, of serial 80 of the *War Record*, he said:

"To the able commander and gallant officers and men of Mahone's Division, to whom we are mainly indebted for the restoration of our lines, I offer my acknowledgements for their great service."

If *The Times* is right in giving to Weisiger, and not to Mahone, the credit of what was done by the Virginia Brigade in the battle of the Crater, there are many men in the brigade who participated in the engagement, who, for nearly thirty-five years have been greatly mistaken in their impressions of it.

GENERAL WEISIGER'S BELIEF.

That General Weisiger, who gallantly commanded his men in this as in many other previous and subsequent engagements, believed

that he gave the order to charge at the opportune moment cannot be doubted. The writer of this communication distinctly remembers hearing him in the summer of 1865 give the same account of his part in the action that he gave in 1872 in a letter to General Mahone. But it must be borne in mind that other participants have made statements tending to show that General Weisiger was mistaken, however strong was his belief that his order, and not an order coming directly from General Mahone or indirectly from him through his staff officer, Captain Girardey, put in motion the Virginia Brigade when it made its charge. The conflict in the statements touching the point of controversy leaves the contemporaneous official records, from which quotations have been made, as our proper and only safe guide in determining what occured; from which records there is but one inference to be drawn, and that is, that, whatever the actual facts were, General A. P. Hill, General Robert E. Lee, and President Davis, who may properly be assumed to have voiced the current sentiment of the army and people of the Confederacy on the subject, which was the talk of the day, and was everywhere discussed were of opinion that the honors of the battle belonged to General Mahone.

Now for another feature of *The Times* editorial, its imputation, a very unjust one, that General Mahone was in the covered way, in a place of safety, all of the time that General Weisiger was with the troops, in the firing line, at the breastworks. This charge was made, for the first time in 1880, some sixteen years after the battle. Upon its appearance in print a committee of four of the best soldiers in the Virginia Brigade took the matter in hand, and a few weeks later published the statements of a number of trustworthy participants, which made it clear beyond controversy that, so far from it being true, as charged, that General Mahone remained in the covered way from the time General Weisiger moved forward with his brigade to the time when, after having been wounded, he met and talked with him (Mahone) on his way from the field, it is, on the contrary, true, that within a few minutes after General Weisiger and his men reached the breastworks General Mahone was there with them and among them.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR'S STATEMENT.

Captain W. A. S. Taylor, the adjutant of 61st Virginia Regiment, in his statement, said:

"Arriving at the works, the command delivered its fire and finished the work assigned it with the bayonet. In a very few minutes thereafter General Mahone was at that portion of the works occupied by the 61st Virginia, and I heard him remark, "That the work is not over, and that we must retake the balance of the line.' "

Mr. T. H. Hines, of Company B, 16th Virginia Regiment, in his statement, said:

"Seeing a communication in print from General Weisiger, claiming the honor of having led Mahone's Old Brigade at the battle of the Crater, and also stating or intimating that General Mahone was not present until after the fight was over. I beg leave to state that as a member of Company B, 16th Virginia Infantry, I was in that charge and in the fight. My brother, J. C. Hines, was near me and was wounded, having his right arm shattered by a bullet while in the works about half an hour after we reached the breastworks. General Mahone was near us in the works immediately in the fight; and when my brother was wounded, spoke to him and asked if he was much hurt; then directed him the way to get out and where he could find a surgeon: at the same time directed me to go with him and take care of him. My brother and I both are willing to make oath to this statement."

Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. H. Stewart, of the 61st Virginia, who commanded the regiment in the battle, in his statement furnished in a letter to General Mahone, said:

"I was under the impression that it (the order to charge) came from you. As my attention was to the front, and you were on the right, I did not see you again until we had gained the outer breastworks. I then met you, and begged you not to expose yourself. The crater was then held by General Bartlett."

YELLED FORWARD!

Mr. William W. Caldwell, of Company C, 12th Virginia Regiment, a member of the battalion of sharp-shooters, which command charged with the brigade on the extreme left of the line, in his statement; sad:

"I had not lost sight of him (Mahone) five minutes when the enemy began forming outside the captured portion in our front. * * * * At that moment one of the men in the 12th jumped up and fired his rifle and yelled, 'Forward.' That was the first sound I

heard and we all jumped up and moved right at them. Then Weisiger called out to us, 'Don't fire.' * * * We were advancing when he said this, and I am positive Weisiger did not give the command 'Forward.'

"In the movement from where we laid down to the works which we captured, I did not see General Mahone, but in less than five minutes after we were in the works he was in our midst, encouraging the men in the thickest of the fire. He joined us from the direction of the left."

Colonel George T. Rogers, of the 6th Virginia Regiment, upon whom devolved the command of the brigade when General Weisiger, after being wounded, retired from the field, in his statement, said:

"We captured the line equal to our front, but could not cover the crater; and upon the instant almost of reaching the entrenchments Colonel Weisiger called to me that he was, he thought, mortally wounded, and turning over to me the command of the brigade, retired with assistance from the field before Colonel Rogers saw General Mahone in the trenches, and that General Weisiger was but a short time in command on the forming line. Let us here settle any question that may arise by the statements of General Weisiger and Judge Drury A. Hinton, his aide-de-camp, who was with General Weisiger in the charge, and at the breastworks, and who bore him from the field.

From the statement of Colonel Rogers, which fixes General Mahone as at the works before the Georgia Brigade charged, it would appear that General Weisiger was wounded and retired from the field. The brigade for the moment was in great confusion; our loss in the charge had been very heavy; the work of death was yet rife in the trenches, and our men were suffering terribly from an enfilade fire, poured from the crater proper that projected far into the rear of our line, as well as from the fire of the main line of battle of the enemy.

"Then it was," continues Colonel Rogers, "I met General Mahone in the trenches, and received from him timely instructions for the disposition of the men and orders to hold the position at any hazard and under any loss, until he could bring another brigade to our relief. A few minutes after the Georgia Brigade was brought to the charge, but, obliqueing too far to the left, failed to cover the crater and the line to the right.".

COULDN'T COVER THE CRATER.

General Weisiger, in his letter of 1872, to General Mahone, said:

"Perceiving the rapidity with which the enemy were forming, and the immediate danger of being overrun before the Georgians could arrive on the field, he (Girardey), expressed his assent to my views. I thereupon requested him to state my reasons for so doing, and immediately charged with my brigade, which, in gallant style, carried the works as far as my line would cover, which was to an angle nearly in rear of the 'mine,' capturing several hundred prisoners and eleven stands of colors, with a loss to my command in killed and wounded of 283 officers and men."

"Soon after," continues General Weisiger, "the Georgians were sent in, and later in the day, after I had been compelled to leave the field, the Alabama Brigade, under General Saunders, was sent in, and the remaining portion of our works held by the enemy, captured."

In his letter of 1876, to Captain W. Gordon McCabe, General Weisiger said:

"A short time after reaching the works I was wounded, and left the field with Captain Hinton, my aid. In coming out I found Mahone at the same point at which I had left him, in the 'covered way.' I reported to him that I had been wounded, and had turned the command over to Colonel Rogers, of the 6th Virginia Regiment. All of the fighting was over on my immediate front before I left."

From these statements of General Weisiger we must understand that the Georgia Brigade had made its unsuccessful charges before he left the breastworks, and that the fighting, except that done when the Alabama Brigade was sent in, was all over.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, June 4, 1899.]

Editor of The Times:

Sir—In last Sunday's *Times* in the first part of my article on the Battle of the Crater, the statement of Colonel Rogers was disarranged through fault of the type, and it should have read as follows:

Colonel George T. Rogers, of the 6th Virginia Regiment, upon whom devolved the command of the brigade when General Weisiger, after being wounded, retired from the field, in his statement, said:

"We captured the line equal to our front, but could not cover the crater; and upon the instant almost of reaching the entrenchments Colonel Weisiger called to me that he was, he thought, mortally wounded, and turning over to me the command of the brigade, retired with assistance from the field. The brigade for the moment was in great confusion; our loss in the charge had been very heavy; the work of death was yet rife in the trenches, and our men were suffering terribly from an enfilade fire, poured from the crater proper that projected far into the rear of our line, as well as from the fire of the main line of battle of the enemy."

"Then it was," continues Colonel Rogers, "I met General Mahone in the trenches, and received from him timely instructions for the disposition of the men and orders to hold the position, at any hazard and under any loss, until he could bring another brigade to our relief. A few minutes after the Georgia Brigade was brought to the charge, but, obliqueing too far to the left, failed to cover the crater and the line to the right."

From the statement of Colonel Rogers, which fixes General Mahone as at the works before the Georgia Brigade charged, it would appear that General Weisiger was wounded and retired from the field before Colonel Rogers saw General Mahone in the trenches, and that General Weisiger was but a short time in command on the forming line. Let us here settle any question that may arise by the statements of General Weisiger and Judge Drury A. Hinton, his aide-de-camp, who was with General Weisiger in the charge, and at the breastworks, and who bore him from the field.

After this adjustment of the error, the article is herewith concluded from last Sunday:

JUDGE HINTON'S VIEW.

Let us now see what Judge Hinton said in an account of the battle given by him in 1892. The statement of this staff-officer of General Weisiger is of especial importance in this, that, whilst it corroborates in some particulars the statement of General Weisiger as to what Weisiger said to Captain Girardey and Girardey said to Weisiger, it establishes the following facts: (1st) that Weisiger did not leave Mahone in the covered way when the brigade started on its charge; (2d) that Weisiger and Hinton on their return from the breastworks met Mahone, not in or at the covered way, but at "the mortar under a little arbor about twenty steps to the left of our line,"

some distance southwardly from the traverse at the end of covered way; (3d) that it was at this little arbor that he stood when, upon being informed by Hinton that Weisiger was ready to charge, he said: "Tell Colonel Weisiger to wait for an order from me or Captain Girardey;" and (4th) that General Weisiger was not wounded immediately upon reaching the breastworks, but between 11 and 12 o'clock A. M.—after the Georgia Brigade had made two unsuccessful charges, and upwards of two hours after the Virginia Brigade made its charge.

The statement of Judge Hinton is as follows:

"At the end of the covered way along which we passed to this ravine, and at the point at which it intersects with the ravine, was General Mahone, standing by a traverse, to which a horse was tied. Here he directed Colonel Weisiger, who was leading the brigade, to move up the ravine and prepare to charge. Colonel Weisiger promptly did as directed, and placed his brigade along the slope of the hill with his left resting some distance from the traverse referred to.

TO FIX BAYONETS.

"Colonel Weisiger, being now on the right of the line of battle, directed me to order the men to fix bayonets and lie down, and then to inform General Mahone that he was ready to charge. I did as directed, going along down the line and repeating the order to the regimental commanders, and adding that the men had better reserve their fire until they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes. When I reached General Mahone he had moved southwardly from the traverse, and was standing by a mortar under a little arbor about thirty steps from the left of our line. General Mahone, receiving Colonel Weisiger's message, said: 'Tell Colonel Weisiger to wait for an order from me or Captain Girardey'—which I understood to mean an order from himself in person or delivered through Girardey.

"Soon after I reached the right of the line and delivered General Mahone's response, Captain Girardey came to where Colonel Weisiger and myself were standing. Just at this moment a magnificent looking Federal officer stepped out from our works, and, as we could perceive by his gesticulations, was calling upon his men to form line preparatory to a charge. The call was indifferently obeyed. Here and there a man would jump out from the works, but the great mass of the men in the trenches failed to respond. At this juncture Colonel Weisiger said to Girardey, 'Captain, had I not better go in

now?' 'No,' said Girardey, 'General Mahone desires to annex Wright's Brigade on to you and send you in together.' A few moments later, however, Captain Girardey authorized him to charge. Colonel Weisiger then gave the word 'Forward!' which was immediately communicated along down the line, and with one impulse, as it seemed to me, the whole brigade sprang forward and rushed up the hill, making the most brilliant and orderly charge I ever had the opportunity to witness.

GENERAL WEISIGER WOUNDED.

"Arrived at the works, General Weisiger remained in command of the brigade until two unsuccessful charges had been made by Wright's brigade, when he was wounded. I assisted him from the field between 11 and 12 o'clock, and on reaching the before-mentioned arbor, where was the mortar referred to, we met General Mahone, who, I am satisfied from the several statements of participants in the action—had previously been in the breast-works with the men.

"Colonel Weisiger here informed General Mahone that he had been wounded and had turned over the command of the brigade to Colonel Rogers."

General Weisiger, in a statement published in 1880, after the committee had published the several statements from communication, said:

"I repeat that General Mahone was not in the line of battle from its formation to the time the charge was made; nor was he in the captured works until after I had been wounded and retired. He has not to my knowledge claimed it for himself; it has only been done by his friend."

If General Weisiger was right in this statement, Major Richard W. Jones, of the 12th Virginia Regiment, who commanded the regiment in the action, was in error when in a letter to General Mahone written in 1877 he said:

"On getting my regiment in position in the ravine your courier delivered me a message to report to you at the right of the brigade. I went immediately, walking in front of the brigade, and found all the other regimental commanders before you when I arrived. At that moment you gave an order to have the Georgia Brigade moved rapidly to its position on the right of the Virginia Brigade, and then

turning to the officers you delivered a stirring address to this effect: (Here follows what Major Jones says General Mahone said.) "I do not profess to give your words, but your address and orders were given with such peculiar emphasis and under such impressive circumstances that the sentiments were indelibly inscribed on my mind. The whole management, the promptness, the vigor, the movements of our troops, impressed me as being more like the impetuous charges of the 'Old Guard' of Napoleon than any battle I ever saw. It was certainly the quickest, most splendid and most complete of all of the actions made by troops with whom I had the honor to serve. You seemed that day to be ubiquitous, superintending almost every detail in person."

A QUESTION OF ACCURACY.

If General Weisiger was right, Mr. W. W. Caldwell was mistaken when in his statement he said, "Mahone accompanied us out of the covered way, at the head of the column, almost by my side, to our new position; and so was Colonel Stewart when in his statement he said: "As soon as the column halted on the ground from which the charge was to be made you came from the head of the column, directed me to have every man in line, and cautioned me to see that no one was left skulking in the covered way;" and so was Courier Jas. H. Blakemore, "well known in the Army of Northern Virginia as one of the most gallant lads in the service," to quote Captain W. Gordon McCabe's words describing him, when, in his statement made in 1880, after having stated that the Virginia Brigade was formed by Captain Girardey under the direction of General Mahone along the line as decided by General Mahone and "was kept at its post with bayonets fixed and ready to charge," he said, "at this moment I could not have been more than two feet from General Mahone, who was standing a short distance from and a little distance in advance of the line of our formation, and who was then awaiting the movements of the Georgia Brigade, emerging from the covered way;" and so was Captain Thomas P. Pollard, of Company B, of the 12th Virginia, when in his statement made in 1880, referring to the time at which the brigade fixed bayonets and lay down to await orders, he said: "At that time, if my memory serves me right, I saw General Mahone in our immediate rear and close enough to give any command that might have been necessary;" and so was Lieutenan John E. Laughton, Jr., of Company D, 12th Virginia, who com-

manded a company of the battalion of sharp-shooters on the extreme right of the line, when in a statement made in 1876 he said: "Having seen General Mahone superintending the formation of the line my impression was that the order from Captain Girardey to forward came direct from General Mahone;" and so too was Orderly Sergeant Thomas E. Richardson, of Company K, 12th Virginia, when in a statement made in 1876 he said: "When the enemy came out of their works I was in twenty feet of General Mahone. He and Major Girardey were talking. When the move on the part of the enemy commenced, Major Girardey left General Mahone and ran to the front, giving the command, 'Forward men.'"

OTHER STATEMENTS.

Were all of these men at fault in their recollections as to the presence of General Mahone in the line of battle when it was formed on the slope of the hill on the east side of the ravine ready to charge? The statements of other participants might be produced to show the presence of General Mahone in the line of battle at this time, but the foregoing are sufficient, especially when it is remembered that General Weisiger's position about the right of his line of some 800 men, standing or lying down in two ranks, made it impossible for him to see that General Mahone was not in some other part of this line, some two hundred or more yards long.

Were all of those who state that they saw General Mahone in the breastworks within a short time after the charge of the Virginia Brigade, and before the Georgia Brigade made any assault, under a delusion as to this? General Weisiger, in that network of traverses and ditches, where the range of vision was very limited, could not have seen and known that any particular person was not also present. A score of reputable participants in the action could doubtless be produced who will testify that they did not first see General Weisiger at the breastworks, and their testimony would furnish just as much evidence upon which to base a statement that he was not there at all as there is to support the statement that Mahone was not there whilst Weisiger was, but was in the covered way during all of this time.

As you will note, the several statements from which extracts have been made are those of other participants than General Mahone. In 1880, when General Weisiger said that he (Mahone) had not to his knowledge claimed for himself that he (Mahone) was in the line

of battle at any time from its formation to the time the charge was made, and was not in the captured works until after he (Weisiger) had been wounded, and that this claim was only set up by General Mahone's friends, General Mahone had not made a statement setting out in detail his personal movements on the morning of the battle, but in 1892 he made a statement of this character, which was published and from which the following extracts are taken:

MANY FEDERAL FLAGS.

"Arrived at the mouth or terminus of the first mentioned ravine or gulch, the lieutenant, pointing across to the slope of the hill on the east side of this branch, a few yards away, said to me: 'If you will go up that slope there, you can see the Yankees.' Moving quickly to this slope, I found myself in full view of the portion of the salient which had been blown up, and of that part of the works to the north of the salient, and saw that they were crammed with Federal soldiers and thickly studded with Federal flags.

"For the moment I could scarcely take in the reality, and the very danger to which I was at the time exposed came to my relief and bade me stand still, as the surest course of personal safety—I did not think they would be so likely to fire upon a single man—and so I stood where I could keep one eye on the adversary whilst I directed my own command, which every moment was in fearful peril if the enemy should advance whilst the two brigades were moving, and the larger part of them were still in the covered way.

"A moment's survey of the situation impressed me with the belief, so crowded were the enemy and his flags—eleven flags in less than one hundred yards—that he was greatly disordered but present in large force. At once I sent back to my line in the trenches, full two miles away, for the Alabama Brigade to be brought me quickly by the route by which the two brigades had come, then indicating to Captain Girardey the ground on which I desired the Virginia Brigade formed facing the retrenched cavalier of the salient.

"Occupying the position heretofore described, and from which, as heretofore stated, I was able to command a full view of that portion of the works occupied by the enemy, and at the same time to intimately direct the movement of my own command, I spoke words of encouragement and duty to the men as they filed by on their way to the position which had been indicated to Captain Girardey for them to take for the attack.

"The Virginia Brigade being now in position, and the head of the Georgia Brigade having now left the mouth of the covered way and filing up the depression to take its place on the right of the Virginia Brigade, the left of the Virginia Brigade being not more than eighty feet from where I stood and Girardey about midway, Girardey sang out, 'General, they are coming!' whereupon, turning my head to the left—at the moment I was instructing the Georgia Brigade as it was filing along up the depression—I saw the Federals jumping out of the Confederate breastworks and coming forward in a desultory line, as if to charge us, and in a tone of voice so raised that the whole of the Virginia Brigade might hear me, I said to Girardey, 'Tell Weisiger to forward.' Captain Girardey, like the brilliant officer he was—never failing to do precisely the right thing at the right time—rushed with uplifted sword to the front of the brigade himself, repeated the command 'Forward' and led the brigade which, as if on dress parade, and with the steadiness and resolution of regulars—and regulars they were in every sense that makes the soldier effective—moved forward to meet the advancing enemy.

* * * * * * *

"The Virginia Brigade having made its charge, I put the Georgia Brigade in position to meet any possible reverse to which the Virginia Brigade might be subjected, and then hurried across the field to the works the Virginia Brigade then occupied, and, after making a thorough examination of the situation, so disposed the same as to increase the ability of the brigade to hold the works retaken, at the same time causing sharpshooters to be so posted as to make death the penalty to those of the enemy who were attempting to escape and get back to their lines. It was whilst here that I remember young Butts, of your company, being killed in my immediate presence. He had just cautioned me, whilst I was looking through an opening in the works, not to expose myself. I told him I would look after that, and almost immediately afterwards he received a bullet in his head, which killed him instantly, and he fell on the floor of the trench at my feet.

"I hurried back to the Georgia Brigade and explained to the men and officers the situation of affairs, and how they must make the move to retake that part of our main line still occupied by the enemy to the left of the traverse. They moved forward for the charge, but, unfortunately, obliqued too far to the left and came in behind the Virginia Brigade. The terrific fire of the enemy to which this brigade

was subjected while passing over the intervening ground caused it to slide in this way to the north and fail of the object its charge was designed to accomplish."

ORDERS TO FORWARD.

When General Mahone heard Girardey sing out, "General, they are coming," and, turning towards the breastworks, saw the Federals jumping out of them and coming forward in a desultory line, indicating their purpose to charge—which movement on the part of the enemy had been already seen by Girardey, Weisiger, Hinton and numbers of men in the brigade—he cried out to Girardey, who stood between him and the left of the brigade, "Tell Weisiger to forward." At that time, it is more than probable that Girardey, exercising the authority which Mahone intended him (Girardey) to exercise when he sent to Weisiger by Hinton the messsage, "Tell Colonel Weisiger to wait for an order from me or Captain Girardey," had authorized Weisiger to move forward as suggested by Weisiger, and that the right of the brigade line of battle had actually begun its forward movement. Orderly-Sergeant J. Edward Whitehorne, of Company F, 12th Virginia Regiment, whose company was on the extreme left of this line of battle, in a statement made in 1892, said:

"We lay in the position above described (on the slope of the hill) for a few minutes, when a tremendous cheer from the right greeted our ears. Looking up the line I saw that the right of the column had begun to charge. Instantly we sprang to our feet and moved forward at a double-quick."

The charge of the Virginia Brigade having been made, Mahone tells with clearness what his subsequent movements were, and no one after reading his statement and those of the officers and men who saw him in the trenches can doubt their correctness and the incorrectness of any statement which declares that he was not in the line of battle at any time during its formation, but was in the covered way all of the time that it was being formed and all of the time that General Weisiger was with the troops.

This communication, Mr. Editor, is considerably longer than was anticipated, but can not be concluded without reference to the words said to have been exchanged between Generals Weisiger and Mahone, when Mahone said to Weisiger, "Weisiger, you and Joe Johnston are always getting yourselves shot." There must be some mistake as to General Weisiger's reply.

Weisiger was not, in point of fact, "shot through the body," but was only slightly injured, so slightly, as indeed, as not to be prevented from commanding his brigade on the 19th of August, 1864, when Mahone took this and two other brigades in rear of Warren's line of battle about the Weldon railroad, and both Mahone and Weisiger distinguished themselves, each doing his work with efficiency. We will assume, however, that General Weisiger supposed himself mortally wounded. It is not natural for an officer who believes that he has just received a mortal wound, in response to a complimentary salute from his superior officer, such as that implied in these words, kindly spoken, "Weisiger, you and Joe Johnston are always getting yourselves shot," to avail himself of the opportunity to make a fling like that which Wesiger is said to have made to and at Mahone; and those who knew the two men well are unwilling to believe that Weisiger, whatever he said, intended to cast any imputation upon Mahone's courage. If General Weisiger considered General Mahone wanting in courage, it may be safely affirmed that he stood alone of all of the men who served under General Mahone in any capacity in holding this opinion. As above suggested, there must be some mistake about this matter. General Weisiger, as did all of his men who on many occasions had seen both officers in places where there was every opportunity to watch and measure them, knew that General Mahone's courage was as true as his own. That of neither ever had been, or could be questioned. If you doubt this, consult the officers and men of the old brigade, whenever and wherever you find them, and you will soon become satisfied how unjust is any statement that makes a different impression.

This communication, Mr. Editor, is sent to you for publication, with the belief that *The Times* would not knowingly make an erroneous impressiou prejudicial to any one, but will take pleasure in publishing anything that may aid in removing any such impression, or tend to throw light upon a question of history.

[From the Atlanta, Georgia, *Constitution*, July 31, Aug. 15, 1900.]

THE CONFEDERATE STATES ORGANIZED ARIZONA IN 1862.

By JUDGE ROBERT L. RODGERS.

The recent actions of the political conventions of the Republicans and Democrats, in Philadelphia and Kansas City, appear to make it opportune and appropriate for some notice of a few points of history, and to observe the prospects of the future.

In the platforms of both parties there is one item, or matter, to which I desire to refer, and to direct attention. It is the item of making new States of the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma. The Republicans in their platform say: "We favor home rule for and the early admission to Statehood of the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma."

The Democrats in their platform say: "We denounce the failure of the Republican party to carry out its pledges to grant Statehood to the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, and we promise the people of those Territories immediate Statehood and home rule during their condition as territories, and we favor home rule and a territorial form of government for Alaska and Porto Rico."

From these quotations from the two platforms, it seems that in the success of either party the result must be that the Territories shall be admitted as States of the United States.

SOME POINTS OF HISTORY.

My purpose is now to recite a few facts of history concerning the Territory of Arizona. This Territory is a part of the great Mexican purchase by the United States from Mexico, through the treaty of Guadaloupe-Hidalgo, of the United States with Mexico in 1848, growing out of the Mexican war, and five years later by the Gadsden purchase. By these two acquisitions of territory, the United States made a great expansion. By the treaty the United States acquired 522,568 square miles, or 334,443,520 acres of new territory, and by the Gadsden purchase the United States received other new territory of 45,535 square miles, or an area of 29,142,400 acres.

This acquired territory has since been divided into several States and Territories, to-wit: California, Nevada, Utah and New Mexico, was subsequently divided, and by this subsequent partition comes the interesting history of the Territory of Arizona.

A CONFEDERATE TERRITORY.

A Territory named Arizona was first laid out and organized by the Confederate States of America. On the 1st of March, 1861, the Territory was taken in charge by Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Baylor, who was in command of the Confederate Army force in the Territory, and possession was held on behalf of the Confederate States of America. The new Territory was to be included "in all that portion of New Mexico lying south of the 34th parallel of north latitude," and a proclamation was issued, "declaring said Territory temporarily organized as a military government until such time as Congress might otherwise provide." Officers were appointed for the government of the Territory. In the next year, 1862, the Congress of the Confederate States passed "an act to organize the Territory of Arizona." The first section of the act prescribed as follows:

"The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact, That all that part of the present Territory of New Mexico, included within the following limits, to-wit: Beginning on the Colorado river at the parallel of north latitude 34 degrees, thence with said parallel to the eastern boundary of New Mexico; thence with said boundary until it intersects the line of Texas, and thence with said line to the Rio Grande, and so on to the line of Mexico, on said river, as fixed by the treaty of 1854; thence with the boundary line established by said treaty between the late United States and Mexico to the Colorado river, thence up the Colorado river to the place of beginning, be, and the same is hereby created into a temporary government, by the name of the Territory of Arizona; and nothing in this act shall be so construed as to inhibit the government of the Confederate States from dividing said Territory into two or more Territories as Congress shall deem convenient and proper, or from attaching any portion of said Territory to any other State or Territory of the Confederate States, and the institution of slavery in said Territory shall receive all necessary protection, both from the Territorial Legislature and the Congress of the Confederate States; provided, also, that nothing in this act contained shall be construed to impair the rights of persons or property now pertaining to the Pimos and Maricopas Indians

on the Gila river, or the right or claim of the Confederate States to the remainder of the Territory of New Mexico, or to any other Territory north of the line of 34 degrees of north latitude."

The second section provides for the executive power and authority to be vested in a governor, and prescribes his term of office to be six years, and his official duties.

The various other sections of the act provide for other officers and their duties, and for representatives in the Legislature, and delegates to the Confederate Congress, and for the general regulations for the government of the Territory. The act is too lengthy to copy here, and it is not necessary to do so.

I have an official copy of the act taken from Confederate records in the city of Washington in the Department of the Interior.

The last section (17) recites: "That the provisions of this act be and are hereby suspended until the President of the Confederate States shall issue his proclamation, declaring this act to be in full force and operative and shall proceed to appoint the officers herein provided to be appointed in and for said Territory."

The act was approved by the President, Jefferson Davis, on January 18, 1862. Accordingly, President Jefferson Davis, published his official proclamation, in pursuance of the said act, as follows:

Organization of the Territory of Arizona. Proclamation of the President of the Confederate States of America—Whereas, an act of the Congress of the Confederate States of America, entitled, "An act to organize the Territory of Arizona," was approved by me on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1862;

And, Whereas, It is therein declared that the provisions of the act are suspended until the President of the Confederate States shall issue his proclamation declaring the act to be in full force and operation, and shall proceed to appoint the officers therein provided to be appointed in and for said Territory:

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this, my proclamation, declaring said "Act to organize the Territory of Arizona" to be in full force and operation, and that I have proceeded to appoint the officers therein provided to be appointed in and for said Territory.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Confederate States of America, at Richmond, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1862.

By the President: (Seal.) JEFFERSON DAVIS.

R. M. T. HUNTER, Secretary of War.

So much now for the facts of the Territory of Arizona, as to being created and organized by and under the government of the Confederate States of America. In the next year, 1863, on the 24th day of February, it appears that the Congress of the United States, in session in Washington city, followed the Congress of the Confederate States and passed "an act to establish and organize the Territory of Arizona," formerly a part of the Territory of New Mexico. The name, as will be observed, is the same as that of the Confederate Territory. See the United States Statutes-at-Large, volume twelve, page 664, or Revised Statutes of the United States, edition of 1878, page 335. It appears in the above cited act of February 24, 1863, that the United States made the Territory of Arizona of the western portion of New Mexico, by including all that part "situated west of a line running due south from the point where the southwest corner of the Territory of Colorado joins the northern boundary of the Territory of New Mexico, to the southern boundary line of said Territory of New Mexico, and the same is hereby erected into a temporary government by the name of the Territory of Arizona; provided, that nothing contained in the provisions of this act shall be construed to prohibit the Congress of the United States from dividing said Territory or changing its boundaries in such manner and at such time as it may deem proper; provided, further, that said government shall be maintained and continued until such time as the people residing in said Territory shall, with the consent of Congress, form a State government, republican in form, as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States, and apply for and obtain admission into the union as a State on an equal footing with the original States."

The second section of the act provides for appointment of officers and prescribes duties as conferred by the act organizing the Territorial government of New Mexico.

The third section provides "that there shall neither be slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the parties shall have been duly convicted, and all acts and parts of acts, either of Congress or of the Territory of New Mexico, establishing, regulating, or in any way recognizing the relation of master and slave in said Territory are hereby repealed." Approved February 24, 1863.

It will be observed that there were then two Territories by the name of Arizona during the period of the Civil War, the Confederate

Arizona being in the eastern part or division of New Mexico, and the United States Arizona being the western part of New Mexico. The Arizona of the Confederate States was the first organized by that name. Of course, it ceased to exist as an organized Territorial Government when the Confederacy went out of existence as a government. It is of some interest to notice the special features of these two Territorial Governments with reference to slavery.

The old citizens of the United States will recall to memory the great agitation of long time ago about the matter of slavery in the Territories. These acts of the Confederate States and of the United States may be of some interest to students of history, who may desire to learn of the agitations of the old times.

It will be noticed that both the acts which created the two Arizonas recite that they were to be temporary. When did the United States since then enact that the Territory should be a permanent Territorial Government? True, the act says it shall be continued until the people residing therein, with consent of Congress, form a State Government. Have ever the people or Congress moved in it?

In this connection I may mention the fact that the various school histories now in use in our schools and colleges do not give any notice or information at all about the facts of the organization of a Territory of Arizona by the Confederate States of America, and yet the fact is as true as any other established act or fact concerning the Confederacy, and it is as much a part of the history of the Confederacy and of the times of the Civil War as any other item of history. The omission of such a fact of our history of the Confederacy shows the defective system of our modern school histories, and it may also show the positive prejudice or the inexcusable ignorance, or the "cussed" carelessness of the so-called authors or scribblers of history. The real truth of history should be given of every important event.

As the political parties are now on record favoring expansion and admission of new States, let them also tell the truth of history and let them demand that the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth shall be given to the children in our schools. Teach them in only true facts.

Editor Constitution:

Will you kindly permit me to make a supplementary statement about the Territory of Arizona, in connection with my article which you published in your paper on the 31st of July, with regard to the

first organization of the Territory of Arizona, by the Confederate States? I did not state it definitely, and it may not appear quite clearly from my article as it was published, that the Confederate States Territory of Arizona, as defined and laid out by the act of the Confederate States Congress, in Feb., 1862, embraced or included the whole of the old-time, ante-bellum territory of New Mexico, to the Colorado river, as the west boundary line, excepting a little point or area in the northwest corner of the old-time New Mexico, north of the Colorado river. An inspection of an old map, and of the limits or lines as defined by the act of the Confederate States Congress in 1862, will make it very plain to any reader or student who may wish or care to verify this statement. Then the act of the United States Congress of February 24, 1863, created or defined the lines of the present Territory of Arizona, which overlaid or covered the western portion of the Confederate States Territory of Arizona, which was the old-time Territory of New Mexico. The new Territory of Arizona includes that point or area in the northwestern corner that lies north of the Colorado river, that was not in the Confederate States Arizona. If the Confederate States had been successfully and permanently established, then there would not have been any more of the Territory of New Mexico but that little corner above the Colorado river, and the present Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, together, excepting that corner, would be the Confederate States Arizona, as organized first by the Confederate States in 1862.

So it may be observed that whenever the present Territories of New Mexico and Arizona shall be admitted into the union of States, "on an equal footing with the original States," they will comprise that area which was once the Territory of Arizona, as it was first organized by that name, by the Confederate States of America, excepting the little northwest corner as stated. As a matter of fact in history, this may be of some interest, and may be worthy of note for future reference.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT L. RODGERS.

Atlanta, Ga., August 6, 1900.

THE NATAL DAY

OF

GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE

Appropriately Observed Throughout the South, Jan. 19, 1901.

The Exercises at New Orleans, La., Under the Auspices of the Local Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Peculiarly Impressive.

The Poem of Mrs. MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND a Stirring Requiem.

The Chaste and Appealing Address of the Venerable Soldier of the Cross, B. M. PALMER, D. D., a Gem of Eloquence.

The annual celebration of the anniversary of the birth of General Robert Edward Lee was duly observed throughout the South.

In every city, village and hamlet there were appropriate exercises with a cessation of secular effort.

The exercises at New Orleans, Louisiana, under the auspices of the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, were fully reported in the *Picayune*, of January 20, 1901.

What these faithful and reverential sisters in the South have done; are doing, untiringly; nobly merits emulation.

In some features was the sentiment of the South so justly and touchingly symbolized—that we embody them in the pages of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*.

The inspiriting poem of Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend will meet universal applause, and the felicitous address of the venerable and revered soldier of the Cross, Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D.—a beacon of the trying days in which he was, himself, an incentive and a potent force—will be accepted as a truthful characterization, and both will be welcomed as meriting in an eminent degree, preservation, and embalmment in our national literature.—EDITOR.

The birthday of Robert E. Lee, the immortal leader of the Confederacy, was celebrated yesterday by the Daughters of the Confederacy in a simple yet beautiful and patriotic manner. The 19th of January is the day on which the New Orleans Chapter of the Daugh-

ters of the Confederacy was organized. The day is fixed by the constitution of the Chapter as that of the annual meeting. This year, in view of the recent terrible onslaughts made upon the memory of Robert E. Lee by a few of the northern press, and the remarks that he, the purest and the noblest of the great patriots of America, was a traitor to his country and unworthy of a place in the Hall of Fame, aroused the just indignation of the women of the South, and the Daughters of the Confederacy, sworn to perpetuate and guard the truth and beauty of Southern patriotism and the memory of the Southern heroes, could not allow such an aspersion to pass unnoticed. They therefore resolved to make this anniversary of the birth of General Lee the occasion of a public protest to the insult offered to his memory. Dr. Palmer, the beloved patriot and noted divine, and Judge Charles E. Fenner were therefore both invited to be present at the annual meeting of the Association and deliver a tribute to Robt. E. Lee. Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, one of the South's most gifted writers, was requested to write a poem especially for the occasion; a selection from Father Ryan's beautiful Southern songs, "The Sword of Robert Lee," was placed among the numbers on the programme, and tributes to the memory of the South's greatest and best were among other incidents of the evening. Through some delay in receiving his invitation Judge Fenner was unable to be present; but Dr. Palmer was there, and Mrs. Townsend was present; members of the armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee, and old veterans from the Soldiers' Home thronged Memorial Hall, and some 300 ladies, the great majority Daughters of the Confederacy, were present, filling the hall to the very doors. It was a magnificent gathering, a grand outpouring of Southern chivalry and Southern womanhood, to do honor to him of whom Father Ryan wrote:

"Forth from its scabbard never hand
Wore sword from stain as free,
Nor nobler chief led braver band,
Nor braver band had cause more grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

The annual meeting of

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

opened at 2:30 P. M. The first portion of the evening was devoted

to the regular business of the annual session; the latter portion to the exercises commemorative of Robert E. Lee. A beautiful feature of the evening was the presentation of the Cross of the Legion of Honor to Dr. Palmer by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. WM. H. DICKSON,

who has presided over the Association with so much dignity and ability and under whose administration the Chapter has increased to such splendid proportions, opened the meeting with a few eloquent remarks on the character of the occasion that had brought the ladies together. Mrs. Dickson said:

We meet to-day, ladies, in annual session to hear the yearly reports of our officers and chairmen of committees, to elect officers for the coming year, and to celebrate the birthday and eulogize and memorialize our beloved hero, Robert E. Lee.

There was a burst of applause. Then Mrs. Dickson called for the annual reports of the officers and committees.

MRS. D. M. SHOLARS,

who has filled with such ability the office of Secretary, presented the following excellent report:

To the President and members of the New Orleans Chapter of the U. D. C.: In discharging the duty imposed upon me as the Recording Secretary of this Association, I have thought it well at the outset to quote in this report Article 2 of the Constitution of our Chapter, which declares the purpose for which the Association was organized, and is as follows, to-wit:

"The objects of this Association are memorial, and to that end educational, literary, social and benevolent. To collect and preserve all material for a truthful history of the Confederate States, and to honor the memory of all men and women who served that cause."

I shall undertake in this report in as brief and concise a form as possible to show how nearly this Chapter for the last twelve months has served the purpose for which it was organized.

The initial work of the year was the provision made at the first regular meeting for the entertainment of the State Convention held in this city on March 1 to 3. Fifty-five dollars was appropriated towards an entertainment for this Convention.

This Chapter was well represented in the woman's department at the State Fair in April last.

Representatives of this Chapter assisted in a reception at the St. Charles Hotel, given by the U. C. V. of this city, in honor of the State sponsor and her maids of honor.

This chapter was hostess at the presentation ceremonies at Memorial Hall, at which was donated the portrait of General Randall Lee Gibson.

By resolution this chapter contributes one dollar a month to the infirmary at the Soldiers' Home, and in addition had constituted a special committee whose duty it is to receive donations of food, clothing, etc., and dispensing same to inmates of the home.

The following contributions were made by this Chapter:

For purchase of flowers on Decoration day at Camp Chase, $3; towards the Confederate monument at Houston, $1; in aid of marking graves at Okolona, Miss., $1.25; donated to Memorial Hall, $5; towards Confederate monument at Shreveport, $10; to Beauregard Monumental Association, $10; besides $8.25 in voluntary contributions; to Jeff. Davis Monumental Association, at Richmond, Va., $10; to Forest, at Memphis, Tenn., $5; to Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association to assist in defraying expenses of the removal of the Confederate dead to southern cemeteries; purchased twenty-five Davis calendars in aid to Jefferson Davis monument; on Decoration day a floral design was sent to the Ladies' Memorial Association; to Galveston sufferers, $5.

In addition to the above, this Chapter was the medium through which $5 was sent to Petersburg, Va., in the cause of preserving the old Blandford church, $3 of this amount having been contributed by Mrs. J. B. Richardson, and $2 by Mrs. Andrew Hero. The Chapter continues its subscription to the Confederate Veteran. In accordance with the State President, this Chapter contributed a Christmas box to the Soldiers' Home. Regular monthly meetings have been held by this Chapter, which have been well attended, and the Chapter was represented by delegates duly elected to the convention which met at Montgomery, Ala. During the year many valuable and interesting relics have been added to the Chapter's case.

Respectfully submitted,

C. B. Sholars,
Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Ada T. Richardson,

Corresponding Secretary, reported that during the year she had written 140 letters, sent out fifty-three application blanks, ordered sixteen certificates of membership, and eight badges. She received ten certificates to order badges from Nashville from National Recording Secretary. Ordered 500 postal cards from A. W. Hyatt, sent eighty-five postals out for each meeting, and as our members increased, the postals increased up to 110 for our annual meeting, making 935 during year. Thirty-three members have been elected during the year, and we have now on our roll 133 members. Received from Treasurer during year $9.70. Express on Confederate calendars, $1; for stamps, $3.70; official paper, $5; total, $9.70.

Mrs. J. R. Dicks,

Treasurer of the Chapter, presented the following able report:

To the Officers and Members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Chapter No. 72, New Orleans, La.: Ladies—To-day, January 19, 1901, the anniversary of the birthday of our hero, Robert E. Lee, brings us to the opening of a new Chapter year, and it is meet that we review the work of the year just closed. Our entire receipts for the term have been $252.75; our expenses $246.14, with a balance on hand of $6.61, and a small uncollected amount; and this on very small annual dues. Figures are dry, cold things, and only represent the stern facts of life, but when we turn the pages of this last year's reports and read the sums of these cold figures, and what they have stood for, the earnest, pathetic side of our Chapter life is revealed. We are building in a holy cause—to the memory of our dead, who wore the gray, and these figures tell us how faithfully our work has moved onward; tell us how other Chapters have reached out to us, for material aid, and received it in gifts, represented by figures. Our Soldiers' Home, too, has felt our care. The convention, reception and entertainment of a guest cost $65.55. We paid National and State per capita tax of $23.60. Individual members gave to the Beauregard Association $8.25. Our Chapter gifts to the Jefferson Davis and Beauregard Associations; to the Shreveport and Okolona Chapters; to Camp Chase, and the Galveston sufferers; to aid in removing our dead to Arlington, and to our own Chapter dead, loving tributes, represent $105.25.

Surely our cold figures have found voice and their tones are vibrant of success.

Respectfully,

J. R. Dicks, Treasurer.

Mrs. J. F. Spearing,

Financial Secretary, reported that the total collections during the year amounted to $132.75. January 14, 1900, she collected dues for 1900 amounting, with the per capita tax for 1899, to $2.25; received from the Treasurer for stationery, $4.50; dues still due for 1900, with tax for 1899, $8.50.

"Since my last annual report a number of valuable and interesting relics have been received and deposited in the case set aside for use in Memorial Hall. A detailed description of them has been given in monthly reports at the meetings of this Association, and need not be repeated here. The case has lately been embellished with a handsome plate, bearing the inscription 'United Daughters of the Confederacy,' which was secured through the kindness of our ever-courteous friend, Colonel Chalaron. It now contains some ninety relics and souvenirs, including the Favrot and Kirby-Smith collections, and is not the least interesting of the many valuable collections which have been gathered within these walls."

An excellent report of the Historical Committee was presented by Mrs. C. H. Tebault.

Mrs. A. Boisblanc, Chairman, *pro tem.*, of the Credentials Committee, in the absence of Mrs. F. G. Freret, submitted the following:

"Since January last there have been nine meetings of this Chapter. The Credentials Committee for the year was composed of Mrs. F. G. Freret, Chairman; Mrs. Joe Davis, Mrs. Heyman, Mrs. George Vincent and Mrs. A. Boisblanc. Since the month of October, in the absence of Mrs. Freret, Mrs. Boisblanc has been acting as Chairman. In Mrs. Freret's time there were twenty admissions, and since I took charge, nine, making in all, twenty-nine admissions during the year."

Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught,

Chairman of the Relief Committee of the Soldiers' Home, presented the following able report of the work done by the Committee at this noble institution:

"*Mrs. President and Ladies:*

I have to report the hearty and generous response of this Chapter to the appeal for means to make comfortable and brighter the declining years of the brave and faithful defenders of the Lost Cause, now inmates of the Soldiers' Home.

"Since this Committee was organized many contributions have been secured from and through members of the Chapter. Working in co-operation with the Ich Dien Circle of King's Daughters, the originators of the work for the Infirmary, the best results have been had. Fifty-five dollars represents the cash contributions for the Infirmary, besides many objects for comfort, such as clothing, chairs, rugs, cushions, reading matter and treats, including the Christmas treat. As an intemized report has been read at each monthly meeting, I will not repeat. I desire to thank all the members and their friends for cordial co-operation and assistance in this pious work."

MRS. ALDEN MCLELLAN,

Chairman of Committee on Designs, said:

"Your Committee on Designs begs leave to report that during the past year floral tributes were sent for Miss Winnie Davis, the 'Daughter of the Confederacy;' Major Lincoln, Commander Army of Northern Virginia Association; Major-General Gilmore, Commander Louisiana Division, U. D. C.; Mrs. Bentley, Mrs. Stamps and Miss Katharine Nobles, one of our charter members, who had done much towards organizing our Chapter. On April 6, 'Decoration Day,' a design was placed on the Confederate Monument at Greenwood, and the grave of Mumford, whose name is linked with the history of Louisiana, was not forgotten. In June a large floral offering was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where lie buried the remains of some 5,000 Confederates. All designs were ornamented with the Association ribbon."

Mrs. Dickson, President of the Association, then read

THE FOLLOWING BEAUTIFUL ADDRESS,

which was listened to with the deepest attention:

Memory takes me back five years and shows me a few earnest, patriotic southern women forming this Chapter. To-day I see as a result of that movement this large and enthusiastic assemblage. The growth and expansion of this work have been fully manifested, and

to me, who has been associated with it since its incipiency, is of peculiar and tender interest—like to a mother who guides the tottering footstep of her child until by increased growth and strength it walks alone, and who with pardonable pride and ambition looks forward to a still greater and fuller development of the loved one. It is most gratifying to me, as I am sure it is to each of you, to have listened to the comprehensive and interesting reports of our officers and chairmen of committees, as it is only by this means that we can fully realize what we have accomplished in the past year. To you ladies I wish to express my deep appreciation of your unswerving faithfulness in the capable discharge of your duties, and to the society at large my kindliest feelings and thanks for their co-operation and the encouragement given me. And more pleasing than all it is for me to record the perfect harmony that has existed between us during my entire term of office extending over a period of two years. I can only wish you, my successor, the same happy experience which has been mine.

The annual

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

was then declared in order, and Mrs. Dickson was gracefully honored with a renomination. In a few pleasant remarks Mrs. Dickson thanked the Chapter for the honor conferred upon her, but declined the nominatiou, expressing her belief in rotation in office.

Mrs. Alden McLellan, wife of General Alden McLellan, President of the Soldiers' Home, and one of the most lovable women in the Chapter and a most devoted worker, was then put in nomination for the Presidency and unanimously elected.

In a few pleasant remarks Mrs. McLellan expressed her appreciation of the high honor conferred upon her.

Miss Kate Eastman was elected First Vice-President; Mrs. J. R. Powell, Second Vice-President; Mrs. J. B. Ferguson, Recording Secretary; Miss Sallie Owen, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught was appointed Chairman of the Historical Committee; Mrs. F. G. Freret, Chairman of the Soldiers' Home Committee; Mrs. William H. Dickson, Chairman of the Credentials Committee, and Mrs. Theodore Maginnis, Chairman of the Design Committee.

The hearing of reports and election of officers being finished, the remainder of the session was devoted to exercises in which the most beautiful and touching tributes were paid to the memory of General Lee. If the North courted protest it certainly got it, for never were

nobler or more heartfelt tributes paid to the memory of one who honored his manhood and proved true to his country in every act of a pure and beautiful life, that stands out in American history as its most spotless and glorious page.

Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith was the Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, and to her zeal and ability in perfecting every detail, no less than to the faithful devotion and interest of the retiring President, Mrs. William H. Dickson, was the great success of the celebration due.

It was a matter of regret that Judge Fenner was unable to be present, and for a while it was also feared that Dr. Palmer would not appear, as he had sent word that he was ill and would be unable to speak, but if possible he would endeavor to be present during the course of the meeting. This Mrs. Smith explained as she took her seat upon the platform and called the meeting to order.

There were seated on the platform Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, president of the State division of the Daughters of the Confederacy; Mrs. William H. Dickson, retiring president of the New Orleans Chapter; Mrs. Alden McLellan, the newly elected president; Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, the gifted southern poetess; General Alden McClellan, president of the Soldiers' Home; Mr. Edwin Marks, Dr. Tichenor and Colonel W. R. Lyman.

Mrs. Smith introduced

MR. EDWIN MARKS,

who had kindly consented to deliver a few impromptu remarks, as the other speakers were not present. Mr. Marks explained that he was taken totally unaware, having come to hear Dr. Palmer and Judge Fenner, and not expecting to be asked to take either of their places in speaking on the immortal hero whose anniversary was commemorated to-day. The memory of Robert Lee, who led the grandest army on to victory, and who was as great in defeat as he ever was in the palmiest hours of triumph, is living to-day and will continue to live to the remotest generations. It is a fact beyond controversy that the men who went to war by the thousands in the not very remote past, and those who are gradually falling out of the veterans' ranks, knew that the cause for which they stood was a grand one, the noblest for which men could stand, and this thought made them perform deeds of heroism unknown to the world before. The great captain, the great Christian soldier, who led that army, and

who put aside the highest honors that he might stand with his people and country, will go down to history as the peerless man, the man who brought to this great cause the greatest talents, wonderful judgment, and noblest patriotism than which no greater gifts were ever given to man. We have seen pictures and statues of Lee, but none could ever convey the idea of the man, for none could ever depict him as his old soldiers saw him. Only those who knew him and had seen him riding along the long line of men who bowed at his word could comprehend the man he was. He was the most incomparable warrior and peerless gentleman of modern times. Grand in character, when the war was over, and he looked into the desolate faces of his old soldiers, and bade them goodbye, what did he do but set an example to American manhood by accepting a subordinate position, comparatively, as president of a college, and beginning life all over again. Ever since that fatal day when he laid down the most spotless sword that was ever wielded, he has stood as the incarnate representation of the incomparable soldier, the true gentleman.

Mr. Marks concluded by saying that he was only a business man, unused to public speaking, and all unworthy to handle the great theme that had been assigned him. But he was a soldier and had a soldiers' reverence for Robert Lee. If these few remarks could add anything to the evening of a day sacred in the heart of the south, he was glad to lay this simple thought at the feet of his old commander.

Mrs. Smith introduced Dr. Tichenor, who read in a beautiful and dramatic manner, Father Ryan's noble poem, "The Sword of Robert Lee."

Continuing, Dr. Tichenor said that he felt that at the mention of the name of Robert Lee every man and woman of the South should bow their heads and thank God that to this age and generation had been given such a man.

Mrs. William H. Dickson then read a beautiful tribute penned to the memory of General Lee, in answer to the New York *Sun's* attack, by John G. Hood, of Meridian, Miss.

After this beautiful reading the following beautiful poem, from the pen of our sweet southern songbird,

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND,

was read by Colonel W. R. Lyman. Mr. Lyman read the poem with great force and diction, and every word sank as a note that

would linger in the hearts of all present. The following was the poem:

THE BIRTHDAY OF LEE.

(By Mary Ashley Townsend.)

What singer's song,
  However bravely he might sing,
  To this proud hour and day could bring
Meed justly strong?
For chaplet worth the hero's brows,
  His spirit's supreme dower,
Among the gardens of the earth
  Where grows the fitting flower?

No trumpets thrall
  The ear with southern battle odes,
  No tramp of steeds the green turf goads,
No bugles call.
Is heard no tramp of armed men,
  No blades nor bayonets gleam,
No sentry guards a tented plain
  By Rappahannock's stream.

No war flags stir
  In old Virginia's mountain breeze,
  No shot and shell the silence tease,
No drums demur!
There, nature kind, builds up anew,
  Where cannon gored the sod,
And scatters flowers to shield the scars
  Where trampling armies trod.

No camp fires burn—
  No sunrise gun is heard at morn—
  Where battle raged, now waves the corn
Or ploughshares turn.
Nature is brave—in vain regret
  No weed nor blossom lives.
That which she never can forget
  She tenderly forgives!

The flags are furled,
The guns are still whose throats once kept
Such voice their ringing echoes swept
Around the world.
Their day is with the days gone by;
But, blended with their fame,
Shines out in never fading light
The great commander's name!

That name inwrought
With duty, self-denial, white
With probity, pure motive, right,
And fear of naught!
Against the background of his time,
Facing untoward fate,
He stands heroic and supreme,
A man sublimely great?

Truth was his aim,
Justness his constant staff and stay,
And honor but another way
To spell his name.
He led in war, he led in peace—
How grand the peace he taught!
How free from rancor, malice, wrath,
With what brave patience fraught!

To-day he stands,
This martial chief, in fields afar,
And reads the right or wrong of war
From God's own hands.
God, who lights the stars o'er heights
Where Fame and Victory meet,
God, who lights the stars that shine
O'er valleys of defeat!

The poem was applauded to the echo. The brilliant authoress was then presented, and a rising vote of thanks was extended to her. At the same time she was presented with a beautiful bouquet of red and white roses tied with red, white and red.

Mrs. Smith again regretted that Dr. Palmer was not present, but said that this evening was to have been the occasion of the present

ation to him of the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Daughters of the Confederacy. The cross, however, would be sent to him. Mrs. Lewis Graham moved that a committee be appointed to take the cross to Dr. Palmer, and Mrs. Smith asked Mrs. Graham to serve as chairman of the committee. But just at this moment the cry rang through the hall:

"Dr. Palmer! Here is Dr. Palmer!"

and Mrs. Graham escorted him to the platform, while the audience rose to greet him. Approaching Dr. Palmer, Mrs. Smith said:

"Dr. Palmer, in the name of the Daughters of the Confederacy, I have the honor and pleasure to present you with this Cross of the Legion of Honor; we know of no one who deserved it more, for your name and fame is almost as great as that of the immortal hero whose memory we celebrate to-day."

Dr. Palmer was completely overcome; when he recovered somewhat he said in a voice tremulous with emotion, but so distinct that he could be heard to the furthermost end of the room:

"Ladies and Mme. President: You have almost taken away my breath, not only in presenting me with this beautiful medal, but in mentioning my name in connection with the noble character who has passed into history. There are some things in nature that cannot be reproduced in art. The gleam of the lightning flash cannot be reproduced on the painter's canvas; the rush of the sea's mighty waves, as they dash in billows over the waters and rise in crested foam, cannot be pictured; what painter has ever succeeded in transferring to canvas the gleam of the skies, either in the rosy flash of dawn or when the evening, with its myriads of colors of orange and blue and red and burnished gold bespeak the great painter, the uncreated artist? And so it seems with the characters of history that are supremely great; neither the depth nor power of poet or painter can ever do them justice. Nature generally discriminates, and men who are great are so along some particular line; one is gifted with the power of poetry, another with the gift of art; another with the power of oratory, and still another is a military genius, gifted with the wonderful power of massing great bodies of men and converging these forces at the right moment so as to win a glorious triumph and wrest victory even from defeat.

"These are men who are placed in the nation's records, and whose names are handed down to time.

"But there is another kind of greatness that, to me, is infinitely greater, and that is the greatness of personal character. It is seldom that we find in exact proportions all the virtues united in any man; seldom that we find a man who by their combination secures universal confidence and trust from those in all ranks of life. It is not often that such men are represented in the history of the world. I have sometimes, in my personal contact with people, thought that there are some such in private life, of whom the world never hears; men who have the making of great geniuses within them; men who combine all these great virtues and qualities, which on occasion would rise and assert themselves, but they live on their quiet, hidden, beautiful lives, and many such often die without their power ever being known, perhaps, even to themselves, because the opportunity was never given to them to signalize these qualities.

"To me there are two men in American history who are great all around; two men whose lives stand out in beautiful harmony of proportion, in noble exemplification of all virtues, and all the excellence that can be summed up as belonging to the noblest types of manhood; the best of God. And I am glad that these men belong to the American nation.

THE AMERICAN WASHINGTON AND THE AMERICAN LEE

are the two men who have always stood in my mind for the best things American—genius, talent, power, for the best things Christian. The first of these men immortalized himself a hundred years ago. Washington was as great at Valley Forge as when he led the American army to victory. He was quite as great when he retired to private life, and when people wanted to make him king he rejected the temptation, content to be the representative of American principle among his people. Repelling temptation showed that he had within him the true elements of greatness, the power to resist, and this more than all else made him first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

"In my judgment George Washington, from the moment when he showed the power to set aside temptation and reject the crown, has been the uncrowned king of the American people. From that day to this he is king, and will remain as long as there is an historian capable of writing American history.

"It has always seemed to me that Robert Lee, born a century after, was the twin brother of George Washington. I am glad that

both were Americans; that both were born on southern soil; that both were representatives of that peculiar type of American civilization that belonged to the old south; a civilization that had running through it all the grandeur and beauty of the chivalry of the old past, and its heroism and devotion united to the common-sense characteristic of American modern life.

"It is not necessary for me to make analysis of these things that made either of these men great; not necessary for me to even suggest that they were the embodiment of all the virtues and all the gifts that make men great in all avenues of life and all contingencies of society. But I am willing that Robert Lee and George Washington shall go into history together and stand side by side; I am willing to have our cause go into history with Washington; I am willing to leave it to the world to judge, since the concurrence of events transpiring to-day will substantiate its purity in the past, and that it stood for the principles that gave to our nation life and being which were its past glory, and which must be perpetuated if the nation is to survive. Let us feel secure, then, in the future, as we have been in the past. General Lee was never greater when he passed along the line of his troops and heard their shouts of joy as they recognized their uncrowned hero than he was on that dark day at Appomattox, when he yielded his untarnished sword and bade his troops be victors indeed, and go back and rehabilitate their shattered fortunes and homes rendered desolate.

"I believe that the entire south, from the surrender at Appomattox, held General Lee as great, if not greater than before. Our people had the courage to face defeat. They were never ashamed of their colors. After forty years they stand steadfast to those colors and principles, and colors and principles are reverenced as much to-day as they were in the days of battle and triumphant victory. I only desire for my people that the Sons of Veterans may keep sacred the principles of that cause for which their fathers bled and transmit that cause in all honor and integrity to their children as they received it from their fathers. I believe that if I could speak in my dying moments to the young men of the south I would ask them to be as faithful, and honest, and honorable, and self-respecting as their fathers have been, to be as true to their country, as pure in their principles, and as steadfast in their faith and devotion to the Constitution as their ancestors were. Ladies, no words of mine can express my great thanks to this Association for this beautiful medal that has been presented to me. I shall ever cherish it as a reminder of your

loyalty and devotion to one who loved the south and believed in the sacredness of the cause which is hers still to defend."

The audience rose as one body to greet Dr. Palmer as he closed, and Mrs D. M. Sholars gracefully moved that a vote of thanks be thus given to the distinguished patriot and divine. It was given with heartfelt feeling, the tears rising to the eyes of many as they looked upon the venerable figure that has stood so long and so faithfully in the front ranks of the south's veterans, a true exponent of the purity and truth of the cause so dear to his heart.

The evening then resolved itself into a pleasant circle, and the center and thought of the gathering was the picture of Robert Lee, with a wreath of arbor vitae beneath and a bow of Confederate ribbon above, as it smiled down from the platform the same courtly smile that used to light up his features when he saw his old guards gathered around the camp fires in the days of '61–65.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 27, 1901.]

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE AS COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

Reminiscences of His Work in Lexington, Va.

Professor Edward S. Joynes, who holds the chair of Modern Languages at Columbia College, South Carolina, a similar position to that he held at Washington and Lee University, when General Robert E. Lee was President, gives some interesting reminiscences of General Lee in that capacity. Professor Joynes is an uncle of Judge J. Upshur Dennis, of the Baltimore bench. Mr. Joynes says in a letter written to a friend:

"My recollections shall be chiefly of General Lee as a College President. Is is as such that he is chiefly present to my memory—always for admiration, sometimes for contrast with later experiences. I will not enlarge upon the quiet dignity and patience with which he always presided over our often wordy and tedious meetings, his perfect impartiality, and unwearied courtesy, his manifest effort to sink his own personality, as if to minimize the influence which he knew

attached to his own views, and to leave to the faculty as a body, and to each member of it, the fullest sense of authority and independence.

"Indeed, nowhere else in all my wide experience have I found so much of personal dignity and influence attached to the professorship as at Lexington; and this was largely due to the courtesy and deference with which General Lee treated the faculty, and every member of it, in both official and private relations. Yet not the less, on those rare occasions when it became necessary, did he assert the full measure of his authority. He rarely spoke in faculty meetings, and then only at the close of debate—usually to restate the question at issue, seldom with any decided expression of his own opinion or wish.

HELD PROFESSORS IN CHECK.

"I remember on one occasion a professor quoted a certain regulation in the by-laws. Another replied that it had become a dead letter. 'Then,' said General Lee, 'let it be repealed. A dead letter inspires disrespect for the whole body of laws.'

"On another occasion a professor appealed to precedent, and added, 'We must not respect persons.' General Lee at once replied: 'In dealing with young men I always respect persons, and care little for precedent.'

"When General Lee became President of Washington College it had been required that students should occupy the college dormitories; only a few of the older students were permitted to lodge in town. General Lee reversed this rule. As a measure of discipline it was required that all students board and lodge in the families of the town; to lodge in the dormitory was accorded as a privilege. He said the young boys needed the influence of family life; the dormitories he regarded as offering temptations to license. The result vindicated the wisdom of his view.

DEALING WITH THE STUDENTS.

"In dealing with the young men General Lee had a truly marvellous success. The students fairly worshipped him, and deeply dreaded his displeasure; yet so kind, affable, and gentle was he toward them that all loved to approach him. Still, an official summons to his office struck terror even into the most hardened.

"A young fellow, whose general record was none too good, was summoned to answer for absence. He stated his excuse, and then,

hesitatingly, he added another and another. 'Stop, Mr. ——,' said General Lee, 'one good reason should be sufficient to satisfy an honest mind,' with emphasis on the word 'honest,' that spoke volumes.

"Another, an excellent student, now a distinguished lawyer in Tennessee, was once beguiled into an unexcused absence. The dreaded summons came. With his heart in his boots he entered General Lee's office. The General met him smiling: 'Mr. M., I am glad to see you are better.' 'But General, I have not been sick.' 'Then I am glad to see you have better news from home.' 'But General, I have had no bad news.' 'Ah,' said the General, 'I took it for granted that nothing less than sickness or distressing news from home could have kept you from your duty.' Mr. M. told me, in relating the incident, that he then felt as if he wished the earth would open and swallow him.

"To a recalcitrant student, who was contending for what he thought his rights as a man, I once heard General Lee say: 'Obedience to lawful authority is the foundation of manly character'—in those very words.

"On rare occasions of disorder, actual or threatened, General Lee would post a manuscript address to students on the bulletin board. These were known among the boys as his 'General Orders.' They never failed of their effect. No student would have dared to violate General Lee's express wish or appeal—if one had done so the students themselves would have driven him from the college.

IDLENESS A VICE.

"I wish to add one other important fact, illustrating General Lee's view of discipline, in a case of frequent occurrence. He held idleness to be not a negative, but a positive vice. It often happened that the plea was made that an idle student was doing no harm and indirectly deriving benefit, etc. General Lee said, 'No. A young man is always doing something; if not good then harm to himself and others.' So that merely persistent idleness was with him always sufficient cause for dismissal.

"General Lee's ideal of education was the training of manly character, and that, for him, meant Christian character. To a venerable minister of Lexington he said: 'I shall be disappointed, sir—I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here—unless these young men all become consistent Christians.' When he came to

Lexington the old President's house was in a sadly dilapidated condition. The trustees desired to build at once a suitable house for the President's residence. But General Lee insisted that the first money collected should be devoted to building a chapel, and he would not allow the President's house to be begun until the chapel had been completed and furnished—that chapel beneath which now rests his own beautiful mausoleum. Here daily religious services were held at an early hour by the ministers of Lexington in rotation—but not on Sunday, for General Lee preferred that the students should go to the church of their parents in the town.

HIS IDEAS OF EDUCATION.

"General Lee had very well defined opinions on educational subjects. In quoting some of these it might, perhaps, be unjust to apply them to present conditions, which, of course, could not then be foreseen. He was a strong advocate of practical, even technical education, as was shown by his plans for Washington College; but he was equally firm in his support of training studies and liberal culture. I have often heard him say it had been his lifelong regret that he had not completed his classical education (in which, however, he had a respectable scholarship) before going to West Point. Also, he did not believe in separate technical schools, but thought 'that scientific and professional studies could best be taught when surrounded by the liberalizing influence of a literary institution.' Hence, he sought to unite all these in the development of Washington College.

"Especially General Lee did not believe in a military education for others than army officers. Military education, he used to say, is an unfortunate necessity for the soldier, but the worst possible preparation for civil life. 'For many years,' he said, 'I have observed the failure in business pursuits of men who have resigned from the army. It is very rare that any one of them has achieved success.'

"One incident finally, which I witnessed, illustrating the General's playful humor. A new roadway of broken stone had just been laid through the college grounds. Colonel J. T. L. Preston, then professor in the Military Institute, came riding through on his way to town. As the stones were new and rough, the Colonel rode alongside on the grass. As he halted where the General was standing, he halted for a talk. General Lee, putting his arm affectionately around the horse's neck and patting him, said: 'Colonel, this is a beautiful horse; I am sorry he is so tenderfooted that he avoids our new road.' Afterwards Colonel Preston always rode on the stone-way."

WAS THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER A REBEL?

Was the Confederate soldier a Rebel?

In *The Green Bag* for December, 1899, and January, 1900, this question is answered by Bushrod C. Washington. His argument is clean-cut, strong and convincing. His conclusion agrees with that of all southern men, and must be the verdict of posterity. He argues the legality of the course pursued by the seceding States, and plainly shows that the people of that section were not Rebels. No fair minded man can read history and deny the correctness of his conclusions. Quoting from unquestioned authority, he makes plain, beyond all controversy, that there was never any intention of any of the States in the original compact of union to give up the reserved rights not expressly delegated to the general government under the constitution. His argument, than which nothing can be clearer, is, that the North broke the compact and that the South, for that reason and that alone, sought to withdraw.

Candid men must admit that the compact was broken by the North. Admitting this, they must justify the South in the course taken by her people. The union was a union of political societies upon an agreed basis, and that basis was the constitution. Hamilton, as quoted by Mr. Washington, expresses this clearly, "If a number of political societies enter a larger political society, the laws which the latter may enact pursuant to the powers entrusted to it by its constitution must necessarily be supreme over those societies. But it will not follow from this that the acts of the larger which are not pursuant to its constituted powers but which are invasions of the residuary authorities of the smaller societies, will become the supreme law of the land. These will be merely acts of usurpation, and will deserve to be treated as such."

That Congress committed these acts of usurpation cannot now be denied, and the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, upon a platform pledged to override the constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States, was an unmistakable expression on the part of the people of the North of a determination to disregard the solemn mandates of that instrument which formed the bond of union between the sections. This determination once formed and expressed, the South had the legal right to withdraw from the compact,

quietly and peaceably, as she did. This right was clearly recognized by Mr. Webster, who was a statesman of much larger caliber than Harriet Beecher Stowe. He did not hesitate to say, at the same time that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* made its appearance, that if the northern States willfully and deliberately refused to carry into effect that part of the constitution which protected the southern people in the possession of their property, and Congress refused to provide a remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. "A bargain," he said, "cannot be broken on one side and bind the other side."

These words were not heeded at the North, but the false and scandalous utterances of Mrs. Stowe were allowed to drown them, and a flood of fanaticism swept over that section of our country which culminated in the crime of 1860, and the terrible tragedy of the Civil War. There are men in the North who know this now, and there will be more of them as the years go by; and the verdict of posterity will be that if the sober and statesmanlike utterances of Daniel Webster had been allowed to prevail at the North, instead of the fanatical words of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was no more worthy of comparison with that broad-minded and patriotic American than a rushlight to the sun; the horrors of the war might have been averted, and the problem of being rid of the evil of slavery, which bound the white man to one end of the chain and the black man to the other, would have been wrought out by the consent of the South itself, on peaceful lines, under the constitution and not in violation of it. That this would have been done before the close of the nineteenth century, if antagonisms had not been roused and kept alive by the fostering of the abolition sentiment at the North, and that the condition of the black man would be much better to-day than it is, can scarcely admit of a doubt. Abolition should have been the result of growth, not of revolution; and might have been wrought out patiently by means of the constitution, and should not have been brought about in bitter spite of it.

In the second series of *Appleton's Popular Library*, published in 1852, is an essay published from The London *Times*, in which the author reviews *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and predicts the evils that were liable to result from the book. He is no sympathizer with slavery, but shows that he was opposed to it with all his might. I will close this review by quoting a part of what he says. Let us remember that these words were written by an Englishman nearly fifty years ago:

"And be it stated to the credit of the slave owners of the South that they are fully alive to the danger of the portentous struggle, and have of late years shown no indisposition to help in their own emancipation as well in that of the slave, provided they may only escape the dire catastrophe we speak of. It is certain that a large class of slave owners in the South are most desirous to relieve their soil of the stain and inconvenience of slavery, if the tremendous step can be taken with safety to all parties concerned in the act of liberation. The efforts made in the South to improve the condition of the slave show at least that humanity is not dead in the bosom of the proprietors. Mrs. Stowe has certainly not done justice to this branch of the subject. Horrors in connection with slavery—itself a horror—unquestionably exist, but all accounts—save her own and those of writers actuated by her extreme views—concur in describing the general condition of the Southern slave as one of comparative happiness and comfort, such as many a free man in the United Kingdom might regard with envy. One authority on this point is too important to be overlooked. In the year 1842 a Scotch weaver named William Thompson traveled through the Southern States. He supported himself on his way by manual labor; he mixed with the humblest classes black and white, and on his return home he published an account of his journeyings. He had quitted Scotland a sworn hater of slave proprietors, but he confessed that experience had modified his views on this supject to a considerable degree. He had witnessed slavery in most of the slave-holding States; he had lived for weeks among negroes in cotton plantations, and he asserted that he had never beheld one-fifth of the real suffering that he had seen among the laboring poor in England. Nay, more, he declared: 'That the members of the same family of negroes are not so much scattered as those of workingmen in Scotland, whose necessities compel them to separate at an age when the American slave is running about gathering health and strength.'

"Ten years have not increased the hardships of the Southern slave. During that period colonization has come to his relief; education has, legally or illegally, found its way into his cabin, and Christianity has added spiritual consolations to his allowed, admitted physical enjoyments. It has been justly said that to these men of the South who have done their best for the negro under the institution of slavery must we look for any great effort in favor of emancipation and they who are best acquainted with the progress of events in those parts declare that at this moment 'there are powerful and

irresistible influences at work in a large part of the slave States tending toward the abolition of slavery within these boundaries.'

"We can well believe it. The world is working its way toward liberty, and the blacks will not be left behind in the onward march. Since the adoption of the American Constitution seven States have voluntarily abolished slavery. When that Constitution was proclaimed there was scarcely a free black in the country. According to the last census, the free blacks amount to 418,173, and of these 233,691 are blacks of the South, liberated by their owners, and not by the force of law. We cannot shut our eyes to these facts. Neither can we deny that, desirable as negro emancipation may be in the United States, abolition must be the result of growth, not of revolution; must be patiently wrought out by means of the American Constitution, and not in bitter spite of it. America cannot for any time resist the enlightened spirit of our age, and it is manifestly her interest to adapt her institutions to its temper. That she will eventually do so if she be not a divided household—if the South be not goaded to illiberality by the North—if public writers deal with the matter in the spirit of conciliation, justice, charity and truth, we will not permit ourselves to doubt. That she is alive to the necessities of the age is manifest from the circumstances that, for the last four years, she has been very busy preparing the way for emancipation by a method that has not failed in older countries to remove national trouble almost as intolerable as that of slavery itself."

W. R. Hammond.

[From the Richmond, Va. *Dispatch* August 12, 1900.]

THE LAST CHARGE AT APPOMATTOX.

The Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry.

It Fought Victoriously to the Bitter End—A Fight on April 9, 1865, Wherein Confederates Captured Cannon—Two Last Men Killed.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The last charge and captures at Appomattox Courthouse by any branch of the Army of Northern Virginia—at what time were they made, and who made them?

These pertinent questions will be considered, it is hoped, by Confederate veterans throughout the length and breadth of the Army of Northern Virginia, and will be determined fairly, by those especially who were present for duty on the last day of the war at Appomattox Courthouse.

This last charge occurred on the morning of the 9th of April, 1865, and my recollection is that we retired some time before noon of that day. I heard no further firing along our infantry or cavalry lines.

Our cavalry had been sorely pressed on all sides from Petersburg to Appomattox Courthouse. The demand on this branch of the service had been necessarily extremely exacting—not only to work in the advance of our columns, but in protecting the rear and flanks of our several lines of retreat, and to serve in the places of disabled and knocked out staff officers and couriers—and our ranks meantime were naturally reduced greatly in number by the death, wounds, and capture of men and horses, and in effectiveness by details, dismounts, fatigue, and hunger, that told most severely on our staggering horses, that had become a burden either to be abandoned or led dismounted; until at the last our entire brigade force was about equal to a depleted regiment at the latter end of the war.

THE FOURTEENTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Our regiment the 14th Virginia Cavalry, that was commanded at the time by myself as Captain of Company B, no field officer being present, had been transferred from General John M. McCausland's Brigade but a few weeks prior to the surrender, and assigned to General R. L. T. Beale's Brigade—W. H. F. Lee's Division.

On the night of the 8th, in obedience to orders delivered by Major Joseph Van Holt Nash, Adjutant-General of Cavalry—Stuart's Corps—we advanced our regiment to the head of our brigade and division and march through the village of Appomattox Courthouse, where there had been a skirmish the night before. When we had passed the village some little distance, in the direction of Lynchburg, we were halted and ordered to dismount—to hold our horses and not to turn them loose. There we remained, holding them by their bridles, and sitting and lying down on the ground, catching every wink of sleep that was possible, until the morning of the 9th.

Soon after day, General W. H. F. Lee rode to the head of our regiment, inquiring who was in command. When told and directed

to myself, he promptly ordered, "Captain, mount your regiment!" This done, by his orders we moved forward and downward into the valley and thence through a skirt of woods, and soon came in view of a battery of the enemy that had been shelling during the morning. Then, upon orders, we formed, and charged across an open field into a piece of woods, capturing two handsome pieces of field artillery, with several elegantly attired officers, and a number of their men, that were all sent as rapidly as possible to the rear. Advancing quickly beyond the enemy's battery, we captured their reserve camp, which they had hurriedly deserted, leaving their breakfasts on the fires. Rapidly passing through this camp, we were attacked on our right by another column of the enemy. Turning our attention to that, and animated by our success, we charged and routed that force also, all of which involved a good deal of time, from start to finish. After which we were ordered to "stop firing and come out."

In these movements we were supported by the rest of our brigade, commanded by General Beale. Before we were enabled to retire, with our fraction of a brigade, I heard no further firing along our lines. Winding our way over the hills, we saw our infantry quietly closing in, and soon afterwards we were overtaken by General W. H. F. Lee, who informed us that General R. E. Lee had surrendered.

LAST MEN KILLED.

James H. Wilson, the color-bearer of our regiment, was mortally wounded while planting his colors on one of the guns that we captured. He was seen soon afterwards by his comrade, W. L. Moffett, lying on the ground, his beautiful bay mare standing by him, his colors folded and leaning against a tree. In this trying time of excitement and disappointment he bade Moffett good-by, and his last words were: "Moffett, it is hard to die just as the war is over." And so this heroic spirit passed away to join noble comrades who had preceded him.

He and James Walker, both of Company H, 14th Virginia Cavalry, were from Rockbridge county, Va., and are believed to be the two men killed last in battle in the Army of Northern Virginia. Can any stronger claim be preferred?

I have already furnished the Assistant Adjutant-General of our brigade with accounts of this last fight from John E. Bouldin, M. C. Morris, Samuel B. Hannah, Company B; W. B. F. Leech and J.

H. Whitmore, Company H; George M. Francisco, Company I, 14th Virginia Cavalry, who participated in the charge and acted with distinguished gallantry, as did every man and officer who engaged in it. Dr. T. P. Hereford, then Assistant-surgeon, 14th Virginia Cavalry, remained on the ground and cared for the wounded in a small house a short distance from where General Lee surrendered. He says that in this charge there were from sixteen to twenty killed and wounded of our regiment, although not over 100 or 120 men and officers were engaged.

A FINE TRIBUTE.

In a recently published "History of the 9th Virginia Cavalry," a most interesting work, by its former Colonel, R. L. T. Beale, commanding our brigade at Appomattox, we find the following tribute to the men and officers of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, who participated in this last charge, together with a foot-note by the son of General Beale, who edited the notes of his father, page 147, as follows:

"Supporting and participating in part in the last charge which was made upon the artillery by any arms of the Army of Northern Virginia, they cheered their comrades of the 14th Virginia, led by gallant Captain E. E. Bouldin, of the Charlotte Troop, returning with two twelve-pound brass guns, wrested from General Sheridan while the terms of surrender were being signed. (Note.—In this last charge the brave young Color-Bearer, James Wilson, and Samuel Walker, of Company H, 14th Virginia Cavalry, both from Rockbridge county, laid down their lives, the last men to fall in battle in the Army of Northern Virginia.)"

In this connection—and we would invite the attention of all comrades to it—we learned last year, through the appearance in the Suffolk (Va.) *Herald* of a private letter to a friend, written by our Adjutant, Major Joseph Van Holt Nash, that he had been gathering data—facts, and incidents of merit illustrative of the service and achievements of his regiment and our brigade—to be incorporated in a complete history of the operations thereof from organization to Appomattox Courthouse, with special devotion to the military career and achievements of that noble gentleman and Christian soldier, General W. H. F. Lee, whom we all know was the son of our beloved chief and accomplished general, Robert E. Lee.

In correspondence thereafter with Major Nash I learned that in prosecution of his labor of love, he was anxious to secure the co-operation of all officers and men of the 9th, 10th, 13th, and 14th Regi-

ments of Cavalry, that first composed the brigade under command of General W. H. F. Lee, as we learned, and then, on his promotion, by General Chambliss, and at the death of the latter, by General Beale, of Westmoreland, and it is hoped that every comrade will embrace this opportunity to perpetuate the honor and devotion of his comrades and of his respective command. Aside from Major Nash's desire to write a fair and accurate history of his regiment and brigade, he, as well as the writer, participated in this last engagement of the war at Appomattox Courthouse, and all of us who did naturally feel the liveliest interest in our claim that we were the last command in the Army of Northern Virginia to have engaged and routed the enemy in a charge at Appomattox, and to have captured men, officers and artillery, secured them in the rear about the time of the surrender, and had ceased fighting only, as General Beale says, "while the terms of surrender were being signed." These officers and men and two handsome brass guns were wrested from the elated and victorious command of General Phil. Sheridan, in spite of their exultation and our depression.

We all hope that every surviving comrade will aid Major Nash in his arduous task and communicate freely with him at Atlanta, Ga., with facts and incidents of the camp and field, of the march, battle, and surrender, lending all aid that is possible to perpetuate the patriotism, the bravery, and the self-sacrifice of our army.

Let history show how gallantly our soldiers fought even when hope was gone and nothing left but their sense of duty to a just cause, and to the grandest army and commander that this world has ever known.

E. E. Bouldin,
Formerly Captain Campany B, 14th Virginia Cavalry.

P. S.—It is hoped that the press will notice the desire of Major Nash to get this information for publication.

CONFEDERATE TREATY.

The Only One Ever Negotiated with a Foreign Power.

A Washington correspondent of the Chattanooga *Times* writes, August, 1900: Although the Confederate Government was in existence for a period of four years, history furnishes us with but one example of a treaty ever concluded between that government and a foreign power. The representative of Jefferson Davis, who succeeded in effecting the consummation of this unique treaty, was Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Giddings, of the Confederate States of America, who was in command of the Confederate forces of Fort Duncan, Eagle Pass, Texas, in 1863 and 1864. Colonel Giddings is now in Washington, and his account of this transaction is both interesting and novel.

"In 1863 I was commissioned by Jefferson Davis as lieutenant-colonel in command of the Confederate forces at Fort Duncan, Eagle Pass," said Colonel Giddings to your correspondent. "On assuming command of the fort, I was advised that an old Federal soldier, by the name of McManus, who had been paroled at the surrender of General Twiggs and broken his parole, and crossed the Rio Grande and opened a recruiting office for the Federals in Piedras Negras, Mexico, and, that it was the headquarters for the organization of bands of renegades and Mexican thieves, who were committing depredations upon the property of citizens of Texas. I called on Colonel Garza, who was in command of the Mexican forces and found my information to be correct. I filed a protest with Colonel Garza, stating that it was in violation of international laws, etc., and asked him to have the recruiting office discontinued, which he did. Nevertheless, McManus continued to carry on practices clandestinely, and organized a band of renegades and Mexicans, who attacked me in the night. This happened when a large part of my command were out scouting after these cattle thieves. I easily defeated and drove them back across the river without any loss, one man, Captain Pickrell, my adjutant, being wounded.

"Numerous complaints were made to me and my assistance asked for by citizens of Texas, who informed me that their stock, cattle, horses, etc., had been stolen by an organized band of thieves, composed of renegades from Texas (too cowardly to fight on either side

in their country, assisted by Mexican thieves that were continually raiding that section between Laredo and Fort Clark, a distance of about 200 miles, which was under my command. I was also informed that at that time there were a large number of cattle and horses, over 5,000 head, but a few miles above Piedras Negras, in charge of a band of thieves, too strong for them to attack. I promised the parties that I would call the attention of the Mexican officer in command of the Liberal forces on the Mexican frontier to the facts in the case, and that in the event he did not take immediate action I would cross the river with my troops and bring back the stolen stock and deliver it to the owners. I at once called on Colonel Garza, the commanding officer, and demanded that such stolen stock as could be proved by the owners, then at my headquarters, should be delivered to us. He replied that he had no authority to act as I had indicated, but said if I would make a written statement of the facts, and suggest some remedy, not in violation of international law, he would forward my statement to President Juarez, who was then at Monterey. I told him that the proper thing to be done was to make a treaty providing for the rendition of criminals and of stolen property, upon proper proofs as to their ownership. He said he would be pleased to have that done, as the same condition of affairs complained of by me existed on our side of the river. I prepared a rough draft of a treaty in accordance with our views, and Colonel Garza forwarded it, with his approval, to President Juarez, asking for investigation.

"While waiting for the return of the papers and instructions from the President I received an order from General Magruder to arrest one Louis Pless and send him, under guard, to his headquarters at Houston. Accompanying the order was a letter from General Magruder's adjutant, stating that Pless had stolen several hundred bales of Confederate cotton, and that he was in Piedras Negras, and it would be a feather in my cap if I were able to arrest him, even, if I had to get him out of Mexico, and that I was authorized to expend a reasonable amount of gold to accomplish the arrest, for which I would be reimbursed.

"I also, at the same time, received a letter from Governor Lubbock, of Texas, urging me to make the arrest of Pless, and making similar suggestions. I had at that time an intelligent Mexican scout and guide. I ordered him to go on to Piedras Negras and ascertain if Pless was there. He soon reported to me that he was, but would leave for Monterey the following night in an ambulance with one

man and a driver. I then offered my Mexican agent $100 in gold if he would place Pless on the Texas side of the river, so that I could arrest him, and suggested that some of my men might assist him, but that I would not order him to do so, nor did I wish to know how it was done, so it was done quickly.

"The following night the Mexican scout brought Pless to my headquarters and I arrested him. He was very much frightened and implored me to protect him, saying that he would willingly go to Houston. I sent him off that night, under guard, and he was safely delivered to General Magruder at that place.

"The Mexican authorities were indignant at what they deemed the invasion of the sacred soil of Mexico by Americans, and demanded the immediate release of Pless. This I refused, stating that I had arrested him in my headquarters in obedience to an order of my commanding general, and that he was at that time more than 100 miles on his way to Houston.

"On receipt of my refusal the commanding officer at Piedras Negras organized a blockade of the port; arrested all Americans that happened to be in Piedras Negras at that time, a few of my soldiers being among the number; sent out for reinforcements and announced his intention to attack my command. I at once ordered in what troops there were at Fort Clark and Inge and prepared for a strong defence. In the meantime communications, under a flag of truce, were passing two or three times a day between the Mexican commander and myself for four days, trying to amicably settle matters and to gain time for reinforcements to reach me. On the fifth day I was ready, and notified the Mexican officer in command that I had a strong force and that if the port were not opened in two hours and every American in prison released and allowed to return to the Texas side of the river, and an agreement to deliver to me the stolen stock, then a few miles above Piedras Negras, I would cross the river with my troops and take the town, and hold all the Mexican property I could find as security until the stolen property was delivered to me. I at once ordered my entire command to prepare to move. I had them mounted and formed in line on the banks of the river in full view of the Mexicans.

"Just before the expiration of the two hours the port was opened, and the Americans who had been detained released, and my adjutant brought me a note from the commanding officer, saying that he had just received a note from President Juarez authorizing him to make a treaty with me on the basis I had suggested, and asking for

a conference at his headquarters as soon as convenient. In order to conclude the matter I called on him at once, with the result that we made a treaty providing for the rendition of criminals and delivery of stolen property. The treaty was both fair and just to the Mexican and Confederate governments alike. Colonel Garza signed for Mexico, and I signed as lieutenant-colonel, commanding Fort Duncan, for the Confederate Government. The treaty was forwarded to President Juarez, who approved it. I also sent it to President Davis, with copies of all correspondence on the subject, a statement of the situation on the Rio Grande that caused me to take the responsibility I had, expressing the hope that my action in the matter would meet with his approval.

"President Davis acknowledged the receipt of the treaty, announced his approval, and paid me a high compliment for my efforts in the field of diplomacy.

"Immediately after signing the treaty the Mexican officers delivered to me over 5,000 head of cattle and horses that had been stolen from Pecos.

"Soon after this I received a letter from the Governor of Texas (Lubbock) that a party of seven men had murdered a family of four persons, on the road, who were returning from Eagle Pass to Fredericksburg, having sold their cotton. These men had stolen from the party $1,500 in gold. The Governor said in his letter that he was advised that the murderers were in Piedras Negras, and requested me to demand their surrender under the terms of the treaty, and send them to Austin under guard. He sent me the names and descriptions of the seven men, and I at once crossed the river, showed the Governor's letter to the officer in command, and demanded that he deliver the seven criminals to me. The Mexican officers sent for the guard, and in about one-half hour had the men in the guard-house. I went with Colonel Garza to identify them. They acknowledged that they were the men described in the Governor's letter. I made arrangements for them to be delivered to me on the following day, the delivery to be made in the middle of the Rio Grande. There was a good deal of formality attending the delivery.

"I have since been informed that they remained in jail in Austin until the close of the war, and were then released by the Federal officers without even a trial.

"While in command at Eagle Pass I received a large amount of stock that had been stolen and carried across on the Mexican side.

"I was told by Jefferson Davis, after the close of the war, that this was the only treaty made by the Confederate Government and ratified by a foreign power."

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, May 6, 1900.]

COMPANY D, FORTY-FOURTH VIRGINIA.

A Brief History and Roster of the Command.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I herewith enclose roster of Company D, 44th Virginia Infantry, Colonel W. C. Scott, of Powhatan county, for publication in your Confederate column. I think it will be of interest at least to the surviving members of the regiment. This company was mustered into the service of the Confederate States on the 9th of June, 1861, as from Louisa. The men, in fact, were about in equal numbers from Louisa, Goochland, Hanover and Fluvanna. After drilling at Camp Lee a few weeks, it was ordered to reinforce General Garnett at Rich Mountain, W. Va. It arrived just in time to witness his defeat and death. It then fell back to a strong position, where the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike crosses the Greenbrier river. Colonel Edward Johnson, of the 12th Georgia, and others, under command of General Henry R. Jackson, arrived and fortified this position. The Federals, under General Reynolds, advanced and fortified on Cheat mountain, about nine miles distant. The two armies remained inactive until the 3d of October, when the Federals advanced and attacked in large force the Confederate works, but were repulsed, with heavy loss. As the winter came on the Confederate troops fell back to Alleghany and Crab Bottom and fortified. On the 13th of December the Federals made a night attack on Colonel Edward Johnson's camp. They were repulsed with heavy loss. No more fighting occurred on this line during the winter. In the spring the company reorganized, and on the 12th of May was engaged in the bloody battle of McDowell. From this date it was a part of Stonewall Jackson's command 'till his death, and participated in all the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia until the surrender at Appomattox.

THE ROSTER.

Captain—Joseph L. Shelton, dead.
First Lieutenant—John W. Graves, dead.
Second Lieutenant—Thomas M. Fowler, wounded, lost arm.
Third Lieutenant—John S. Fowler, killed.
First Sergeant—Benjamin Turner.
Second Sergeant—John Shelton Anderson, afterwards captain, killed.
Third Sergeant—John Woodson.
Fourth Sergeant—John B. Shelton, killed.
First Corporal—A. V. Irby, wounded, lost leg.
Second Corporal—John Butcher.
Third Corporal—George Adams.
Fourth Corporal—Zack Armstrong, dead.
Commissary Sergeant—George A. Bowles, dead.

PRIVATES.

R. C. Bowles; T. J. Bowles, wounded; John R. Bowles, killed; J. U. Bowles, dead; James Amos, dead; Thomas Amos, wounded; William Amos, dead; Richard Carter; Alex. Fleming, wounded, lost hand; George Fleming; Frank Fleming, wounded; John Gates, killed; Jack Gates; William Gammon, dead; Thomas Gammon, wounded; Jeff. Gammon; Benjamin Glass; Leonard Glass, dead; David Glenn, dead; Alonzo Glenn, wounded; Richard Hargrove, wounded, dead; Richard Holland, dead; Robert Holland; George Ham, dead; William Hall, wounded; Frank Gentry; David Gentry; Wash. Jennings, wounded; John Jennings, wounded; Nat. Jackson, killed; Thomas Johnson; Joseph Johnson; Zeno Jones; William Lowry, killed; Jack Morris; Fred Morris; Meredith Ogg; C. R. Perkins, dead; James A. Perkins, dead; Z. W. Perkins, wounded; John A. Perkins, dead; Samuel Payne, wounded, dead; Willie Payne, killed; Woodson Parrish, died in prison; Peyton Randolph, killed; Joseph Randolph, killed; Robert Richardson, wounded, dead; W. J. Richardson; Robert Turner; Tim Trice; Philip Trice; Alex. Thomas; Dick Thomas; Tip Cocke, dead; John Spindle, dead; Alphonso Grubbs, wounded; Bruce Haden.

Richard C. Bowles,
Company D, 44th Virginia Regiment.
Kent's Store, Va.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, April 12th, 1900.]

THE BRUNSWICK BLUES.

WELDON, N. C., April 11, 1900.

I notice in a recent *Dispatch* notice of the death of Mr. Robert A. Goodwyn, at his home in Petersburg, a former citizen of Brunswick county, Va., who was a member of the "Brunswick Blues." There was a slight error in the report, however, which I am sure Mr. Goodwyn would wish to have corrected, were he alive. In order to do this I will give you a history of that famous company, as I am a native of Brunswick county, Va., and witnessed the departure of the company to war June 3, 1861.

The company was organized at Edmond's Store, Va., by Mr. Joseph Jones, who was elected captain. Dr. Thomas Wynn was elected first-lieutenant, and John Maddox second-lieutenant. The company was composed of the best young men of the county, and on the day for their departure a great crowd assembled at Trotter's Store, hundreds of ladies being present. A lovely flag was presented the company by the ladies of Brunswick, which was accepted by Captain Jones in a neat speech. Captain Jones was soon promoted for gallant service in the "Lost Cause" to lieutenant-colonel, and Dr. Wynn was promoted to the captaincy of the company. He served a short time and resigned, and John Maddox was elected captain. At the battle of Nottoway river, between Petersburg and Weldon, Colonel Jones was mortally wounded, and Captain Maddox also received his death wounds in the same engagement. W. F. Elmore was elected captain to succeed the lamented Maddox, and served as captain during the remainder of the war, and laid down his arms at Appomattox Courthouse. The company entered the war with ninety men; of this number there are now only fourteen alive. Rev. P. N. Stainback, of Weldon, is one of the survivors, and he has given me some interesting notes of the company. Mr. Stainback entered the company a private, and for bravery was made a lieutenant. He was with his company in every engagement, and followed in the march to Appomattox, where he laid down his arms. He was in the trenches around Petersburg and at the Crater that memorable Sunday morning. The late Robert A. Goodwyn was a

private in the company, but only remained with the "Blues" about one year. Captain Elmore is still living, and his post-office is Edmonds Store, Brunswick county, Va. While there are only fourteen of the brave "Blues" left, hundreds of *Dispatch* readers in Southside Virginia will know that what I have here written are facts, and they will recall some pleasant and also some sad memories.

D. E. S.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, September 17, 1899.]

THE CHARLOTTE RIFLES.

A List of the Members of This Company.

SMITHVILLE, VA., September 7, 1899.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please publish the annexed roll of Company K. This gallant little company was the first from Charlotte county to volunteer its services in the late war. It was a part of the famous 18th Virginia Infantry, commanded by Colonel R. E. Withers until his disability at Gaines' Mill, and then by Colonel H. A. Carrington until the close of the war. It is proposed to record the roll as soon as the same can be as nearly perfected as possible. Any assistance from the survivors of the company in furtherance of this undertaking will be gladly received. Adress either William H. Smith, late captain of company, or J. C. Carrington, Smithville, Va.

THE ROLL.

Roll of Company K, 18th Virginia Infantry, known as "The Charlotte Rifles:"

Ezekiel V. Adams; —— Adkins.

William Dennis Bouldin, orderly, captured at Gettysburg; William H. Bailey; Dr. J. W. Brooks, G. W. Barksdale; W. G. Baldwin, lieutenant, died in service; ——— Brown; Jim Bailey; John Barksdale.

Wiltshire Cardwell, disabled in first battle of Manassas; George George Chappell; C. C. Chappell; John H. Cook, died in service;

M. L. Covington, second lieutenant and then captain, wounded at ———; James A. Calhoun; John Calhoun, wounded at Gettysburg; James T. Crawley, wounded at Gettysburg; J. J. Cook, wounded at Gaines' Mill; Thomas Carter; W. J. Chappell, killed at Drewry's Bluff; J. H. Cook; Thomas Cumby; Joseph Covington; George Covington, wounded at New Berne, N. C.; Shanghai Coleman, orderly (Louisiana Tiger); —— —— Childress, fifer of company.

E. B. Davis; Winslow Dennis; Patrick H. Deanor; James Dickerson, wounded at Gaines' Mill; Robert Davis; R. P. Davis; Temple Davis, killed at Gettysburg; Francis Dean; Joseph W. Dickerson; —— —— Dougherty, killed at Five Forks (Louisiana Tiger).

E. P. Evans; P. L. Evans; Thomas Elam.

A. T. Faris; Peyton R. Ford, wounded in arm at Frayser's Farm; Albert Foster, killed in battle of ———; John Foster, orderly sergeant; P. W. Fore; John J. Foster; James Ford; Phil. Ford; Sam Foster; John J. Franklin; E. W. Fore.

Walter L. Garden, wounded at Gaines' Mill; William E. Gaines; D. B. Garden; Thomas Garden; H. F. Gaines, killed in battle; Dr. John Garden; —— —— Guggenheimer.

Charles Harvey, third sergeant; Samuel M. Hailey, wounded at Gaines's Mill; John T. Hagerman, lost leg at Gettysburg; S. Baxter Harvey, wounded at Frayser's Farm; R. F. Hutcheson, transferred to cavalry; Rich. Hammersley; John Harvey, killed at Gaines' Mill; Ro. Hudson; Charles W. Harvey, discharged from service on account of ill health; —— —— Haynes.

William H. Jeffress, wounded at Williamsburg; E. M. Jackson, wounded at ———; Theo. M. Jones, sergeant from 1861 to close of war, wounded at Williamsburg, Sharpsburg, and Second Cold Harbor; William H. Jones; James A. Jackson; —— —— Johnson, wounded at Hatcher's Run.

George Kesee, killed at Williamsburg.

John T. Lowry, wounded at Hatcher's Run; John Lawson; Thos. Lawson; George W. Lawson; Sandy Lyle, lost sight of after battle of Gaines's Mill; Mat. L. Lyle, second captain, killed at Gaines' Mill; Robert Lipscomb, killed at Gaines' Mill; John Ledbetter, wounded at Drewry's Bluff; W. J. Ledbetter; —— —— Lindsey.

Dennis McNamara; A. C. Middleton, wounded at ———; Clem. Maloney, died at Point Lookout, Md., of wounds received at Gettysburg; David Morisette, died in service; Sam Morrison, killed in

battle around Richmond; John E. Moseley, killed at Seven Pines; Thomas Mack, orderly; Robert Moorefield; John Morrisette; William Morrison, died in service.

William Nowell.

James T. Overby, transferred to cavalry.

Edward Preston, died in service; Fletcher Preston; John F. Powers; Joseph Pollard; Asa C. Pugh; Presley A. Pugh; William W. Palmer.

Edward H. Reams; Elijah T. Roach, wounded at Gettysburg; William S. Roach, wounded at Gaines's Mill; Henry C. Ransom, wounded at ———; Henry N. Read.

T. J. Spencer, first captain; William H. Smith, lieutenant and third captain, wounded at second battle of Manassas and Drewry's Bluff; Branch Spencer; Robert S. Spencer; James Spencer; W. H. Shorter; Thomas Spain; James Spencer, killed in battle ———; Alexander Spencer, killed at Gettysburg; Daniel Spencer; Whitfield Spencer, wounded in battle ———; Robert Shepperson, second lieutenant, died in service; William Stith, lieutenant, wounded, arm shot off at Drewry's Bluff and died from effects; John E. Smith, lieutenant killed at Five Forks; S. D. Spencer, color-bearer, wounded at Gaines's Mill and Gettysburg; William Spencer, sergeant, shot in battle of Five Forks; Charles Snead; Samuel Spencer, killed at Gettysburg; John Dug. Spencer.

John H. Thompson; George Tunstall; James T. Tharpe; Robert Taylor, wounded at Williamsburg; James Thomas, killed at first battle of Manassas—first man killed.

—— —— Valentine, killed at Seven Pines.

Van Buren Watkins, badly wounded at Gettysburg; Luther C. Watkins; Samuel Weil, wounded three times; James Wilkes; Ham Wilkes, transferred to artillery; Thomas Wilkes; C. B. Wilkes; Joseph Wilkes, corporal; Calvin Wilkes; Charles Williams; Thos. C. Wilkerson, wounded in service; William C. Wilkerson, wounded in battle of Frayser's Farm.

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, April 1, 1900.]

THE BATTLE AT FORT GREGG.

Louisiana Survivors Tell the Story of the Fight.

As there has been some misunderstanding about the battle at Fort Gregg, in front of Petersburg, Va., and doubts as to what Louisiana troops were engaged therein, the matter has been elucidated by reference to a diary which was very carefully kept by a member of the Donaldsonville Artillery, who was one of the occupants of the fort and a participant in the battle. That old veteran showed his diary to one of his comrades who was with him at the time, and the latter, with the data furnished him and the keen recollection which he has of the affair, has written the following statement of facts, which will interest all. In fact, it is a most valuable historical document:

On April 2, 1864 (thirty-five years ago to-morrow), Fort Gregg, situated on a hill at an isolatated spot a little in the rear of the Confederate trenches, near Lee's dam (placed by our generals to flood the enemy in the front), about three miles to the right of Petersburg, was captured by a portion of General Ord's Corps. The original garrison of the fort numbered about seventy-five or eighty men, who had been detached from the artillery of General A. P. Hill's Third Army Corps some time after the battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864. On October 13, following, four men from the Donaldsonville Artillery, namely, C. J. Savoy, G. Charlet, O. Delmer and John S. Mioton, were ordered to report to General Walker, an artillery officer of Hill's Corps, the writer being one of the four. We were then sent to Fort Gregg, under the command of Captain Chew, of Maryland, with Frank McElroy, of the 3rd Company, Washington Artillery, as our lieutenant.

During our stay in the fort we were drilled as infantry by one or two officers of General Mahone's Brigade. Our winter quarters were just back of the fort—that portion being protected by a stockade—the front and sides being an earthwork, with a good sized ditch in front. There was no artillery in the fort at that time, but in constructing it provisions had been made for four guns.

Early on that memorable Sunday morning, April 2, 1864, Generals

A. P. Hill and Heth called and examined the fort and its garrison, and gave some instructions to our officers. About eight or nine o'clock A. M. General Walker called and we were ordered out and formed on the right of the fort, towards Hatcher's Run, the order being given to deploy as skirmishers and charge the federal pickets, which was accomplished: having driven the Yanks as far back as a farm, on which was a two-story dwelling, in which a good many United States pickets had taken shelter, and for a time the ex-artillerists tried their hands as sharpshooters. The order was then given to retreat into the fort. This was accomplished in a somewhat hasty manner, for the Yanks were getting very thick and the situation hot, to say the least.

On our return to the fort we found two guns of the Third Company of Washington Artillery, two three-inch Parrot guns, which had been stationed in our front, but not having the horses, they were rolled by hand into the fort. They occupied the position looking towards Hatcher's Run. We were also re-enforced by a portion of General Harris' gallant Mississippians, the 12th and 16th Regiments, about 150 men, under command of Colonel Duncan. The writer happened to be at what was considered the weakest part of the fort, in the angle where the stockade and earthworks met. He being a small man, was ordered to go elsewhere, so he took his position between the two guns. The assault began on our right flank. They came in three lines of battle, one behind the other, with their flags floating in the center, but it was only after the fourth charge that they succeeded in entering the ditch in front of the fort. For some time we could hear the federal officers ordering their men on the top of the fort; the officers several times got on the parapet, with their colors in their left hands and their revolvers in their right, and demanded of us to surrender; but many of those brave officers were slain before we turned our musket butts up. It was then that the brave and gallant No. 4 on the gun nearest the stockade, which was double-shotted with canister, was ordered by the federals, who had by then swarmed on the parapet, not to pull the lanyard which he held, but quick as a flash the brave Berry, of the Third Company, Washington Artillery, shouted back, "Pull and be d——d." Useless to say that all in front of that gun were swept off, and our gallant artilleryman was shot down at once, and thus the heroic Berry sold his life dearly.

After the garrison had surrendered, the federals were so elated at our capture that they discharged their muskets in the air, which

action led the Confederates on our left to believe that we were being given no quarter, and they began shelling poor and gallant Fort Gregg. After an hour's hard fighting the garrison of 160 Mississippians and 80 artillerists serving as infantry and two guns, assailed by one or two divisions of Ord's corps, inflicted a loss of about 1000 in killed and wounded. The loss in the fort was about 50 or 60 men.

After being removed from the fort we were taken near Grant's observatory, where each man's name and command was taken by a federal officer, seated in an open buggy, who, to say the least, was the biggest ruffian it was the writer's misfortune to meet. From there we were taken to City Point, and from there to Point Lookout, Md., and remained until the end of July, 1865, when we were paroled.

It is pleasant to say that after all these long years the four members of the Donaldsonville Artillery who were engaged in this desperate struggle are still living and in fair health, two residing in Assumption parish, one in Ascension and the fourth in New Orleans.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CAREER

OF

HUNTER HOLMES McGUIRE, M. D., LL. D

Surgeon, Physician, Teacher, Patriot.

So faithful was the eminent surgeon and physician, Dr. Hunter McGuire, in execution of his conception of duty, and so signally worthy and useful in all that he undertook, that it might seem as if he were one appointed by the Divine Master for a life mission.

That he was a sincere patriot, every moment, quite, of his manhood and maturity, convincingly is in attestation.

His judgment and manual skill singled him as among the first surgeons of his era, whilst his essays in the broad field of the science of Medicine made him honored wherever his proficiency was known, and reflected lustre on not only the State of his birth, but on our nation.

He was broadly and comprehensively not only a Virginian in every ennobling characteristic, but he was loyal in every sinew and

fibre of his being; in every beat of his noble heart—in entire service, to what is held by the simply earnest and honest, as proper love of and duty to one's country—in what has been ever held to merit the appellation—patriot.

The regard in which he was so widely held has been given in evidence in the numerous tributes to his memory from societies and institutions of learning, and which have been published. The shadow of the grief which his death cast upon this community in which he had so endeared himself by his virtues, yet remains.

Not only in his exemplification as faithful citizen, and in tender performance in his professional ministration, but also in his association with the invincible chieftain of the Southern Cause, Stonewall Jackson—and his constant zeal for the truthful interpretation of constitutional right, and thus a typical exponent of justice and liberty, should some memorial of Dr. McGuire be preserved in the pages of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*. It would have been a great pleasure to have also thus embalmed the admirable report (so cogent in its presentation of fact) of Dr. McGuire, as Chairman of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia, made in 1899, had not the distinguished author—in his generous munificence—printed at his own cost and distributed so large an impression of it. Its timely influence has been constantly and convincingly manifest.

Dr. McGuire, in the full exercise of his gifted faculties, and with broader plans of beneficence to his fellow beings in progress toward maturity, was suddenly stricken with paralysis on March 19, 1900. He lingered, his condition gradually growing worse, until relief from suffering mercifully came on the morning of September 19, 1900, at his country home in Henrico county.

The funeral services were held at St. Paul's church, Richmond, two days later.

The sketch of his life, herewith, is taken from the columns of the Richmond *Dispatch* of September 20, 1900.—EDITOR.

Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire, M. D., LL. D., was born at Winchester, Va., October 11, 1835. He was the son of Dr. Hugh H. McGuire, an eminent surgeon and physician, and of Anne Eliza Moss, his wife, the family being directly descended from Thomas More McGuire, Lord, or Prince, of Fermanage, Ireland, born in 1400, and died in 1430. Dr. McGuire's scientific studies were

directed by his father, to whom the development of his mind and his skill as a surgeon were largely due. He received his medical education at Winchester Medical College, whence he graduated in 1855, and soon afterwards he left for Philadelphia, where he entered as a student of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and Jefferson College, Philadelphia, and matriculated at both in 1856; but, being seized with a violent attack of rheumatism, he was compelled to return to his home, in Winchester, and, consequently, was unable to graduate. He was Professor of Anatomy at Winchester Medical College, 1856–'58, and in the latter year, feeling the need of greater clinical advantage, he resigned his chair and went to Philadelphia, where, assisted by Drs. Lockett and W. H. Pancoast, he held a very large "quiz" class—a private class in operative surgery. He attended, also, the regular lectures at Jefferson Medical College.

When the body of John Brown (of the Harper's Ferry infamy) was taken through Philadelphia a great outcry was raised against all southern people, and popular feeling running very high against them, all the southern students proposed to return to the South, and Dr. McGuire telegraphed to Richmond to know upon what terms the Medical College of Virginia would receive them. The authorities replied that no fees would be demanded, and that all expenses would be paid. Upon this, in December, 1859, Dr. Hunter McGuire started from Philadelphia with over 300 students. He had saved nearly $2,000 by teaching, and with this money he paid the fares of the students from Philadelphia to Richmond. The students marched to the place of their departure in a body. All were armed, for they had been led to fear violence on account of threats.

On their arrival they were received with great demonstration, during which Governor Henry A. Wise made a stirring speech and the city refunded the railroad fare of all the students. Drs. Lockett and McGuire finished the course with the students at the Medical College of Virginia in March, 1860, when Dr. McGuire went to New Orleans and established another quiz class. Upon the secession of South Carolina, seeing the inevitability of war, he hastened home to offer his services to Virginia. Dr. McGuire volunteered in Company F, 2nd Virginia Regiment, and marched with the regiment from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, on April 17, 1861, the day Virginia seceded. He was commissioned May 4th of the same year as surgeon in the provisional army of the Confederate States, and was immediately assigned to duty as medical director of the Department of Harper's Ferry, known as the Army of the Shenandoah, and

then under the command of General T. J. Jackson (Stonewall). When General Joseph E. Johnston took command, Dr. McGuire served under him until July 1st, 1861, when General Jackson, having organized the 1st Virginia Brigade (the future Stonewall Brigade), requested that Surgeon McGuire might be assigned to him as brigade surgeon, which was done.

Dr. McGuire soon proved that he possessed the requisite qualifications for his position, for besides his personal skill as an operator he possessed equally the essential power of organization and the ability to select competent men to carry out his plans. Never shirking work himself, he demanded the same zeal from his subordinates, and the Medical Department of Jackson's army soon became famous for its promptness and efficiency.

At the first battle of Manassas, July 21st, 1861, when General Jackson made the celebrated charge with his brigade which turned the fortune of the day, he raised his left hand above his head to encourage the troops, and while in this position the middle finger was struck by a ball and broken. He remained upon the field 'till the fight was over, and then wanted to take part in the pursuit, but was peremptorily ordered back to the hospital by the general commanding. On his way to the rear the wound pained him so much that he stopped at the first hospital he came to, and the surgeon there proposed to cut the finger off, but, while the doctor looked for his instruments, and for a moment turned his back, the general silently mounted his horse and rode off to Surgeon McGuire, who was then busily engaged with the wounded. He refused to allow himself to be attended to until "his turn came." By judicious treatment the finger was saved, and in the end the deformity was very trifling. Surgeon McGuire remained as brigade surgeon from July to October, when General Jackson took command of the Army of the Valley District, of which McGuire became Medical Director.

IN THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

The Valley campaign commenced January 1st, 1862, and included the battles of McDowell, Winchester, Cross Keys and Port Republic, after which the army joined General Lee during the celebrated Seven Days' fight against General McClellan. After this came the fight at Cedar Run against Pope, followed by the Second Battle of Manassas against Generals Pope and McClellan. During the battle, General Ewell received a wound which caused the amputation of his leg by Dr. McGuire.

Then followed the campaign in Maryland and battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam), and the battle of Fredericksburg, closing that campaign. At all these engagements Surgeon McGuire was present, never missing a battle where the troops were fighting.

JACKSON'S DEATH WOUNDS.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, May, 1863, General Jackson received his death wounds, and being placed upon a litter, was passed on as rapidly as the thick woods and rough ground would permit, when, unfortunately, one of the bearers was struck down, and the General was thrown to the ground, but was again placed on the litter, when he was met by Surgeon McGuire, to whom he said: "I am badly injured, Doctor; I fear I am dying."

His clothes were saturated with blood, his skin cold and clammy, his face pale, fixed and rigid, and his lips compressed and bloodless, showed that his sufferings were intense. His iron will controlled all evidence of emotion.

On reaching the hospital he was placed in bed, and was told that amputation would probably be required. He was asked whether if it was found necessary it should be done at once, he replied promptly: "Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire. Do for me whatever you think best."

Chloroform was administered, and as he began to feel its effects and its relief to the pain he was suffering, he exclaimed: "What an infinite blessing!" and continued to repeat, "blessing," until he became insensible.

The round ball (such as used for the smooth-bore Springfield musket), which had lodged under the skin, on the back of the right hand, was extracted first; it had entered the palm about the middle of the hand, and had fractured two of the bones. The left arm was then amputated about two inches below the shoulder. There were two wounds in this arm, the most serious dividing the main artery and fracturing the bone. Throughout the whole operation, and until all the dressings were applied, the patient continued insensible. Two or three slight wounds of the skin of his face, received from the branches of trees when his horse dashed through the woods, were also dressed. As there was some danger of capture by Federal troops, it was decided to remove him, and Dr. McGuire was directed to accompany and remain with him, and his duties as medical director were transferred to the surgeon next in rank, although General

Jackson had previously declined to allow the Doctor to accompany him, as complaints had been so frequently made of general officers when wounded carrying off with them the surgeons belonging to their commands. Whilst Dr. McGuire was asleep, he directed his servant, Jim, to apply a wet towel to his stomach, to relieve nausea. The servant asked permission to first consult the Doctor, but the General refused to allow him to be disturbed.

About daylight the Doctor was aroused, and found him suffering great pain, and examination disclosed pleuro-pneumonia of the right side, which the Doctor believed was attributable to the fall from the litter the night he was wounded, and thought the disease came on too soon after the application of the wet cloths to admit of the supposition, once believed, that it was induced by them. Dr. McGuire continued, in conjunction with other physicians summoned to assist him, to minister assiduously to his beloved leader until his death.

HONORED BY JACKSON.

It was, therefore, a great honor in itself to have served satisfactorily on the staff of such a commander; but a higher meed of praise than this belongs to Dr. McGuire. He possessed Jackson's entire confidence, his warm friendship, and received his highest commendation. The sword presented by Jackson to his surgeon at the battle of Winchester, 1862, could only have been bestowed on one possessed of indomitable energy, transcendent skill, and unflinching fidelity. Associated as closely and conspicuously as it was possible for a surgeon to be with the greatest war ever waged in America, following the standard of the most brilliant military genius developed in the struggle and aiding with all the resources of his and that intrepid brigade whose name has become immortal—the fame of its surgeon is inseparably united to that of the heroic band that stood "like a stone wall" in the face of assailing hosts.

After the death of General Jackson, Surgeon McGuire served as chief surgeon of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, under Lieutenant-General Ewell. After defeating Milroy at Winchester they were engaged at Gettysburg.

Surgeon McGuire afterwards acted as Medical Director of the Army of the Valley, with Lieutenant-General Early, to Lynchburg, and the campaign of the Valley down to Frederick City and Monocacy and almost to Washington, and then at Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Waynesboro', where Dr. McGuire was captured, and paroled for fifteen days and then released. He rejoined the 2nd Corps under

General Gordon, and remained as Medical Director till the surrender at Appomattox.

SOME NOTABLE INNOVATIONS.

In May, 1862, at the battle of Winchester, Va., Surgeon McGuire inaugurated the plan of releasing captured medical officers. Eight federal surgeons were set free upon the simple condition that they would endeavor to procure the release of the same number of Confederate surgeons. Afterwards General Jackson himself approved of this action. A few weeks after this, all of the medical officers who had been confined by both parties as prisoners of war were released and returned to their respective commands. Although this plan of exchanging medical officers as non-combatants was interrupted by some disagreement between the Commissioners for the Exchange of Prisoners, yet Dr. McGuire continued to release surgeons whenever it was in his power. As late as February, 1865, he liberated the Medical Inspector of General Sheridan's army. When Surgeon McGuire was himself captured at Waynesboro', in March, 1865, General Sheridan showed his appreciation of Surgeon McGuire's action by immediately ordering his liberation.

Surgeon McGuire was the first to organized Reserve Corps Hospitals in the Confederacy, in the spring of 1862, in the Valley campaign. About the same time he succeeding in perfecting the "Ambulance Corps."

HIS LIFE IN RICHMOND.

The war being ended, Dr. McGuire, in November, 1865, removed to Richmond, having been appointed to fill the chair of surgery in the Medical College of Virginia, made vacant by the death of Dr. Charles Bell Gibson. This position he held until 1878, when the demands of an extensive practice compelled him to resign it, the College conferring upon him in 1880 the title of Emeritus Professor. In his new home he rapidly acquired an extensive practice, both medical and surgical. His remarkable successes in lithotomy, lithority, ovariotomy, etc., placed him in the first rank of civil surgeons. As a teacher, he was fluent, lucid and impressive, and as a writer had contributed many instructive and interesting articles to Northern and Southern journals.

In 1883 Dr. McGuire established St. Luke's Home for the Sick—a private infirmary for the accommodation of his surgical cases. The institution has grown until now it contains between fifty and sixty

beds, and is one of the largest and most successful sanitariums in the country. Dr. McGuire was founder, and at his death President and Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University College of Medicine, in this city, and also President of, and one of the surgeons to, the Virginia Hospital, an institution which, largely through his influence, was established for the sick poor of the State.

His abilities have been recognized both at home and abroad in a most flattering manner, and he has received many honorary degrees and held many positions of eminence. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him in 1887 by the University of North Carolina, and in 1888 by the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia. He was President of the Richmond Academy of Medicine in 1869; of the Association of the Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in 1875; of the Virginia Medical Society in 1880; of the American Surgical Association in 1886; of the Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association in 1889, and of the American Medical Association in 1892. He was Vice-President of the International Medical Congress in 1876, and of the American Medical Association in 1881. He was Associate Fellow of the College of Physicians, of Philadelphia. He was also Honorary Fellow of the D. Hayes Agnew Medical Society, of Philadelphia; of the Obstetrical Society of Philadelphia, and of the medical societies of various States, among which may be mentioned Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and Texas.

He was the only surgeon in this country who ever tied the aorta. He operated fifty-seven times for stone in the bladder after his return to Richmond. He had contributed numerous articles to various journals on gunshot wounds, diseases of the bladder, ovariotomy, etc., besides a detailed account of the "Last Wound of General Stonewall Jackson; His Last Moments and Death."

WORK FOR TRUE HISTORIES.

Dr. McGuire's service to the Confederacy did not end with Appomattox. He had lately distinguished himself as Chairman of the History Committee, having succeeded Colonel W. L. Royall about two years ago.

During the past three years Dr. McGuire had done a very fine work in behalf of fair school histories. As Chairman of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans he presented a report at the meeting of the Grand Camp of Confederate

Veterans, at Pulaski, last October, which attracted widespread attention.

General John B. Gordon, general commanding the United Confederate Veterans, issued a special order, commending in highest terms, the report of the History Committee.

LEAVES A LARGE FAMILY.

Dr. McGuire married Mary Stuart, daughter of Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Staunton, Secretary of the interior under President Fillmore. He is survived by his wife and nine children—Dr. Stuart McGuire, of this city; Dr. Hugh McGuire, of Alexandria; Mrs. Edward McGuire, of Richmond; Mrs. William Law Clay, of Savannah, and Miss Francis B. Augusta, M. Gettie, and Margaret, and Mr. Hunter McGuire.

Dr. McGuire's reputation was not local, nor was it even national, for he was known and honored and beloved in Europe as well as in this hemisphere.

He was frequently honored by the societies of his profession. At different times he filled the following offices:

President of the Medical Society; President of the American Surgical Association; President of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy, Confederate States; Vice-President of the International Medical Congress; Vice-President and President of the American Medical Association, and President of the Gynecological Association in 1889.

DR. FOY'S TRIBUTE.

Dr. George Foy, F. R. C. S., a distinguished physician and writer on medical subjects, who had visited Dr. McGuire, dedicated a fine work on anæsthetics to his host. The dedication read as follows:

"To Hunter McGuire, M. D., LL. D., Fellow and Past President of the American Association of Surgeons, Late Medical Director of the Stonewall Jackson Corps (Second), Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A.

"Those numerous, brilliant and successful operations, many of which he performed under great difficulties, have made his name honored and esteemed in two hemispheres. This book is dedicated as a mark of respect for his great ability, as a token of personal friendship, by the author."

AS SURGEON AND TEACHER.

Dr. McGuire's work as a surgeon can be accurately measured only by one of his profession. He had performed operations which, to almost any other man, would have appeared impossible.

In addition, he had read a large number of papers before the Virginia Medical Society, which have not only proven of value to the profession of this State, but have been widely printed, and are regarded as the final word, in so far as they relate to the subjects of which they treat. He also collaborated upon several standard text-books of surgery.

Dr. McGuire was the first surgeon who ever performed the operation of suprapubic cystotomy. His discovery of this operation gave him an international fame. He performed it in a very great many cases, generally successfully.

Dr. McGuire also had the distinction of being the only surgeon who ever ligated the aorta. This apparently impossible feat was performed under circumstances which seemed to make it absolutely necessary. The patient was bleeding to death from a wound in the aorta, which almost severed it. But Dr. McGuire was undismayed and determined that if the man died it should not be until a last desperate effort had been made to save him; such an effort as had never been made before, probably, certainly not successfully. He cut into the artery, found it had been nearly severed, and in a few minutes bound the edges of the wound together, and the blood went coursing along the great channel once more.

Dr. McGuire was not fond of writing. He loved to lecture to his classes, but his hand was far fonder of the operating-knife than the pen. Still, he leaves many valuable papers to attest his learning and skill. He was the author of the chapter on Intestinal Obstruction, in Pepper's System of Medicine, and of the chapter devoted to Gunshot Wounds, in Holmes' System of Surgery. Both works are the recognized authorities.

The following papers read before the Virginia Medical Society have been very widely published: Gunshot Wounds of the Peritoneum, Choice of Anæsthetics, Nervous Disturbances Following Urethral Stricture, Formation of Artificial Urethra in Prostatic Obstruction, Gunshot Wounds of the Belly, Relief of Prostatic Obstruction, Twenty-One Cases of Supra-Pubic Cystotomy and Results, Chronic

Cystitis in the Female, Drainage in Obstinate Chronic Cystitis in the Female, Last Wound and Death of Stonewall Jackson, &c.

Since 1889 Dr. McGuire had given every year a prize of $100 for the best essay by a member of the Virginia Medical Society on an annually announced subject.

Dr. McGuire was a great teacher. He loved teaching. He began his career as a professor in the Winchester Medical College, and then as a quiz-master in Philadelphia. He entered it as a Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University College of Medicine, after having been for years the occupant of a similar chair in the Medical College of Virginia. He delivered his last lecture on the 10th of March, when lectures were suspended for examination. On that occasion he called the attention of his class to the fact that during the entire session he had not missed a lecture, nor had one of the many patients which he had brought before the class in that time failed of recovery.

Dr. McGuire was a superb teacher. His direct manner, his simple, lucid style and his thorough group of every phase of his branch enabled him to impart knowledge with wonderful facility. His students honored him as one of the greatest of his profession, and loved him as a man who knew so well the difficulties of the road along which he led them, and who was always ready to sacrifice precious time if thereby he might help them onward.

DR. McGUIRE IN THE ARMY.

The Tribute of Rev. James P. Smith, D. D.

It would be difficult to find a veteran of the Confederate army who rendered a service as loyal, as efficient, as valuable to the Confederacy as Hunter McGuire. If his service was rendered at the camp and in the hospital, rather than on the battle line, there was yet no greater devotion and no more zealous and able discharge of the duty assigned him. His service as surgeon and medical director of an army corps was felt on the battle line, in the care of the health of the camp, and in the lives that were saved for service at the hospitals.

When he came to Harper's Ferry, at the very outbreak of the war, he bore the first commission of surgeon given by the State of Virginia. He was so young and so youthful in appearance that

General Jackson thought it incredible that he was sent to be chief surgeon of his command. The interview of the evening removed from Jackson's mind all doubt, won a confidence that was never lost, and opened the door of his heart to the coming of a new friend.

There devolved on this young surgeon an extensive and difficult work of organization. For an army, growing every day, in constant motion, and almost daily battle, there were appointments to be made, instructions given, supplies to be secured, medical train to be found, hospitals to be established, and all this with difficulties to surmount which made the task almost hopeless. To this administration he gave himself with energy, promptness, and command. And in all this he won the entire confidence and approval of his chief.

SURGEON OF GREAT SKILL.

As General Jackson's command grew to be a brigade and then a division, the surgeon's rank and responsibility were advanced. From the Army of the Valley General Jackson's command became the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and in all these changes, by Jackson's wish, Dr. McGuire went with his General.

He was found to have the skill of a great army surgeon where his personal attention could be given, and the ability to direct the practice and operation of a great body of surgeons. And there was developed an administrative capacity so efficient and successful that the anxious and watchful General was more than satisfied. Into all this administration of the medical department of his army General Jackson went with the most scrutinizing inquiry every day. Each day he knew of its condition and its wants. No higher encomium can be placed upon all this period of Dr. McGuire's work than that Jackson knew of all and was satisfied.

He was a favorite companion of the General about the camp fire, at the meal table, and on the march. The General found him intelligent beyond men of his class, of notable intellectual brightness, with a fine knowledge of men, and most genial social qualities. Many honors have come to Hunter McGuire in the long, strenuous years of his successful life. Many friends have been gathered from among all classes, at home and abroad; but no honor has ever been his that is equal to this—that he had the personal confidence and friendship of Stonewall Jackson.

JACKSON'S CONFIDENCE IN HIM.

When at Chancellorsville Jackson fell mortally wounded, he looked to Dr. McGuire for such treatment as he could give with entire confidence. When amputation was suggested, he told Dr. McGuire that he must do what he thought best. In the midst of the operation the sufferer spoke from under the influence of chloroform, and said: "Dr. McGuire, you must do your duty, sir; you must do your duty." With fidelity and tenderness all care was given to the great General on the day of his passing away by his faithful friend. Perhaps there was no man to whom Jackson gave as much of the opening of his thought and of his love as he gave to Dr. McGuire. As long as Stonewall Jackson's name shall live among men, the name of Hunter McGuire will be linked with his in unfading honor.

After the death of Jackson, Dr. McGuire served with the same loyalty and the same success under General Ewell and under General Early. By General Lee he was known and trusted in the highest degree. Throughout the Army of Northern Virginia he was known with a rising fame, and admired and trusted by a great company of officers of all grades, and by a greater company of those noble men, the private soldiers of the Confederacy. To many he had given relief by his skill, and many by his care had been removed to health again. To the end of the war, and since the end, he was the same large-hearted friend of all Confederate soldiers, and the same loyal Confederate himself.

Of the staff of General Jackson, Major Jed. Hotchkiss, the topographical engineer, died in the last year. Now the great surgeon and friend has passed away. There remains of those regularly commissioned, who had service with General Jackson, Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas, of Maryland; Captain Joseph G. Morrison, of North Carolina, and myself.

THOMAS R. R. COBB.

Member of the Secession Convention of Georgia, of the Provisional Congress, and a Brigadier-General of the Confederate States Army.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO HIS WIFE, FEBRUARY 3, 1861—DECEMBER 10, 1862.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

The following appeared in the columns of the Athens, Georgia, *Banner*, during the months of February, March and April, 1897.

They were sent to us a little later by Mr. A. L. Hull, of Athens, Ga., who married a daughter of General Cobb.

Whilst the expressions of General Cobb are his own and may in no wise be endorsed by the editor, yet, from a man admittedly so able and fearless, and so thoroughly earnest and devoted, they have value in aiding in a clear analyses of the characters of the men of the period, and of their agency in determining its momentous events, as well as in definitely fixing these last.

General Cobb, a brother of the statesman, Howell Cobb, was born in Jefferson county, Ga., in 1823, and graduated from the University of that State in 1841.

Having been admitted to the bar, he was the Reporter of the Supreme Court of Georgia from 1849 to 1857. In 1851 he published a new "Digest of the Laws of Georgia," and in 1858, an "Inquiry into the Laws of Negro Slavery," a scholarly and extensive research.

He was a Trustee of the University of Georgia; was active in the cause of education in the State, and had a high reputation and large practice as a lawyer. An able and an eloquent member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, he served in this body as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs.

He was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., on December 13, 1862.—EDITOR.

The election of Mr. Lincoln so aroused Mr. Cobb to the dangers which threatened the South, that he urged by pen and voice, a separation from the North as the only course of safety. Chosen a

delegate to the State convention, he signed the ordinance of secession and thence went to Montgomery as a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy.

From his arrival there until the fatal battle of Fredericksburg, Mr. Cobb wrote daily to his wife. This series of letters only interrupted by brief visits to his home, form a record of his life in which he freely expresses his opinion of the men and measures of the time. These letters first unfolded after a third of a century, breathe a spirit of deep devotion, of love of home and a desire for peace. The sharpness of their criticisms has been blunted by time and their confidential character robs them of their sting.

A. L. Hull.

Montgomery, February 3, 1861.

We got here to-day two hours late, the delay caused by a bad smash-up on the train about three miles from the city. Mr. Chesnut said: "This comes of Sunday travelling." Toombs and Stephens met me at Union Point, Bartow joined us at Opelika. Judge Nisbet and Howell* we found awaiting us here. The full representation from South Carolina are here, a few from Mississippi, and one from Florida. The commissioners from North Carolina are here and the commission from the city of New York. We will have a full representation to-morrow. The universal feeling seems to make Howell President of the convention. As to Provisional President of the Confederacy the strongest current is for Jefferson Davis.

February 7.—The chances are decidedly against war. There may be a little collision and much confusion, but no bloody or extensive war. The action of Virginia decides the question. Peace is certain on her secession.

February 9.—We are now in the presence of a large crowd, electing a President and Vice-President. * * *

Jefferson Davis is elected President and A. H. Stephens Vice-President. The latter is a bitter pill to some of us, but we have swallowed it with as good a grace as we could. The man who has fought against our rights and liberty is selected to wear the laurels of our victory. * * * Howell seized the Bible on which he swore the members, and says he intends to keep it. One man refused to kiss the Bible. It was Judge Withers, of South Carolina. He is an avowed infidel—one of the last of old Dr. Cooper's disciples.

*His brother, Hon. Howell Cobb.

February 11.—On the night the Constitution was adopted and an election ordered for the next day at 12 o'clock, we had a "counting of noses," and found that Alabama, Mississippi and Florida were in favor of Davis, Louisiana and Georgia for Howell, and South Carolina divided between Howell and Davis, with Memminger and Withers wavering. Howell immediately announced his wish that Davis should be unanimously elected. When the Georgia delegation met, Mr. Stephens moved to give Mr. Toombs a complimentary vote from Georgia. I suggested that four States were for Davis, and it would place Mr. Toombs in a false position. Toombs expressed his doubt that four States were for Davis, and preferred they should be canvassed. Judge Crawford was commissioned to do so. Then came the question as to Vice-President. Mr. Toombs returned the compliment by suggesting Mr. Stephens. Kenan and Nisbet responded in favor of it, but a death-like stillness reigned as to the balance. We saw they had us, so after a few minutes Howell retired. Bartow followed him and I followed Bartow. I was told that no other word was spoken after we retired. When we reached the capitol, we heard that Georgia had presented Mr. Stephens. We placed ourselves right and then let it rock on. Stephens was very anxious to accept in a public speech at 1 o'clock to-day. The crowd of presidents in embryo was very large. I believe the Government could be stocked with offices from among them.

February 12.—I am hard at work on three committees, each of which is charged with important business. I tried to get the name of this republic the "Republic of Washington," but failed. The name now had, "Confederate States of America," does not give satisfaction, and I have no doubt will be changed for the permanent Constitution. I am disgusted with old Withers, of South Carolina. Rhett is a generous-hearted man, with a quantity of cranks. Barnwell is a gentlemanly man, full of politeness and modesty, and attracts my kind feeling. Memminger is very shrewd—a perfect McCoy metamorphosed into a legislating lawyer.

February 15.—I am sick at heart with the daily manifestations of selfishness, intrigue, low cunning and meanness among those who at this critical moment should have an eye single to the protection of their people.

* * * The best friends of the Confederacy here are troubled at these continued rumors of President Davis being a reconstructionist. Many are regretting already his election. If he does not come out boldly in his inaugural against this suicidal policy we shall

have an explosion here, the end of which I cannot foretell. The most troublesome matters with us arise from the Forts Sumter and Pickens. Whenever a policy is settled I will write you.

February 16.—Stephens and Ben Hill have made friends and are as thick as brothers. When in Milledgeville a proposition for peace was made to Stephens, his reply was "If Mr. Hill will acknowledge that he told a lie as he did, then I will speak to him." I have received a long letter from Mitchell urging me to put in the claim of Athens for the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

I have had a hint of the Attorney-Generalship. I should promptly and unconditionally decline it if offered. The cabinet is beyond conjecture. Toombs is spoken of for the State department, but says he would not have it. Yancey and Benjamin have also been named but I think no one has the slightest intimation of the President's views.

February 17.—I have stuck to my homespun ever since I have been here. The President arrived here in a suit of homespun. I hope he will be inaugurated in it.

February 18.—The inaugural pleased everybody and the manner in which President Davis took the oath was most impressive. The scene was one worth seeing and I regret more than ever that Sally and Callie were not here. I have not yet called on the President. I hate anything that looks like toadyism.

We signed the enrolled constitution to-day and I have preserved my pen to be laid up again as an heir-loom for my children. They will have but few such memories of me.

February 19.—The President had a grand levee last night. Everybody and his wife were there, except me. I stayed in my room and worked hard on bills until past 1 o'clock. Various rumors are abroad about the cabinet. Mr. Memminger will probably be Secretary of the Treasury. The firm conviction here is that Great Britain, France and Russia will acknowledge us at once in the family of nations. As to the North, the 4th of March will determine its policy.

February 20.—The exciting question now is, "Who will constitute the cabinet?" It is understood that Yancey is to be Attorney-General, Captain Bragg, Secretary of War, and Toombs, Secretary of the Treasury. The State portfolio was offered to Barnwell and declined by him—so says Keitt. From five to twenty letters come to me every day, begging for office. Gwynn, of California, writes that Seward told him there would be no war.

February 22.—President Davis dines at our table every day. He

is chatty and tries to be agreeable. He is not great in any sense of the term. The power of will he has, made him all he is.

February 26.—An act was passed this morning, giving to each of the commissioners to Europe $12,000 per annum. Yancey and Slidell are both mentioned. Henry R. Jackson is also spoken of, but Mr. Davis acts for himself and receives no advice, except from those who press their advice unasked.

February 27.—Henry Jackson stands no chance, for Stephens has the ear of Davis, and he will not forgive Henry soon.

March 1.—I declined two invitations to tea last night, and went to prayer-meeting instead, and from my heart I thank God that I went. It was a small company, but we were all melted to tears, and our Lord and Saviour was with us. It was good for us to be there. After the prayer-meeting my friend, Atticus Haygood came to my room, and we had a good religious talk. Yesterday I offered a bill closing our courts to Northern plaintiffs, and I intend to introduce a bill granting international copyright privileges to the authors of France and Great Britain. I am worn out and homesick and starved, and from my heart I can say I am sorry I ever came here. File this letter away, and read it to me whenever hereafter the silly notion takes my head that my services are peculiarly necessary to the safety of the republic.

March 3.—Last night I was summoned to the room of the President. He informed me that he had just received a telegram from Arkansas bringing a Macedonian cry for help; that on consultation they had agreed that I of all others could do most to save that State at this crisis; that a State hung on my appointment as envoy to the State of Arkansas and he begged me to go at once as the convention meets to-morrow. I confess I was nonplussed. I protested against the appointment and gave him three objections which were altogether insurmountable.

We shall adopt a flag to-morrow and raise it on the capitol at 12 o'clock, the hour when Lincoln is to be inaugurated. Our news from Virginia is more promising, but I have no hope of her coming now.

March 4.—The question of pay to members is being discussed. It will settle down on $8 per day and 10 cents mileage. This will pay me the enormous sum of $300 for which I have lost I doubt not in my private business $3,000. I am urging Congress to take no pay and set an example of patriotism. The nomination of Mr. Mallory

as Secretary of the Navy was confirmed after a struggle. His soundness on the secession question was doubted.

March 5.—The President appealed to me again to go to Arkansas but I positively refused. This morning he and Mrs. Davis took their seats by me at the breakfast table and were very affable.

A telegram from Washington City just received says the universal feeling there since Lincoln's inaugural is that war must come. I don't believe it yet, though I confess the document is a bolder announcement of coercion than I had expected. Well, I am not afraid of the issue. Last night we passed a bill raising a regular army of 10,000 men and authorizing the President to receive into the service of the Confederate States 100,000 volunters.

Montgomery, Ala., March 5, 1861.—The Texas members here are a very conceited crowd with very little of statesmanship among them. The weakest delegation here is from Mississippi, Wiley P. Harris is the only man of talent among them.

March 6.—I found out yesterday why George N. Sanders was here. He is an agent from Douglas and is working to keep out of the Constitution any clause which will exclude "Free States." The game now is to reconstruct under our Constitution. There will be a hard fight on this question when we reach it. Stephens and Toombs are both for leaving the door open. Wright goes with them and Hill also we fear. Kenan is with us and thus gives Howell, Nisbet, Bartow and me a majority in our delegation. Confidentially and to be kept a secret from the public, Mr. Davis is opposed to us on this point also and wants to keep the door open. The Mississippi delegation are wax in his hands. I am much afraid of the result. I struggled hard this morning to place in the Constitution a provision which would stop Sunday mails but failed.

His work in the Presidential Congress having been concluded, Mr. Cobb returned to his home in Athens, Georgia. The capture of Fort Sumter, the wild excitement which followed the organization of volunteers and preparations for war filled the interval until the re-assembling of Congress at Montgomery in April.

Montgomery, April 19, 1861.—The atmosphere of this place is positively tainted with selfish ambitious schemes for personal aggrandisement. I see it, hear it, feel it, and am disgusted with it. But I would rather tell you of my journey here. At Maxey's, George Lumpkin's company was drawn up, and would have a speech from me. At Union Point we met the "Young Guards," and again I had to make a little speech. At Greensboro Oscar Dawson told

me he had raised in two days a company of eighty men, and they wanted to be on the field in one week from the day he began. At Conyers they have raised the sixth company in Newton county. In Merriweather they raised three companies of eighty men in three days and $7,000 to equip them. Similar news comes up from the whole country.

At West Point yesterday afternoon a large crowd assembled at the cars, and had speeches from Keitt, Brooks (of Mississippi), Ben Hill and Gus Wright. They called on me, but I declined on the ground it was Sunday, and took occasion to give them a five minute's lecture on Sabbath-breaking. It was the only speech that was not cheered. There is a good deal of talk about going to Richmond. I would not be surprised if the whole Government were moved there as soon as the Virginia delegates arrive and join us. The President favors it decidedly. I sent you a copy of his message. It is a capital document.

The opinion is pretty general here that we shall have to take Washington City, but many are of the decided opinion that there will be no war. Howell insists that this is the true view of the matter.

Frank Bartow says the Savannah companies are outraged at Governor Brown, who refuses to call any of them into service. They are offering themselves direct to Davis, who has agreed to accept them and put them into the field. Bartow wants to form a regiment and lead them himself. Henry Jackson wants to do the same. He is determined to go into the war. I am trying to get the Secretary of War to order the Troup Artillery away from Tybee before the summer begins. Here, again, Brown interferes, in refusing to to permit the cannon to leave the State. Davis holds Brown in great contempt. He says he is the only man in the seven States who has persistently thwarted him in every endeavor to carry out the policy of the Government. Howell has written positively refusing, under any circumstances, to accept any civil office.

April 30.—Yesterday I signed the permanent Constitution of the Confederate States of America, and have thus perfected my "rebellion." I trust that my children may hereafter recur with pride to it, whether by others I am canonized a saint or hung as a traitor.

The Secretary of War is filling the army with inexperienced boys while he is disgusting the real military men of the country. General Walker, of Augusta, has written saying he couldn't stand on military etiquette any longer and authorized me to tender his services

for any appointment. I am going to see the President for him after dinner. Wigfall, of Texas, is here. He promises to be as troublesome to us as he was to the Congress at Washington.

May 3.—We have in the Confederate States at least 100,000 stand of arms and ample ordnance for our necessities. We have powder enough to furnish our troops for a year's active campaign and 2,500,000 percussion caps. Governor Brown did a dirty trick in Georgia. The convention ordered the arsenal at Augusta and the arms in it turned over to the government. Brown secretly sent Rockwell up to Augusta and shipped all of the good arms to Savannah before the agent of the government could get there. Under other circumstances it would be wrong, but at present it was disgraceful.

We have delayed declaring war for two days, waiting for the Virginia commission. I wanted to act yesterday. As soon as Congress adjourns Howell says he is going into his old district and raise a regiment for the war.

May 4.—Well we have cast the die and accepted the war forced upon us by Lincoln and the Abolitionists. The bill was passed unanimously and wants only the signature of the President to become the law. The issue is with God. He knows how earnestly I have enquired of him for guidance in this hour of trial. There will be no fight at Fort Pickens for three weeks yet. Some of the most rabid secessionists here counsel delay in making another attack in order to let the fever at the North cool off. Our people are becoming daily more satisfied that they must sustain the government. Leroy Napier took $40,000 in the Confederate loan and gave $10,000 to the volunteers and their families. This is but an index of the popular feeling. We may have a long and hard fought war, but I do not believe it.

May 6.—I made the acquaintance of General Beauregard this morning. He is decidedly Frenchy in his appearance; a small thin man, slightly gray and very pleasant in conversation. Why he was called here is left a secret to the administration.

May 7.—The Virginia delegates who were sworn in to-day have given us more confidence in that State. She is in earnest. In addition to this the good news of the secession of Arkansas and Tennessee have kept the cannon booming all day.

If we could only get rid of Lee Walker and Mallory* and the Lord would kill off Governor Letcher and his General Gwynn at

*The Secretaries of War and Navy.

Norfolk, I should feel like shouting to-night. I am satisfied that General Scott will make no attack on Virginia.

May 10—Would to God that I could infuse some of my restless energy into these executive departments. They move too slowly for me.

Mr. Hunter came last night. He speaks hopefully but urges strongly that we move the government at once to Virginia. He says Letcher is an imbecile with but half a heart in this cause, and this government must be where it can overlook him.

May 11.—There are strong anticipations of an attack on Virginia in the next ten days. This we think is one reason of Scott's concentration of troops at Washington. The points of attack will be Harper's Ferry or Norfolk. He cannot and dare not attack Richmond. Congress passed a resolution to-day to adjourn on the 20th and to meet again on July 20th in Richmond. But this was done in secret session and you must keep it closely to yourself.

There was no application for the Commissary department so the secretary asked us to make recommendations to him. In view of the breaking up of the college, Howell and I at a venture put in Rutherford's name. To my surprise I hear this morning that he is appointed and his commission sent to Savannah. He ranks as Captain.

May 15.—I am more and more satisfied that old Scott is afraid to attack us and is looking for an attack on Washington. Frank Bartow leaves to-morrow. Everybody is preparing to take the field.

May 16.—Governor Brown is interfering again. He refuses to allow any volunteer companies to take their arms out of Georgia unless they are first accepted by him.

Richmond, Va., July 21, 1861.—Nobody here fears anything from an approach of the enemy. Beauregard has plenty of men to repe them.

Rumor says President Davis went to Manassas to-day. The soldiers are pouring in here. I came from Petersburg with 600 and left 2000 waiting for cars to come in.

July 22.—The telegraph has informed you of our victory and our loss. For myself the former is swallowed up in the latter. Poor Bartow is gone. In the last interview I had with him he seemed deeply impressed with the conviction that he should fall in the first engagement. I tried to remove it from his mind, but he reiterated it to the last. His wife is in this house, but her brother has concealed the fact from her to this time. We have no particulars of the mode

of Bartow's death, and the accounts of the battle are very confused and contradictory. Toombs will resign as Secretary of State to-day and goes immediately into the field as Brigadier-General of Georgia forces. The Troup Artillery has been ordered off to the North West army, but Secretary Walker has promised me to attach them to my legion just as soon as I get into the field.

July 24.—I have made the circuit of the city to-day visiting wounded Georgians and answering telegrams from anxious friends. This with my congressional duties and fixing up my legion keep me engaged every hour. Ed. Hull is safe, but poor George Stovall is dead. Gartrell is not hurt, but his son is killed. Prof. Venable was in the fight and was wounded slightly. He was reported dead and had to go home to convince his wife that he was alive.

As the smoke arises from the field of Manassas I feel assured it will be estimated as one of the decisive battles of the world. Either Scott will concentrate an army of 100,000 men and try the issue again or the war will be virtually closed. If they are for another trial we shall defeat them again. The battle of Manassas therefore has secured our independence.

July 24.—I have just paid my last sad tribute to the remains of Frank Bartow, and followed them to the cars. * * *

An Englishman named Byng, who was with the Yankees, gives a ludicrous account of the flight of the non-combatants at Manassas. Thurlow Weed's daughter was with the members of Congress on the field with a flag marked "Richmond" which she was to raise over the capitol here. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*, was with Scott's army as a looker on. The crowds from Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama coming in to look after wounded relatives is immense. They keep me going all day to get passports for them.

August 1.—If peace is restored by November as I believe it will be, the year which will have elapsed since Lincoln's election will be the most eventful in the history of America. Troops are coming in every day. I have no idea I will be ordered out of Richmond before September.

August 3.—The news of McCullough's victory in Missouri came to-day. If it is not exaggerated I look upon it as the finishing stroke of this war.

Richmond, January 12, 1862.—Stephens is openly opposing the administration and trying to build up an opposition party.

January 14.—By appointment I spent two hours with the President to-day. He was very cordial. We did not speak of his West Point appointments, especially Harry Wayne. It made my blood boil when I heard that fellow had been made a Brigadier-General.

January 17.—Wayne wrote the President a most insulting letter, refusing contemptuously his commission as Brigadier-General and berating him for not appointing him Major-General. I hear this confidentially and don't want you to speak of it out of the family.

January 18.—The sudden death of Ex-President Tyler has caused an adjournment of Congress. He was a remarkable man and had filled every State and national office. The impression is gaining ground that the Burnside fleet is intended for Savannah. If it proves successful I do hope there will be found patriotic hands enough to set fire to the city and let the enemy be received in a heap of smouldering ruins.

January 22.—I met and was introduced to Governor Wise to-day. I confess I was disappointed in him. He wants stability and solidity in his appearance, while he is almost brilliant in common conversation.

January 24.—We are all depressed this morning over the disaster at Somerset last Sunday. It is attributable entirely to a drunken, Godless general, who in a spree on Sunday morning led our troops to their destruction. Zolicoffer was a noble man and a fine officer. In the effort to redeem the day, I doubt not, he lost his life. Will the President learn wisdom from this? I doubt it. He is as obstinate as a mule. Mr. Davis has lost his power in Congress, but Howell, Toombs and I have agreed that we will boldly condemn his errors but generously uphold him when he is right. Stephens on the contrary, a poor selfish demagogue, is trying to ride on the wave of popular clamor and create factious opposition to everything.

January 26.—A grander rascal than this Jew Benjamin does not exist in the Confederacy and I am not particular in concealing my opinion of him.

January 27.—Scarlet fever is prevalent here. General Longstreet's family reached here ten days ago. Two of his children are to be buried to-day and another is at the point of death.

January 28.—Among the guests at Toombs' I met Prince Polignac who holds a commission as lieutenant-colonel in our army. He seems to be a clever little fellow, but lowers ones opinion considerably of a Prince of one of the noblest houses of France.

February 2.—General Longstreet buried his third child to-day, a boy of twelve summers—all victim's of scarlet fever. Although a stranger to him I felt acutely which carried me to join my sorrow with his stricken heart.

February 13. Lanier, who kept the hotel at Athens, was taken prisoner at Hatteras and died in Fort Warren. The New York *Herald* says the rebellion must be crushed in the next thirty days or the Northern government is bankrupt. If so we may expect a struggle by McClellan at every point. The spring campaign will evidently settle the issue of this war.

March 16.—Davis vetoed the bill making a commanding general yesterday on constitutional grounds and it is raising a perfect storm in Congress. I heard last night that the House of Representatives were debating secretly the propriety of deposing him. He would be deposed if the Congress had any confidence in Stephens. General Lee is acting as commanding general and is doing good. He seems determined to concentrate our forces, undertake less and do it better.

Marrch 20.—Kellock Davenport is reported to have been on the Cumberland and to have gone down with her. I can't say I am sorry; I have more feeling against Georgians who have decided against us than I have about the Yankees. General Lee is showing considerable activity in his new office, and I have great hopes of him.

Lee's Mills, April 13, 1862.—General Joe Johnston came last night, and is passing down our lines. It is said he comes to supersede Magruder.

April 15.—The conscription act is raising a stir among the twelve months' men. The date of service of Cash's South Carolina regiment expired to-day. More than three hundred of them wanted to go home with the enemy in our front, The Troup Artillery, to a man, said they would stay.

Dam No. 2, April 19.—The enemy has kept up a constant fire for six days along our lines, and several of my men have been killed. General Johnston is very taciturn, and keeps his counsel to himself, so I do not know whether I may be ordered to cross or to commence a retreat.

April 28.—The colonel who led the assault on us the 16th is named Lord, the son of Professor Lord, of Dartmouth College, who has written so much in favor of slavery. These people are incomprehensible to me.

April 30.—The reorganization of the regiments under the conscription act is working better than we feared, but the men have defeated almost every good officer, and elected privates and corporals to their places.

If McClellan opens by land and water on Yorktown that place is obliged to fall. But don't tell this as coming from me.

May 1.—Poor Frank Cone was killed in the trenches to-day by a sharpshooter. He and Oscar Dawson came to see me last night. I mourn the loss of such men.

On the Chickahominy, May 10, 1862.—We have been drawn up in line of battle all night, expecting an attack.

May 12.—To every argument to reunite my legion, the President and General Lee replied with State reason of "military necessity," and now the cavalry is at Guinea depot, forty-five miles from Richmond, the artillery away, and the infantry with me.

May 13.—Everybody is running away from Richmond. The destruction of the Merrimac has dispelled all hope of saving the city.

Camp one mile from Richmond, May 23.—I am again face to face with the enemy. Their camp fires are on the opposite line. They opened fire with six guns on one of our pieces this afternoon. Mr. Davis and General Lee had ridden over and we witnessed the duel without being within range. Some of the balls passed over their heads and the papers will no doubt make much ado about the President being under fire.

May 30.—For two days and nights my men have been ready awaiting an order to march. Stovall has resigned and Delony becomes Major and Young, Lieutenant-Colonel; Williams and Ritch will be Captains in Delony's Old Squadron; John Rutherford remains Adjutant of the Legion.

June 5.—Since Johnston was wounded Lee is in command, and he is as reticent as Johnston.

June 10.—The papers say that Andy Johnson has been killed. Righteous death! And that Butler has been assassinated. Glorious if true! Would that it were by the hand of a woman. Did you think I could ever rejoice in an assassination? Yet it is true and I think I can meet my Maker with my justification.

Nine Mile Road, near Richmond, June 13, 1862.—Seven generals have visited this point to-day and each brought his train and stayed from one to three hours. They were Lee, Hill, Magruder, McLaws, Jones, Toombs and Semmes. I don't like Hill, much to my surprise, for I was ready to love him for his Christian character. There

is much bad blood among these high officers, jealousies and backbitings. I never heard Magruder abuse but one man and that was Hill.

June 17.—I am sick of the despicable favoritism here. My cavalry are doing nearly all the picketing, but when Stuart wants to make a brilliant and daring exploit he takes some of the Potomac pets and never lets us know his intentions until he returns in triumph to Richmond.

June 21.—Brisk cannonading has been going on from both sides. Eight men in the 8th Georgia Regiment were sitting around playing cards when a shell fell in their midst, killing four and wounding three others. Generally shells do little harm. Several bursted over me this afternoon as I returned from Stuart's headquarters, but did not even frighten my horse.

June 21.—Wright has been made Brigadier-General. Hal Billups becomes Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3rd Georgia. Wright deserves the promotion and I am glad he got it.

June 24.—Affairs are drawing to a crisis here. A general battle cannot be postponed long. There is no doubt that Stonewall Jackson's army is near Richmond to join us in the attack.

(The seven days' fight occurred at this time.)

July 3.—I got hold of a Yankee candle and camp candle-stick today, and though I am very tired, I don't know when I will get another chance to write. The battle is about over. The enemy has retreated in good order. Their loss is very heavy. Their army is whipped, but not cowed. They fight well to the last, and their discipline is admirable. My battalion brought in fifty prisoners and a great number of arms. It is nine days since we left our camp. We have had a hard time of it—sometimes thirty-six hours without a morsel to eat, and all the time nothing but what we captured from the enemy. So it has been a feast or a famine.

July 5.—Evidences of the retreat of the Yankees are very profuse all along the road—dead horses, broken wagons, cast-off arms and clothing, sick soldiers deserted, strew the way. I have had about 2,000 guns picked up and sent to Richmond, and there are wagon loads of ammunition, engineering instruments, tents, knapsacks, etc. We have captured hundreds of horses and mules, and are picking up stragglers every day. Old Magruder made no reputation in this battle. He lost rather than gained. He was depressed, and I fear was drinking.

July 8.—I have just rejoined my infantry. A good Providence has watched over my command of the artillery. John Lauson, Columbus Wilkerson and John Edwards were wounded. Three of my cavalry were wounded and one taken prisoner. The only two charges made during these battles by cavalry were made by my men under Delony and one under Wright. I was shocked to hear of the death of Willie Billups in the hospital. The last I heard of him he was much better. Willie Whitehead, too, was among the killed in the battle.

July 16.—Yesterday Colonel Benning got into a controversy with General Lee and Secretary Randolph about the conscript law, Benning saying it was unconstitutional, and refused to obey orders based upon it. He was about to be placed under arrest, and his men about to mutiny. He came to get my advice and counsel. In the point at issue, Benning was right. I agreed to go and see Randolph, which I did, finding him, as usual, reasonable and courteous. After presenting my views, I succeeded in convincing him, and am happy to believe it will ward off a bitter war between Georgia and the Confederacy, for Brown was backing Benning.

Toombs challenged D. H. Hill, who refuses to fight, and a bitter correspondence is going on. Hill did most wantonly charge Toombs with cowardice to his face. He now makes many excuses for not fighting him. Toombs is denouncing Hill as a poltroon. I don't know how it will end, but I think you will hear that Toombs is under arrest in less than a week.

July 23.—I went this afternoon to pay my respects to the old lady near whose house I am camped, and whose husband has been very kind to me. She told me she despised soldiers and hated the sight of one—that she hoped she never would see another, and was for stopping the war any way, so she got rid of soldiers. At the same time she was selling tomatoes to the men at $1 per dozen.

(General Howell Cobb having gone home on furlough, Colonel Cobb was placed in command of his brigade.)

Near Richmond, July 28, 1862.—General McLaws reviewed Howell's brigade to-day. I confess I was a little annoyed this morning by the announcement of the promotion of Fitzhugh Lee to be brigadier general of cavalry. I suppose in a few days we will see the balance of the Lees promoted also. This man has been colonel about three months. Now I am to be under him whenever I go out with my cavalry.

July 30.—Large reinforcements are being sent to Stonewall Jackson, and I shall look anxiously for news of an engagement with Pope. Would it not be glorious if God would so order that this man of faith should be our chief deliverer?

August 4.—To-day, as General McLaws and I were about to inspect the camps, General Lee rode up. I asked him to accompany us. He replied: "Colonel, a dirty camp gives me nausea. If you say your camps are clean I will go." I said: "Using the words of a better man, come and see." The legion's camp was very nice. The 24th Georgia was swept as clean as a parlor, and the others were very good. General Lee was high in his praises. Returning to headquarters, I found a jug of buttermilk which had been sent me. Taking the jug, I told the General that it was said drinking was the curse of the army, and I supposed I must fall in and offer him a drink. The old fellow laughed and drank a tumbler full. While we were riding I had a singular conversation with General Lee. He commenced by saying he relied on Howell and me more than any two officers in the civil part of the army. He then asked me why I did not raise my legion to a brigade—that he was troubled at its separation, but it was impossible to keep it together, and he would be delighted if I would raise it to a brigade. I listened to him, but shook my head and said: "General, six months ago I did that very thing under authority of President Davis, and he repudiated it. I cannot go through that again." "But," said he, "there is no objection now. There was a difficulty then—Governor Brown claimed your regiments. The President told me so." I replied: "General, the President was not candid with you. My regiments went into the Governor's camp by his express permission. The President did not give you the true reason. He gave me a very different one. It was my brother's appointment." The conversation was interrupted here and was not resumed.

August 6.—The Yankees have retaken Malvern Hill and the object of this expedition seems to be to drive them away. General Lee and General Stuart have both written very complimentary letters about the manner in which my cavalry behaved.

August 7.—Last night we were ordered out to advance on Malvern Hill. We were on the right flank and our column was the only one which engaged the Yankees. They soon skedaddled and we took possession of the hill. There were 20,000 of them on the hill. They left in such a hurry that our men found a good quantity of crackers which is all they have had to eat in two days.

August 10. Toombs came over to see me yesterday. He is very smart and amused me much by his pungent remarks. I was congratulating myself on not being bothered by an engineer in fortifying my position. He joined in and expatiated on their limitless ability to find more digging to put the troops to work at. He finally swore he believed one engineer could find work for all the men that had been sent to hell since Adam sinned, "and according to scripture, Tom," he added, "that is a big pile."

(Colonel Cobb was granted leave of absence to visit his home. While there the battle of Sharpsburg occurred. Cobb's Legion was actively engaged in this battle and afterwards suffered severely at Crampton's Gap.)

September 24.—I have just heard from one of my men who was paroled that poor Jeff. Lamar is dead. He died the second day of a wound in the groin. He was a noble man, and his last words were cheering on his men. I mourn every time I look at my infantry. I estimate the killed at fifty; wounded, eighty-five to one hundred; taken prisoners, fifty—but these were the flower of my battalion; my best and truest men, never sick, never off duty, always ready. One of my cavalrymen with a squad of thirty men charged a Yankee regiment, captured the Colonel, ran his sword through a Captain so he could not draw it out, then got another and killed two other men. This man was a private. Stuart told General Lee that my cavalry was one of the best regiments he had and objected to their being taken away. We are now under Jackson, whose headquarters are about two hundred yards from mine. Belle Boyd, the celebrated girl, is at an adjoining house.

October 2.—General Jackson told one of his aides the other day that he was anxious to make my acquaintance, so I went yesterday to see him. He was extremely kind and pleasant and made a very agreeable impression on me.

Howell found Joe Keno in one of the camps near him and took him for his cook. Charley said he had a French dinner yesterday.

October 7.—General Lee complained the other day of being unable to get any vinegar, and expressed a wish for pickles. I told him I would send him some that you had sent me. He objected, and said I must not do so. Nevertheless, I sent them, and in reply received the enclosed note. It is very clever, is it not?

October 9.—I have in my pocket General Lee's order to transfer my legion to Georgia for the winter. Generals Hampton, Longstreet, Stuart and McLaws all joined in cordially endorsing my ap-

plication, and General Lee was exceedingly kind and complimentary. The order is to take effect as soon as the present campaign is ended, which, General Lee says, cannot extend beyond December 1.

Let me but get away from these "West Pointers." They are very sociable gentlemen and agreeable companions, but never have I seen men who had so little appreciation of merit in others. Self-sufficiency and self-aggrandizement are their great controlling characteristics.

My friend, General Garnett, was not killed, but is commanding Mahone's brigade, in which are the Athens Guards.

Winchester, October 10, 1862.—I have been appointed president of a court-martial, which is sitting here. The town is so crowded that for thirty-six hours I could not find a lodging place. Yesterday I took the streets in desperation, determined to ask a shelter in every respectable lodging-house until I found one. At the second house an elderly lady—a Mrs. Seevers—cordially welcomed me. General Banks made this house his headquarters, when he was occupying the same room I have. My hostess gave me an amusing account of how the Yankees scattered when old Stonewall attacked them here. General Williams dropped his hat in the retreat, and would not stop to pick it up, but galloped out of town bareheaded.

October 13.—I went down to camp to-day. Stuart has gone into Maryland with 1,000 troopers. He sent for 150 of my men, but Jackson had them all out scouting. General Lee has taken pains to show and express his confidence in me as an officer, and personally he has been as kind as I could ask or desire. He has ordered me to take command of Howell's brigade on a march this morning. My impression is that we are about to fall back towards the Rappahannock.

October 20.—The returned prisoners give a glowing account of their treatment in Baltimore. They came back loaded with presents from the ladies and clothed anew from head to foot. I still hear some news of our casualties in battle. Ben. Mell was not killed, and is still alive. He was severely wounded, and is in the house of a clever family in Maryland. I do hope he will recover. Reuben Nisbet was not killed, as reported; only slightly wounded.

McLaws told me his report of Howell's Brigade in the fight at Crampton's gap would be satisfactory to him. The truth is McLaws didn't know there was such a gap until after the battle.

October 27.—Harry Jackson came to the camp to see me to-day. He is a fine youth, intelligent, quick, brave and frank, and made a

very favorable impression on me. On dit, General Lee wishes to cross into Maryland. The army are unanimously opposed to it. The men say they have had enough of Maryland.

November 5.—Howell has been ordered to duty in Georgia and has telegraphed for all his staff and horses. A camp rumor that I had been appointed Brigadier-General over this brigade has annoyed my men no little, but I assured them that Mr. Davis would never tender me the appointment. General Barksdale came to see me a few days ago and said it was a shame that the President had not promoted me to the rank of General, and he and other officers were going to protest against the injustice. I begged him to say nothing about it, but to let the matter drop.

November 8.—I was notified to-day of my appointment as Brigadier-General.

November 10.—In spite of General Lee's assurance my men seem to think my appointment will prove their disappointment. I have not as yet sent in my acceptance and think I will withhold it awhile to see how things work.

November 14.—One of my couriers brought me a sweet potato the other day. I roasted it last night and found it a great treat after a diet of beef and liver. I could not help thinking of Sumter and the English officer and envying Sumter his luxurious living. Did you see that Henry Jackson's piece to his wife and child is published and attributed to old Stonewall?

November 12.—My cavalry suffered nothing in the last skirmish. Deloney behaved most gallantly in the first. He was in considerable peril at one time. He was rescued by young Clanton, of Augusta, who was afterwards severely wounded. I fear that Jack Thomas, of Augusta, will die. I shall make Willie Church adjutant of the Cavalry, and I have forwarded a recommendation of Camak to be made major of infantry.

November 14.—I was surprised to-night by the appearance of General Wm M. Browne. He came to see General Lee on business and makes my camp his home while here. He has strong hopes of intervention. I do not look for it myself. Captain Berrien brought me a cap from Richmond, for which he had to pay the nice little sum of eighteen dollars. I hear that A. P. Hill whipped the Yankees at Snickersville yesterday.

November 15.—We are speculating on the consequence of McClellan's removal. It will demoralize to a great extent the army of the Potomac, with whom McClellan was a great favorite. I should

not be surprised if Burnside would attempt a dashing movement on Richmond. If he does we may have a heavy battle. General Longstreet feels perfectly confident of the result and so does General Lee. This morning I was petitioned to delay the drill for an hour to which I consented. When I was called to dinner, instead of the usual repast of bread and liver, imagine my surprise to see a splendid turkey with oyster sauce, a nice piece of shoat, stewed oysters, fried oysters, fine pickles, sauces and preserves with potatoes, served before me, and afterwards a magnificent pound cake—all brought from Richmond. The mess had prepared this dinner in honor of my promotion. It gave me more sincere pleasure than the promotion itself.

November 17.—Browne told me that Joe Davis, the President's brother, had been made a Brigadier-General. The senate rejected him but Ben Hill got the vote reconsidered provided Joe Orr would be made postmaster at Athens. Don't mention this as it would get Browne into trouble.

Near Fredericksburg, November 22, 1862.—My camp is on the hills immediately in the rear and west of old "Federal Hill." I can see the house plainly about one mile and a half distant, there being a level plain between it and my headquarters. In that house my mother was born and was married.

The abolitionists gave notice last night that they would shell the city at nine o'clock this morning. Consequently during the entire night the women and children were thronging the road to Richmond. It was a pitiable sight—gentle ladies dressed in furs trudging through the mud, poor little children huddled in go-carts and ox-wagons, many with little bundles of valuables leaving their homes, expecting them soon to be in flames. The time was extended this morning to three P. M. and this scene of distress has continued all day.

We are camped just behind our line of battle. The balance of Longstreet's Corps has come up and we feel fully able to cope with the enemy. I believe my brigade can whip ten thousand of them attacking us in front. We have a magnificent position, perhaps the best on the line.

November 24.—The Yankees seem to be moving away from Stafford Heights across the river. I think this campaign is closed. There will be a good deal of manœuvering, some skirmishing, but no other great battle before spring in this State.

November 27.—My brigade was ordered into Fredericksburg last night to do picket duty. Nothing separates us from the Yankees

but the Rappahannock. Their pickets line one bank while ours occupy the other. During the day the men walk about in plain sight of each other, but by tacit consent there is no firing. I heard that Burnside is over the river in person seeking a place to throw across a pontoon bridge. This looks more like an attack than anything heretofore.

November 28.—I do not think the present state of things can last ten days longer. Burnside must attempt an advance unless his army is demoralized. Jackson is in supporting distance of us and I feel certain we can whip them.

November 29.—Both armies are in statu quo. I find that Lieutenant-Colonel Ruff, of the 18th Georgia Regiment, married a Miss Varner, who is related to you. I was much surprised at the reputation which tradition in Fredericksburg gives to the mother of Washington. It represents her as much inclined to the Tory side and as saying "George had better come home and attend to his business or the British will catch him and hang him." The poetry which has invested her memory with the American people is not felt by the descendants of her neighbors here. I confess this was painful to me. The halo around the memory of Washington's mother was a sacred thing to me and I grieved to have it dispelled.

November 30.—I heard directly from Joe Gerdine and George Atkisson yesterday. They were so much improved that they intended leaving for home soon. The General and Mr. A. are still with them. I incline to think, from certain movements of the artillery, that the Yankees have sought in vain for a crossing above, and intend to try forcing a crossing at the city. If they attempt it poor old Fredericksburg is doomed.

December 2.—I have been hard at work to-day preparing my lines for any attack by the enemy. General Pendleton visited my works, and was very much pleased. Though we have no tents, and the men are poorly clothed, we have very little sickness among them. Did you read the New York *Post's* article about exterminating the negroes? Was there ever such shameless meanness?

December 6.—I returned from picket last night in a beating snow storm, and reached my camp half frozen. My men, God bless the brave fellows, came in with a cheer, and not a murmur was heard from them. The snow this morning was four inches deep, and to-night it is bitter cold. Yet, we are all cheerful, and the health of the troops is good. For this we thank God.

December 8.—We have had two nights of intense cold. The

snow lies on the ground unmelted, and what is worse, the commissary department has failed to furnish any rations for two days, except some flour. The river is frozen over here, and in two days more the Yankees will not need pontoon bridges.

December 10.—I do not now anticipate a battle at this place, at least for some time. Do not be uneasy about my being "rash." The bubble reputation cannot drag me into folly. God helping me, I will do my duty when called upon, trusting the consequences to Him. I go on picket again to-morrow, and hence cannot write regularly.

Three days later the attack was made. Standing behind the stone wall in the Telegraph road, General Cobb was struck by a shot fired from a gun in the yard of "Federal Hill," placed, it was said, beneath the windows of the very room in which his mother was married. The femoral artery was severed, and death soon ensued.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, August 12, 1900.]

WASHINGTON ARTILLERY HEROES.

The Camp Desires to Perfect the Record of the Dead.

Washington Artillery Camp, No. 15, United Confederate Veterans, has resolved to keep a memorial record of all veterans of the Battalion Washington Artillery who were killed or died in service; also those who have died since the war. They desire friends to furnish the date, place of death, and age of the following comrades of the battalion:

FIRST COMPANY.

Harry L. Allen,
J. H. Berthlott,
W. H. Blunt,
Ed. A. Cowen,
Wm. T. Cummings,
R. W. Davis,
Pat. Eagan,
Joseph Hanlan,
William Moran,
H. N. McNair,
W. T. Normant,
N. Byron Phelps,
Chs. Peychaud,
J. G. Pierson,
John N. Payne,
L. Parsons,

Wm. H. Holmes,
Sidney Harrison,
J. D. P. Jones.
Dave C. Johnston,
J. S. Lehman,
Monroe Mount,
John P. Manico,
F. A. St. Amant,
H. W. Spencer,
W. T. Saul,
Thos. S. Turner,
Charles H. Waldo,
E. V. Wiltz.

SECOND COMPANY.

Steve Britton,
John A. Coakley,
Hy. Carey,
Thos. O. Dyer,
C. A. Duval,
Geo. W. Humphreys,
Lieut. Sam Haines,
J. L. Hock,
Oscar Jewell,
R. C. Lewis,
Louis Miller,
Wm. Mills,
John R. McGowan,
Geo. G. Strawbridge,
C. Carter Twitchell,
Robt. Urquhart, Jr.,
Philip Von Coln,
T. H. H. Walker.

THIRD COMPANY.

J. D. Blanchard,
M. Napier Bartlett,
Thomas Ballentine,
Robert Bruce,
George Bernard,
M. Burke,
Richard Bryant,
Michael B. Cantrell,
J. H. Colles,
John W. Dempsey,
artificer;
Gen. Jas. Dearing,
F. P. Foucher.
A. E. Grimmer,
Stringer Kennedy,
R. H. Kitchen,
George H. Meek,
C. B. Marmillon,
P. W. Pettis, serg't;
James W. Price,
Wm. H. Pinckard,
Frank Shaw,
Wm. S. Toledano,
Ralf Turnell,
Jake White,

FOURTH COMPANY.

Lieut. H. A. Battles,
Steve Burke,
C. C. Bier,
Jos. W. Burke,
Dennis J. Cronan,
James W. Dearie,
Sgt. John S. Fish,
Sgt. Sylv. T. Haile,
Jos. W. Lescene,
Albert Norcourt,

L. P. Callahan, artificer;
Thos. H. Cummings,
William Cary,
A. Soniat,
A. T. Vass,
Geo. W. Wood,
Geo. W. Wilkinson.

FIFTH COMPANY.

A. Arroyo,
Thomas C. Allen,
James Adams,
Alfred Bellanger,
Jas. M. Browning,
Jesse A. Bryan,
J. J. Boudreaux,
Philip Capon,
N. Commander,
Paul Conrad,
P. Clere,
John Dooley,
S. H. Davis,
P. W. Engman,
P. H. Flood,
E. C. Feinour,
Hy. Ferand,
James F. Giffin,
George Giles,
R. C. Giffin,
Robert Gibson,
Octave Hopkins,
Curtis Holmes,
Chas. M. Harvey,
L. M. Kennett,
Minor Kenner,
Hy. Lackie,
Hy. I. Mather,
John Metzler,
D. C. Miller,
Adolph Rost,
D. A. Rice,
Ed. Ruffier,
Warren Stone, Jr.,
J. Slaymaker,
M. Sheredan,
John B. Sebastian,
Richard B. Salter,
William Steven,
E. K. Tesdale,
Hiram Tomlin,
Chas. W. Witham,
Tim White,
C. S. Wing.

Captain Louis A. Adam, Washington Artillery Camp, No. 15, United Confederate Veterans, post-office box 375, New Orleans, La., has charge of the memorial.

A CONFEDERATE AIRSHIP.

The Artis Avis Which was to Destroy Grant's Army.

A few days ago a person who had been reading an account of an experimental trip of Count Zeppelin's airship remarked that in a few more years people will travel in the air instead of on the solid earth.

Iron and steel rails will lose their value, because railroads will go out of use. The new mode of travel will be more pleasant, for there will be no dust, and, by rising higher, as necessity may require, the happy traveller may keep cool.

Travelling in the air by means of balloons is not of very remote date. The first successful experiments in this line were made in France, about 1783, when the balloon sailed across the Seine and a part of Paris, remaining in the air twenty-five minutes. A balloon was used for military observation at the battle of Fleurus, fought in 1794.

A great deal concerning ærostation can be found in books and newspapers, but there is one experiment that seems to have escaped the notice of the curious.

In the winter of 1864–'65, General Robert E. Lee and his army were defending Petersburg, Va. The troops were stretched out along the lines perhaps at the rate of one to every one hundred yards.

McGowan's Brigade held the works not far from battery forty-five (or the Star Fort), and near where the great dam was built. One cold, raw day the brigade was called out, without arms, to hear a speech from a scientific personage, who was introduced as "Professor" Blank. The old soldiers crowded around and took their seats on the ground and he unfolded his scheme for demoralizing and driving away Grant's army. He had just invented an airship.

In shape it was something like a bird, and for that reason he had called it "Artis Avis," or, "The Bird of Art," which was the meaning of the two Latin words. The frame was made of hoop-iron and wire. It was covered with white-oak splints. It was to be run by a one-horse-power engine, and one man to each bird would be sufficient. The engine was to be in the body of the bird and to furnish power for keeping the wings in motion. A small door at the shoulder was opened or closed to control the direction of the Bird of Art. A door under the throat was opened when it was desirable to descend and a door on top of the neck when the operator wished to go higher. There was machinery by which the tail could be spread out or closed. In the body of the bird there was room for a number of shells, and the operator, by touching a spring with his foot, could drop them upon the enemy from a safe distance.

The "Professor" said that he had completed one bird and made a test of its speed and how it would work. He tied it to a flat-car, which was coupled to a fast engine. It was attached to the flat-car

with a long, strong rope. The word was given, and the railroad engine started off at great speed. The Bird of Art did the same, and had no trouble in keeping up with the iron horse without pulling on the rope.

The "Professor" concluded his remarks by saying he needed a little more money to make birds enough to destroy Grant's army, and asked the old soldiers to contribute one dollar each to the cause. Many of them did, and the "Professor" moved on and disappeared.

No doubt many of the survivors have forgotten this incident, but not long ago the writer met John W. Butler, a commercial traveller, who belonged to the 14th South Carolina Volunteers, and asked him:

"Did you ever hear of the Artis Avis?"

He replied: "I certainly have heard of it, for I gave a dollar to it."
—*Charleston News and Courier.*

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, February 3, 1901.]

SOME NOTES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY.

Unofficial Letter from Lieutenant Minor.

THE TREACHERY OF A CANADIAN.

He Weakened and Betrayed the Cause.

NAVAL ORDNANCE WORKS,
Richmond, Va., March 23, 1864.

My Dear Sir: * * * There is but little navy news afloat. Captain Page was selected, I hear, by the President to command all the heavy batteries at Mobile. You know that he has been made a Brigadier-General, I suppose. S. S. Lee gives up Drewry's Bluff to Major Territt, of the Marines, and takes Page's place at Charlotte. I hear he does not fancy it much. The sailors from the bluff will man the iron-clad *Fredericksburg*, commanded by Frank Shepperd. She is now fitting out at Rocketts. Wood will probably see service in her, with other vessels under his command. His last af-

fair at New Berne was the feature in the attack, and though not attended with all the results he had cause to expect, still it was a gallant act, well planned and boldly executed. He is surely one of our rising men, and I say Godspeed to him. "Dave" made an attempt on the *Minnesota* not long since with his torpedo, but failed, though it was not his fault. Webb, Read, Alexander Gassell, and some of our other fellows are looked for by the next flag of truce. They have had a hard time of it, and I hear that Gassell was at first rather harshly treated. You know that he has been made a commander, and deservedly so, I say. John Wilkinson has charge of the blockade runners at Wilmington. Lynch and Whiting, you know, had a blow up there, and I hear that the President had them both here for awhile. Bad boys, to be growling in school! Ben Loyall commands the ironclad *Neuse*, of two 6.4s, at Kingston, N. C. Cooke has the *Albemarle*, a similar vessel, at Halifax, N. C. No one has yet been ordered to the *Virginia* here. She will soon be ready for her officers and is perhaps the best and most reliable ironclad in the service. If you were not on more important duty, I am inclined to believe that you would have command of her. Captain Matthew Maury writes to me, under date of January 21st, that we have nothing to look for from England that money can't buy. His letter is rather gloomy in its tone. Charley Morris has the *Florida*, Barney being sick. William L Maury had asked to be relieved from the *Georgia* on the score of ill health. Bulloch is still doing good service in England and France. Bob Carter lately brought the navy steamer *Coquette* into Wilmington with a cargo composed of two fine marine engines, etc. He goes out in her again to Bermuda. Maffit commands the blockade (runner) *Florrie*, but I see by a late Northern paper that he had to put into Halifax, N. S., for repairs. Murdaugh at last accounts was in Paris.

Speaking of Halifax reminds me of our late expedition, which, I suppose you have heard, failed through the treachery of a Canadian who was in our secret. We worked hard and had victory, and such a victory, almost in our grasp when the chicken-hearted fellow, alarmed at the ultimate bearing which our success would have on his individual fortunes and fearing to lose his high position, with exile and perhaps a long imprisonment, informed on us, and just as we were about to embark for Johnson's Island to board the *Michigan* and under her guns to compel a surrender of the garrison, with afterthoughts of a short but very brilliant cruise on the lake, the storm burst over us, and with Yankees and John Bull both on the lookout

for us, our raid was over, and our poor fellows still hard and fast in the bay of Sandusky!

Van Zandt is here, en route for Selma. Where we are to get officers for the ironclads is beyond my ken. Tidball says we will have to organize the Provisional Navy, but this will hardly officer the ships. There is no talk of promotion, and very few officers seem either to think of or care for it. All hands seem to look forward to an early peace (though I can hardly see a glimmer of it) for the creation of a Navy, forgetting that war is the time to create a love for the service which will make it popular in peace, and I begin to fear that our opportunity has passed and unimproved, though I hope not, for we have the elements of a splended Navy in the Confederacy, and it only requires zeal, pluck, and dash to bring it to the surface.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Very truly yours,

R. D. Minor.

Commander Catesby ap R. Jones.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, Februry 3, 1901.]

THE SHARPSHOOTERS OF MAHONE'S OLD BRIGADE AT THE CRATER.

Weldon, N. C., January 30, 1901.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Referring to your editorial of the 29th with reference to the Battle of the Crater, etc., I would say the battalion of sharpshooters was made from a "detail" from all regiments of Mahone's (old) brigade—or D. A. Weisiger's brigade—and was as strong, numerically, as any regiment in the brigade.

The evening before the Battle of the Crater the Sixth Virginia Regiment relieved the sharpshooters, and the sharpshooters filled the gap at Wilcox Farm vacated by the Sixth Virginia Regiment. Next morning—or the day of the Battle of the Crater—we were rushed from Wilcox's Farm and took position in front of the Crater, in brigade reverse form—that is to say, the Twelfth Virginia Regiment took the ground nearest shore, and the brigade was filed

in until the sharpshooters occupied the extreme right of the brigade—when, in natural order, the Twelfth Virginia should have gone head foremost, and should have been on the extreme right. As it was, the sharpshooters were on the extreme right of the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment. I was the sergeant-major, and was next to the sharpshooters. We had no order to charge that I ever heard; but, seeing a column of negro soldiers being pushed over the breast-works and lodged in a ditch, we, one and all, said that if we did not go now we would all fall later, and we started in zig-zag shape. Soon all minor officers said forward, and we rushed up to the Crater. We were not long enough to cover the whole ground, but the sharpshooters lodged half-way around the Crater, and the Sixteenth Virginia was next on their left. As sergeant-major of the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment, I counted and reported ninety-six men in line, and when the battle was over we had forty-eight men. Captain Wallace Broadbent, Company E, Sixteenth Virginia Regiment (Sussex Rifles), Mahone's old brigade, was commander of the battallion of sharpshooters. He was killed by twelve or fifteen bayonet wounds through his body at the Battle of the Crater, and a more loveable man never lived. Ten days before this battle Captain Broadbent asked the writer to resign his place as sergeant-major of the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment and become adjutant of his battallion. This was under consideration when he went into the Battle of the Crater. The Sixteenth Virginia Regiment captured eleven flags, and the writer took from the body of a dead Federal officer a very handsome sword and gave it to General Mahone. The General had come into the trenches, and seemed to be about the happiest man I ever saw, for all things were going his way splendid. Handsome Wallace Broadbent, of Sussex county, Va., was commander of General Mahone's battalion of sharpshooters, and was killed by bayonet wounds at the Battle of the Crater. I feel sure I am right, and hope some Sussex old boy will help me out.

I have never heard of the escape of any member of the sharpshooters unhurt before. It was common property that all of them were killed or wounded. It was a bad day to get off unhurt, or out sound and well, for human blood was half-shoe deep in the trenches.

W. R. S.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, June 12, 1900.]

THE PHI GAMMA IN WAR.

A Federal Officer Speaks of Incidents of Great Struggle.

DENUNCIATION OF GENERAL SHAW.

The Speaker Condemns the Utterances of the G. A. R. Man at Atlanta—Instances of Restoration of Good Will and Fraternity.

A Virginia reader of the *Dispatch*, who heard Colonel James M. Wells, of Toledo, O., deliver an address at the fifty-second annual convention of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity at Niagara Falls, July 28th, was so pleased with the sentiments of the former Union soldier that he secured the manuscript and sent to the *Dispatch* for publication.

The address will be read with interest by the thousands of Phi Gams. of the South. It will be especially interesting to Confederate veterans, in view of Colonel Wells's denunciation of General Albert D. Shaw, of the Grand Army of the Republic, for his recent attack on the Southern soldier in a speech at Atlanta. Colonel Wells, by the way, fought under Sherman, and placed the first Federal flag on the City Hall in Atlanta when that place was captured.

Colonel Wells's speech was in response to the toast, "The Phi Gam. in War." He said:

On July 21, 1861, at Bull Run, Va., while the battle raged, a Federal soldier lay in the burning sun, sorely wounded, thirsty, faint from loss of blood, racked with pain, and almost famished. His regiment had moved to the right, and he was alone.

Out of the woods near by stepped a stalwart Confederate, with blood on his face and a handkerchief bound about his head. He approached the wounded Federal, stooped over him, and said: "Hello! Yank; be you wounded, be you much hurt?" The Yank, rousing himself from his drowsiness and stupor, looked up into the bronzed and kindly face above him and said: "Water." "For suah!" said the Confederate, and water came to the lips of the Federal, and he drank, and drank, and drank, while his head lay upon the arm of the Confederate. As he ceased drinking, the Confederate said: "Drink more, Yank, you need it." "No, thanks, sir,"

said the Federal, "I'm full and sleepy," and he slept, his head resting on the kindly arm of the Confederate, his dream of home, his safety assured—yea, thrice assured—for above him and beneath him were the face and the arm of a brave and generous and gallant foe. He waked and found himself beneath the branches of a giant tree, whither the Confederate had borne him, his head resting in the lap of his foe; his face fanned by that foeman's hat. He looked up and smiled, and received a pitying, kindly smile in return, accompanied by more water.

On the breast of the Federal was the pin of a Phi Gam. Touching the pin tenderly with his finger, the Confederate said; "Phi Gam?" The Federal answered with glad eyes: "Yes, Phi Gam." Grasping the hand of the Federal in warm embrace, the Confederate said, as his glad glance met the glad glance of his foe: "I am a Phi Gam, too." With their hands clasped, the palm of each in the palm of the other, forgetful of the battle which had brought to both of them wounds and pain, they talked confidingly and lovingly of the ties of Phi Gam. Rising, the Confederate placed beneath the Federal's head a carefully-folded blanket, gave him another drink of water from his own canteen, placed a well-filled canteen of water within easy reach of him, looked wistfully and lovingly into his pallid face, touched the pin, pressed his hands again, said: "God be with you, Phi Gam," turned away, and disappeared.

Thirty-nine years have passed since that meeting and that parting. Somewhere they—Federal and Confederate—will surely meet again.

During the battle of Chantilly, Va., fought on September 1, 1862, amid thunder and lightning and pouring rain, at sore cost of life to both North and South (the gallant Phil Kearney died there), a Federal passing from the right to the left of his line hit his foot against the body of a wounded Confederate, who lay in the mud, moaning with pain. "Give me water, please," said the Confederate, "I am wounded through the chest and must die." The Federal knelt at the side of the wounded soldier, lifted his head upon his hand and arm, put a canteen of fresh water to his lips and bade him drink. He drained the canteen of its contents, and said: "I thank you, sir; God bless you, Yank," and continued to moan.

Soon he spoke again and said: "This rain is very severe, and I have nothing to cover me." The Federal, deeply touched, instantly took his own gum-blanklet from his shoulders, spread it over the face and body of the Confederate, sat down beside him, and held it

there in place. It was nearly morning. Darkness was struggling with dawn for mastery. The battle had ceased. The Confederate moaned and talked to "mother," and "father," and "little sister," and "dear old mammy."

In his delirium he repeated the line of Horace: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." "When did you read Horace?" asked the Federal. Rising to a sitting posture, he answered: "When I was first a Phi Gam." "I am a Phi Gam," said the Federal, with choking voice. Reaching his trembling hand up to the face of the Federal, the dying soldier tenderly stroked it for a moment, and then fell back, while his soul went up to God. The rays of the early morning sun of September 2, 1862, caressing the manful, white face of that dead Confederate, clothed it with beauty not easy to describe. Wrapping the dead soldier in the gum-blanket, which had protected him, the Federal scooped out a grave, kissed the forehead and the hair of his brother Phi Gam, lowered his body into the grave, and tenderly covered it with the soil of Virginia.

On November 24, 1863, as Hooker's men charged and captured Lookout Mountain, with its beetling crags, the right of the charging line passed over many wounded men lying on the rocky mountain side. One of these, a fair-haired, blue-eyed Confederate, looking up into the face of a Federal officer charging by him, said: "Please, sir, my left leg is shot and broken, and I need some water. I am so thirsty, sir; can you give me some water?" The Federal tore his canteen from his side, handed it to the Confederate, said to him, "Drink, Johnnie, drink," at the same time putting a knapsack beneath the Confederate's head, and moved on with his men.

Immediately after the mountain had been captured, the Federal went back to the wounded Confederate, found him sleeping, gently wakened him and gave him another canteen of water, which he eagerly and quickly drank, lifted him in his arms, bore him down the side of the mountain, and laid him on the bank of Lookout creek, at the foot of the mountain. Calling his brigade surgeon to him, he earnestly requested him to care for, and immediately treat the wounded Confederate. This the surgeon did. He frankly told the Confederate that his leg must come off. Looking up into the Federal officer's face, he said, with tears running down his cheeks, "Must I lose my leg, sir? It is hard; very hard, to lose my leg." The Federal, with choked utterance, could only say, "Yes." The surgeon's lantern (it was evening and somewhat dark) was just then

turned toward the Federal, and the rays fell upon a Phi Gamma pin fastened to the breast of his coat.

With a glad cry the Confederate placed his hand upon the pin and said: "And you are a Phi Gam! My father, dead now, was a Phi Gam. I am a Phi Gam. How fortunate!" More fortunate, indeed, than he knew. Turning to the surgeon, whose flushed and sympathetic face betrayed his interest in the scene, the Federal said: "Doctor, this is my brother; as you value my friendship, deal gently and uprightly with him. Give him your best attention, your best skill." "He shall be carefully treated and carefully nursed," answered the surgeon. Turning to the wounded soldier, then resting in his lap, the Federal pressed his hand, bade him be patient and cheerful, commended him again to the surgeon, and said "Good-bye, Phi Gam.," left him, and returned to his men.

In January, 1895, this same Federal officer stood in the railroad station at Chattanooga, Tenn., and was explaining to a large number of Confederate veterans how Lookout Mountain was won. As he talked, one-legged, grizzled Confederate edged up to his side and gazed into his face wistfully, eagerly and with emotion so strongly portrayed in his face and his movements as to rivet the attention of all present. When the Federal had ended his explanation the Confederate, dropping his crutches, placed his hands on the shoulders of the Federal and said: "I believe I know you, sir. I know your face and your voice. God grant that I am not mistaken, sir. As your forces charged along the side of Lookout, a Federal officer gave a wounded Confederate a canteen of water, told him to drink, put a knapsack under his head, and then rushed on with his men. That evening he came back to the wounded Confederate, found him asleep, woke him up, carried him down the mountain side, laid him on the bank of Lookout creek, called a surgeon, pledged him to care for and treat the Confederate, and then went back to his men. Do you know anything about that officer, sir?" Hope and the dread of possible disappointment in his quest made his tones and words touchingly pathetic.

Trembling with emotion he could not conceal the Federal said: "I am that Federal, and you ——" He could get no further. "I am that Confederate, sir," said the man, and winding his arm about the Federal, he kissed him and wept. The Federal wept with him, and the gray-haired Confederate veterans near, wept also. Gathering about the two, they joined their hands and arms, formed a mighty shield of loyal and loving hearts and sang:

"Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light
Great God, our King."

These grizzled veterans of the "Gray" and the "Blue" stood and sat and chatted of the old days, and sang till the light of morning warned them of the fleeting hours. Then, standing close together, shoulder to shoulder, in a ring, surrounding the Federal, the Confederates and the Federal sang, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," shook hands in loving friendship, and went their different ways.

These, my brothers, are some of the sacred memories of a "Phi Gam in War." Very many scenes like these graced and glorified Southern battlefields during the great war. Such was the spirit that moved and controlled the men, Federals and Confederates alike, who stood on the fighting line and did their duty there. Such was the spirit that animated them as they assembled at Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865, the veterans of the North silent, expectant, glad in the assured hope that peace was near, gazing with sympathy and profound respect upon their foes the veterans of the South, in torn and ragged battalions, stacking and surrendering their arms, forever folding their battle torn colors, and turning, proud and self-reliant, toward their homes, there to take up the struggle for bread.

Such has been the spirit—generous, manly, considerate—that has marked the behavior of the worthy veterans of the "Blue" and the "Gray" toward each other since the war, and has made and kept them friends, steadfast and sincere. Silenced and detested be the tongue that utters one word to weaken or mar this friendship Born of mutual respect and esteem begun on the battle-field, it has stood the test of years, growing more loving all the time. It is the cement that binds together the granite blocks of our governmental power. It is the hope of this republic. Touch it not.

I protest that the words of Albert D. Shaw, at Atlanta, Ga., July 20, 1900, in referring to the sentiment and belief taught in the South, were uncalled for and unwise. Strange indeed must that man be, who, having espoused a cause, having honestly defended it and bravely fought for it for four years, turns about and says that his cause was wrong. Stranger still, detestable must that Confederate be, who, surrounded by the graves of his comrades who fought and died at his side for that same cause, turns about and says: "The cause

for which they died was wrong." The sons and daughters of the South rejoice with us to-day that slavery has been swept forever from American soil, that the American Union was saved, and made forever secure. They reverence, as they should, the memory of their heroes, "who died hopelessly but unfearing in defeat;" and to ask them to turn any away from that memory is to ask them "to sacrifice that without which no people can be steadfast or great." Only the inconsiderate and the craven ask the sacrifice.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Visit by Ex-Congressman Curtis to Confederate President's Widow.

General N. M. Curtis, of Ogdensburg, was a guest of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, on Monday.—*Canton Plain Dealer.*

When shown the above item and asked to give something for publication regarding his visit, General Curtis said:

"Yes, I was in Canton on Monday, and had the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Jefferson Davis. She is a most interesting woman, and one who has kept well informed upon all public matters for the last half century, both relating to our own and foreign countries, and she takes the liveliest interest in stirring events of the present as well as those of the past. It was the first time I had had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Davis, although I had for many years known some of her intimate friends.

"I have been interested in Mississippi since 1850, when my brother, Andrew Jackson Curtis, settled in Vicksburg, where he lived until failing health compelled him to return to St. Lawrence county, where he died in July, 1858. He was a personal friend of Mrs. Davis, and among my brother's papers were several letters from him relating to political affairs in Mississippi.

"On my entering Richmond, April 12, 1865, I became a guest of James H. Grant, whose house adjoined the Davis mansion, and Mrs. Grant was one of Mrs. Davis' intimate friends. At that time Mrs. Grant related to Mrs. Curtis and myself many incidents of

Mrs. Davis' kindness to the soldiers and afflicted people of Richmond.

"I came to know at the close of the war many Mississippians, every one of whom I have been able to count my friend. In my congressional service I was fortunate in having the support of the Mississippi delegation, as I did generally those of the South for every measure I introduced, and I was glad to assure Mrs. Davis of my appreciation of the action of her friends, which aided me in the passage of many measures calculated to promote the interests of my district.

"I was also glad of the opportunity to tell her how much she has, by her influence and power, contributed, through her acquaintance in the North, as well as the South, to bring about the harmonious relations which now happily exist among the people of all sections of the country. The St. Lawrence University, and the people of Canton, in June, 1899, testified in a most impressive manner their liberality and generous sentiments toward the people of the South in conferring upon Colonel Lamb, one of her most active and distinguished soldiers and civilians, the honorary degree of LL.D. During the vacation season that Mrs. Davis may spend in Canton she will be enabled to contribute much in creating and extending those feelings of good citizenship which grow out of friendly association.

"Those of our people who meet Mrs. Davis will carry away the most agreeable impressions of an interview with a highly-cultured and refined woman, who has passed through the most important and interesting half century of our country's existence, and who speaks interestingly of every public event, and leaves the impression that after more than seventy years of acquaintance with public characters of this and European countries, she is in full possession of all those qualities which dignify her sex, and feels the keenest interest in every measure relating to the public welfare of the country, which is to her, as to them, the best and most beloved.

"I have replied to your inquiry, with many misgivings regarding the propriety of answering the request lest I might trespass upon the private rights of one who, however conspicuous her position in public life has been, has for years avoided the public gaze and modestly devoted herself to the task of brightening and cheering the lives of those who suffered on either side in the great national conflict. It would not become me to enter upon any details of those personal qualities which distinguish her in private circles and cause her to be

so much sought and admired by the young. Those who possess an intimate acquaintance with this kind woman are most fortunate."

Mrs. Davis's home is still in Mississippi, although she spends much time in New York city. She is a warm personal friend of the family of Justice Leslie W. Russell, in Canton. Miss Winnie Davis made her last visit before the fatal trip to Atlanta at the house of Judge Russell, she being a close friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hartridge. She stood as godmother to Mrs. Hartridge's child, Harriet.—*Ogdensburg (N. Y.) Journal.*

WHAT IS A CONFEDERATE VETERAN?

The definition of a Confederate veteran has been very concisely and beautifully given by Judge Robert L. Rodgers, the gifted historian of the C. V. A., of Fulton county, Ga., as follows:

"In taking an account of ourselves as Confederate veterans we need not speculate about the facts before the war. A Confederate veteran was not a fact before the war. We frequently hear of things which existed 'before the war.'

"Some people were rich before the war. Some people were slaves before the war. Some men were born and lived before the war who are living yet. There were governors, senators, judges, and 'militia majors,' but never was a 'Confederate veteran' before the war.

"A Confederate veteran is to-day a unique figure in life, and will ever be unique in history.

"Unique? Yes, sir, that is the single word which may define him, signifying incomparable, alone!

"Nothing else, and nobody else, on earth to-day like a Confederate veteran. He is an evolution of a revolution—a relic of the 'Lost Cause.'

"In the sorrows and ruins of his defeat he stands like Napoleon, grand, gloomy, and peculiar, though the veteran is not by any means a fossil.

"A Confederate veteran to-day is a living and active factor in public events. Coming as a result or product of the war, he is grand

in his heroic courage, gloomy in defeat and wreck of fortune, and peculiar in being solitary in his own generation. Having no predecessor of his kind, he likewise can have no successor.

"'A Confederate veteran' is a rank and position of distinction. It is an honor which no power on earth can take away.

"Confederate veterans are one by one passing away, and as each goes out we gather at the bier to give a final farewell, to drop a tear as we listen to the dull thud of the clods upon his coffin, and are reminded of the fact that we are one less in our numbers.

"Fewer and fewer they become as we leave them in their graves, and we feel sad to contemplate that soon the last one must go from earth, and then there can never be another 'Confederate veteran.'

"The last one must be the last of the kind. Holding firmly and conscientiously, as we do yet, to the correctness of the principles for which we fought, in our great defeat there must ever be with us a shadow of that heavy sorrow which 'never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,' in our households; but we may take such consolation in our 'Lost Cause' as we may find in praising the valor and cherishing the memories of those who died to make it otherwise, and realizing the consciousness in those who yet live of having done their duty as well and as fully as they could.

"Giving honor to whom honor is due, too much praise cannot be given to our braves who died in the din of battle, yielding up dear life as a holy sacrifice to the principles of freedom for which they contended, and in which they honestly and conscientiously believed they were right.

"Aye, indeed they were right! It was the right they dared to defend and maintain, and for which they died willingly with an approving conscience, sealed with their blood, and sanctioned in high heaven.

> "O! if there be on this earthly sphere
> A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
> 'Tis the last libation Libery draws
> From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

GEN. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

His Comprehensive and Aggressive Strategy.

DREWRY'S BLUFF AND PETERSBURG.

An Address of Gen JOHNSON HAGOOD at the Beauregard Memorial Meeting at Charleston, S. C., December 1, 1894.

Following is the admirable address of General Johnson Hagood at the great Beauregard memorial meeting in Charleston, S. C., December 1, 1894. It is a graphic story of three engagements, or rather series of engagements, in the defence of Richmond. South Carolinians had a leading place in the picture, as their brigade commander and General Beauregard attest:

The winter of 1863–'64, with its comparative quiet, had closed, and the Federals and Confederates were concentrating and marshalling their forces for a more vigorous and decisive campaign than had yet marked the history of the war. Virginia and Tennessee were respectively in the East and West, the theatres upon which the opposing banners were unfurled, and it was evident that around these two centres would be collected in hostile array all the strength that either party possessed.

Gilmore, with the bulk of his army, had early in April been transferred from South Carolina to Virginia. Beauregard had been assigned to the department of North Carolina and Southern Virginia —a territorial command which was made to extend from Wilmington to Richmond. Of the infantry under his command at Charleston, Wise's and Walker's Brigades followed him; soon after Hagood's Brigade, and a week later Colquitt's. Hagood's Brigade was concentrated at Wilmington by the 4th of May, whence it was directed to report by letter to General Beauregard's headquarters, at Weldon. On the 5th of May it received orders to proceed by rail to Petersburg.

Some reference to the general strategy of the Virginia campaign is here necessary. Grant, made commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States a few months before, had made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, numbering 140,000 men, and lying behind the Rapidan, sixty miles north of the Confederate

capital. It was confronted by the Army of Northern Virginia, under Lee, numbering about 52,000 men of all arms.

The city of Richmond was Grant's objective, and he proposed to move upon it by the direct overland route, while Butler, moving from Fortress Monroe up the James, was to secure a point at its junction with the Appomattox from which to operate on the southern communications of Richmond. There was also to be made from the Valley of Virginia a co-operative move against the western communications of Richmond, while in Tennessee and elsewhere in the West, a heavy and continuous aggressive move was to be taken in order to keep reinforcements from Lee. The movement from Fortress Monroe was, however, the most important and immediately threatening diversion in the programme of the Virginia campaign, and, with something over thirty thousand men and a large naval armament, was entrusted to General B. F. Butler.

On the 4th of May Grant crossed the Rapidan and commenced his overland march. On the same day Butler commenced ascending the James. On the night of the 5th he debarked at Bermuda Hundred, the peninsula made by the confluence of the James and the Appomattox. Richmond and Petersburg are some twenty miles apart, and the point of Butler's debarkation was within three miles of the railroad and of the turnpike parallel to it, which were the direct communications between the two cities.

General Beauregard's troops in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida were much scattered over his extensive department, pending the development of the enemy's designs. The largest portion were under General Hoke, who had been dispatched upon certain offensive operations in Eastern North Carolina, devised by the authorities at Richmond prior to General Beauregard's assignment to command. Very few troops, other than local militia of an inferior military character, were under General Pickett, commanding at Petersburg. A division of some five thousand troops under General Robert Ransom was at Richmond, beyond the James, but not under General Beauregard's orders. It was to meet and delay Butler's assumed advance upon Petersburg, that Beauregard, still at Weldon, in North Carolina, pushed forward Hagood's brigade, which, from its locality, had railroad transportation, while he got the remainder of his force in hand, and drew reinforcements from points further South. The immediate danger to Richmond, apart from that to which Petersburg was subjected, aroused the apprehensions of the War Department to such an extent that Hagood's brigade was ordered by it to

push straight through to Richmond, and not to stop on the way. General Beauregard, by telegraph, insisted upon, and succeeded in having this order revoked. Results showed he had correctly assumed the purpose of General Butler.

HOW HAGOOD SAVED PETERSBURG.

The leading detachment of Hagood's Brigade, under Colonel Graham, consisting of his own regiment (21st South Carolina), and a part of the 25th South Carolina, under Major Glover, in all some 600 men arriving at Petersburg, was sent forward towards General Butler by General Pickett, and at Walthall Junction, on the evening of the 6th of May, encountered and repelled the brigade of Heckman, supported by artillery, which had been sent by Butler against the railroad at that point. Graham's loss was two killed and thirty-one wounded; the Federal loss, nine killed and sixty-one wounded.

During the night General Hagood reached Graham with the 29th regiment and the remainder of the 21st regiment; at daylight Colonel Gaillard with the 27th regiment of the brigade, arrived, raising his command to 1,500 men. General Bushrod Johnson, at Drewry's Bluff, a few miles beyond, hearing Graham's firing, had marched to his aid also, and arrived during the night, with his brigade of 1,168 Tennesseans.

On the morning of the 7th General Butler sent forward against the Confederate advance at Walthall a division under General Brooks, of five brigades, with the usual proportion of artillery, and supported by cavalry. The action that ensued was open-field fighting and severely contested. Hagood's command of 1,500 men lost: 22 killed; 132 wounded, and 13 missing; Bushrod Johnson's loss was slight—7 men wounded from shell fire. Before dark the enemy withdrew to their now fortified base at Bermuda Hundred, and the Confederates slept upon the field. Of the affair at Walthall General Beauregard subsequently was pleased to say: "Succeeding in having the order for General Hagood to be pushed on to Richmond without an instant's delay rescinded, he was thus enabled to baffle General Butler's forces on May 6th and 7th, in their assault upon the Richmond railroad above Petersburg. General Bushrod Johnson, who had hurried from Drewry's Bluff to take part in this action, was of material assistance, although, from the point he occupied with his troops, his services were less conspicuous.

"Petersburg would inevitably have fallen into the hands of the

enemy had not General Hagood been halted there at that most opportune hour. * * * He and his command were justly looked upon as the saviors of Petersburg upon that occasion."

But the crisis had not yet passed. It was for three days yet in the power of General Butler, by a determined advance, to brush the handful of Confederates from his path and march into Petersburg. His strength and position were now, however, fully developed by the Confederates, and before day on the morning of the 8th, General Pickett, at Petersburg, ordered the force at Walthall Junction to withdraw into the Northern lines, on the south side of Swift Creek, nearer to the city.

An advance party of Hagood's Brigade held the field at Walthall until the morning of the 9th, when Butler again advanced, but now with his whole army. By midday he had it in position before the Swift Creek line. These were ordinary breastworks, and were now held by the brigades of Bushrod Johnson, some 1,100 strong, Hagood, reinforced by the arrival of his remaining regiments, to 2,400 officers and men, and Colonel McCanthen's 51st North Carolina Regiment, unattached, probably less than 500 strong, making in all something like 4,000 infantry. There were eighteen pieces of field artillery, being the batteries of Owens, Payne, Hancken and Marten. Twenty-two men of Johnson's Brigade were detailed to work, under Captain Marten, the heavy guns of Fort Clifton, situated near the debouchment of Swift creek into the Appomattox, and controlling the navigation of that river.

BUTLER'S TWO BLUNDERS.

Upon the deployment of Butler's army in front of the Swift Creek line, a rapid artillery engagement ensued, together with severe infantry skirmishing, the latter continuing well into the night. Co-incident with his advance, five gunboats attacked Fort Clifton, and after three hours' fighting, retired, with the loss of one of their number. With this ended the opportunity at this time of taking Petersburg by a *coup de main*. The next day Beauregard had arrived with sufficient troops from the southward to make it safe from assault.

On the 10th all was quiet along the Swift Creek front, but General Ransom, with Barton's and Gracie's brigades, and perhaps some other troops from the Richmond garrison, assailed Butler's rear, near Chester Station, with some, but not decisive, success. It is

said that Butler had intended to cross Swift Creek on the 10th, and make a determined effort at the capture of Petersburg, but deceived by tidings from Washington, received on the night of the 9th, that Lee was in full retreat before Grant, he determined to turn north and assist in the capture of Richmond. Instead, however, of pressing at once upon the latter place, with its meagre garrison, on the evening of the 10th, he withdrew aside into his entrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, leaving the road open for the transfer by the shortest route of the bulk of the troops now at Petersburg into the southern defences of the Confederate capital at Drewry's Bluff, and did not move upon the latter place until two days later, Beauregard, himself remaining at Petersburg for the further organization of his assembling force, promptly availed himself of the opportunity, and sent forward along the open pike a column under General Hoke, of six brigades of infantry, with eight batteries of artillery, in the afternoon of the 11th, which arrived and took position at Drewry's Bluff on the morning of the 12th. Soon after this force was in position at Drewry's, on the 12th, the enemy appeared, skirmishing commenced, and was maintained, with more or less vigor, during that day and the next. Towards evening of the 13th, some advantage was obtained by the Federals on our right, and Hoke withdrew before day on the 14th to our second, or interior line of defence.

DREWRY'S BLUFF AN ENTRENCHED CAMP.

The lines of Drewry's Bluff were in the nature of an entrenched camp. Starting at the bluff, they ran first south and then westwardly, crossing the pike and reaching the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, then bending back they returned to the river James, about a mile and a half north of the bluff. From Fort Stephens—a bastioned work on the lines east of the pike—another line of slighter profile branched off in a curve still more to the southwest, forming an advanced line, with its left running into Fort Stephens, and its right resting "in air" near the railroad. It was this last line that Hoke abandoned on the night of May 13th and 14th.

At 3 o'clock in the morning of the 14th General Beauregard arrived at Drewry's by a circuitous route from Petersburg, bringing with him two regiments—about 1,200 men—of Colquitt's Brigade, and Baker's Regiment of Cavalry. Before assuming command or seeing General Hoke, who expecting another attack from Butler, was then engaged along his lines, he met and held a conference with

Colonels Harris and Stephens, of the engineers. They acquainted him with the exact state of affairs in our front, and also gave him a succinct account of the last engagements up to the 12th, between Grant and Lee, with the then position of those armies. Instantly devising a scheme for the co-operative action of his own and General Lee's army, Beauregard dispatched Colonel Stephens to Richmond for the purpose of submitting it to Mr. Davis and asking his permission to carry it out. Mr. Davis could not be seen, but General Bragg, then occupying the position of Chief of Staff, came immediately to Drewry's for conference upon the subject, and gave the scheme his unreserved approval, while stating that he could not command its execution without first consulting the President.

DAVIS DISAPPROVES BEAUREGARD'S SCHEME.

Mr. Davis arrived in person at Drewry's between 8 and 9 o'clock that morning, and giving grave attention to the proposition, disapproved it. Observing that General Lee, now at Guinea Station, above Richmond, and himself, at Drewry's, below, occupied the interior line, Beauregard's plan was that General Lee should fall back upon the defence of the Capital; that 10,000 of his men should in the meantime be swiftly transferred to Drewry's, together with the 5,000 now at Richmond under Ransom; that upon the arrival of this reinforcement, raising his command to 25,000 effectives, Beauregard should at daybreak on the 15th, attack Butler on his right flank, so as to cut him off from his base at Bermuda Hundred; while General Whiting with some 4,000 men moving simultaneously from Walthall Junction, should strike Butler's right rear, and pressing him back upon the James, force a surrender. Beauregard should then, by a concerted movement, throw his victorious force across the river, and strike Grant upon his left flank, while General Lee should attack him in front. The feasibility of these movements seem to have been conceded. The moral effect upon the people of an apparent retreat by Lee, and the impairment of the prestige of his heroic troops, were considerations urged against the manœuvre. Beauregard claimed that it was better for the army to take a voluntary temporary step rearward, in order to foil the design of its adversary, as proposed, than to passively maintain the strategic defensive, and follow the movements of the enemy without making any possible headway against him.

It is generally useless to speculate upon the "might have been,"

but this suggestion of Beauregard's is noteworthy. It brings forward in strong relief the bent of his military genius—a consummate master of the engineer's defensive art, in strategy his views were comprehensive and essentially aggressive.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Again, it was a campaign similarly devised that had signally defeated McClellan before Richmond two years before. The Confederates had fallen back to the immediate defences of the city, over a greater distance without an effort at decisive resistance, and then assumed a determined offensive, aided by Jackson's wide-swinging flank movement. Jackson, to disengage himself from the enemy in his front, had harder fighting to do than Beauregard, with the reinforcements asked for, would have needed to dispose of Butler; and then had to encounter more of the contingencies which in military affairs attend time and distance, before he could place himself in position for the supreme co-operative effort. With Grant along the Chickahominy, but a few hours were needed for Beauregard, moving from Drewry's to be in actual conflict upon his flank. More than twenty years aftewards a distinguished military critic, General Wolseley, of the British army, in a study of the Virginia campaign of 1864, said of Beauregard's proposal: "As far as one can judge, it was then the scheme most likely to give a brilliant result. * * If vigorously carried out, there does not seem any reason to doubt that it would have been big with great results for the Confederacy." But the President, commander in chief of all the armies on the spot and in person, had decided. It was the prerogative and responsibility of his high office.

Beauregard promptly addressed himself to the work before him with the means assigned. Ransom's Division from Richmond reached him on the evening of the 15th and at daylight on the 16th the battle was delivered.

BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF.

The trend of the river from the fort at the bluff, where the left of our lines rested, was for half a mile or more nearly due eastward and then southeast. Kingland creek, coming from the west, passed the fort at the bluff, probably six hundred yards to the South, and continuing its eastern course reached the river after the southward bend of the latter had been made.

Our lines were drawn directly south from the bluff to the southern bank of Kingland creek, where Fort Stephens was placed. At this point, now nearly a mile from the river, they turned westward, as previously stated, 'till the railroad was reached; then bending back, finally again rested upon the river above the bluff. The direction of the river road, the turnpike and the railroad was north and south, and in proximity to the river came as named. Proctor's creek crossed these avenues about three-fourths of a mile south of the Confederate lines. Hoke's Division, which at first constituted Beauregard's whole army, it will be remembered, occupied the southern front of our entrenched camp, from Fort Stephens westward. Directly in his front, at a distance of some four hundred yards, was the William Gregory woods, between which and the river eastward was an open plain.

Butler's efforts had been diverted to turning our right flank. His line was now unduly extended, its right resting in the eastern edge of William Gregory's woods, and overlapping Hoke's left but little. From thence to the river the open space was watched by a small force of negro cavalry. Upon the night of Ransom's arrival he was placed along Kingland Creek, outside of our entrenchments, and confronting this unguarded space on Butler's right.

RANSOM AND WHITING TO BLAME.

Beauregard's plan of battle was the same as indicated in his proposition to the President on the 14th. He had now, however, to execute it against Butler's 30,000 with 19,000, including Whiting's co-operative force, instead of 29,000 effectives asked, but the plan was well devised and such was the disposition of the Federal army, its substantial destruction would in all probability have followed, had not two of the Confederate division commanders failed in the parts assigned them.

Our army was organized into three divisions, right and left under Hoke and Ransom, and reserve under Brigadier-General Colquitt, while a co-operative column of 4,000 men, under Major-General Whiting, was got into position upon Butler's rear. Ransom was instructed to turn Butler's weak right and double it back upon the centre, at the same time seizing the crossing of Proctor's creek by the river road, which was Butler's shortest line of retreat. Whiting was ordered on hearing the opening of the engagement to advance boldly and rapidly, and attack the enemy in rear and flank. Hoke

was to advance with skirmishers as soon as Ransom was fairly engaged, and afterwards in force, and occupy the enemy, to prevent his reinforcing his right, without, however, prematurely seeking to force him back before Ransom could completely outflank him, and Whiting close up in his rear. These instructions, carefully and explicitly prepared, were reduced to writing, and impressed upon subordinates. The shortcomings of Generals Ransom and Whiting in their execution are noted in General Beauregard's official report. The first failed to carry out his instructions with vigor, and made strangely inaccurate reports of the condition of things in his part of the field. General Whiting did not move at all, notwithstanding his previous instructions and reiterated and imperative orders sent him during the action. Thus the conceptions and provisions of genius failed of fruition, and Butler, out-manœuvred and environed by his adversary, instead of being forced to surrender, was merely pushed back upon his fortified base at Bermuda Hundred. After the war, the Federal General Ames told General Hagood that during the evening and night of the 18th, when Butler's routed and disorganized column was defiling within a mile of Whiting's 4,000 men of all arms, but a thin skirmish line intervened between them and destruction.

BEAUREGARD'S STORY OF THE BATTLE.

The details of the battle are given in the words of General Beauregard, in the *North American Review*, March, 1887:

"Ransom moved at 4:45 A. M., being somewhat delayed by a dense fog, which lasted several hours after dawn. This division consisted of the following brigades, in the order mentioned, commencing from the left: Gracie's; Kemper's, commanded by Colonel Terry; Bartow's, under Colonel Fry, and Hoke's old brigade, under Colonel Lewis. Ransom was soon engaged, carrying the enemy's works in his front at 6 A. M., with some loss. His troops moved splendidly to the assault, capturing five stands of colors and some five hundred prisoners.

"The brigades most heavily engaged were Gracie's and Kemper's, opposed to the enemy's right, the former turning his flank. General Ransom then halted to reform, reported his loss heavy and troops scattered by the fog; his ammunition short, and asked for a brigade from the reserve. Colquitt's brigade (two regiments) was sent him at 6:30 A. M., with orders to return when it ceased to be indispensable. Before either ammunition or the reserve brigade

had arrived, he reported the enemy driving Hoke's left, and sent the right regiment of Lewis' brigade at double-quick towards the supposed point of danger. This held the enemy long enough for the reserve brigade to arrive, charge and drive him back from the front of our left centre, where the affair occurred, over and along the works to the turnpike. It will be seen from a subsequent part of this report that one of Hagood's advanced regiments had unexpectedly come into contact with the enemy and been ordered back, it not being contemplated to press at this point until Ransom should swing round his left, as directed in the battle order. This possibly originated Ransom's impression as to the condition of Hoke's left, which, in fact, had steadily maintained its proper position.

"At 7:15 A. M., Colquitt's brigade of the reserve was recalled from Ransom, and a slight modification of the original movement was made, to relieve Hoke, in whose front the enemy had been allowed, by the inaction of the left, to mass his forces. Ransom was ordered to flank the enemy's right by changing the front of his own right brigade, to support it by another *en echellon*, to advance another to Proctor's Creek, and to hold a fourth in reserve. Upon receiving this order, he reported a necessity to re-form and straighten his lines in the old position near the breastworks he had stormed. Here his infantry rested during the greater part of the day. Dunovant's cavalry, of his command, dismounted, and were thrown forward as skirmishers towards a small force which occupied a ridge in the edge of George Gregory's woods, near Proctor's Creek. This force, with an insignificant body of negro cavalry, and a report of threatening gunboats, were the only menace to our left, as since ascertained.

"At 10 A. M. I withheld an order for Ransom to move until further arrangements could be made, for the following reasons: The right was heavily engaged; all the reserve had been detached right and left at different times; a dispatch had been sent to Whiting at 9 A. M., which was repeated at 9:30, to press on and press over everything in his front and the day would be complete; and Ransom had not only reported a strong force in his front, but had expressed the opinion that the safety of his command would be compromised by an advance. On the right Hoke early advanced his skirmishers.

"The fog temporarily delayed the advance of his line of battle. He was soon hotly engaged. Hagood and Bushrod Johnson were thrown forward, with a section of Eschelman's Artillery (Washington), and found a heavy force of the enemy, with six or eight pieces

of artillery, occupying our outer line of works across the turnpike, with his own defensive lines beyond. Our artillery engaged at short range, disabling some of the enemy's guns and blowing up two limbers. Another section of the same battery opened from the right of the turnpike. They both held their position, though with heavy loss, until their ammunition was spent when they were relieved by an equal number of pieces from the reserve under Major Owens. Hagood, with great vigor and dash, drove the enemy from the outer line in his front, capturing a number of prisoners, and in conjunction with Johnson's five pieces of artillery, three twenty-pounder Parrots and two fine Napoleons.

HAGOOD'S BRIGADE'S SPLENDID WORK.

"It was afterwards claimed, and General Hoke confirmed the claim, that Hagood's Brigade alone, with the assistance of no other command, captured these five pieces of artillery, the only ones taken by our troops from the enemy on that day."

He then took position in these works, his left regiment being thrown forward to connect with Ransom, in advancing this regiment encountered the enemy behind their second line in the woods, with abbattis interlaced with wire. Attack at this point not being contemplated, it was ordered back to the line of battle, but not before its rapid advance had caused it considerable loss. This circumstance has been referred to before, as the occasion of a mistake made by Ransom.

BUSHROD JOHNSON'S HEAVY LOSS.

Bushrod Johnson had meanwhile been heavily engaged. The line of the enemy bent around his right flank, subjecting his brigade for a time to a fire in flank and in front. With admirable firmness he repelled frequent assaults of the enemy, moving against his right and rear. Leader, officers and men alike displayed their fitness for the trial to which they were subjected. * * * The brigade, nobly holding its ground, lost more than one-fourth of its entire number. I now ordered Hoke to press forward his right for the relief of his right centre. He advanced Clingman and Corse. They drove the enemy with spirit, suffering some loss. * * * But afterwards withdrew, not quite as far back as their original position. The enemy did not occupy the ground from which they had driven them before their retreat.

In front of Hagood and Bushrod Johnson the fighting was stubborn and prolonged. The enemy slowly retired from Johnson's right, and took a strong position on the ridge in front of Proctor's creek, massing near the turnpike, and occupying advantageous ground at the house and grove of Charles Friend. At last Johnson, having brushed the enemy from his right flank in the woods, with some assistance from the Washington Artillery, and cleared his front, rested his troops in the shelter of the exterior works. One of the captured pieces having opened on the enemy's masses, he finally fell back behind the woods and ridge at Proctor's creek, though his skirmish line continued the engagement some hours longer.

Further movement was here suspended to wait communications from Whiting or the sound of his approach, and to reorganize the troops, which had become more or less disorganized. * * * At 4 P. M. all hope of Whiting's approach was gone, and I reluctantly abandoned so much of my plan as contemplated more than a vigorous pursuit of Butler, and driving him back to his fortified base. * * * The more glorious results anticipated were lost by the hesitation of the left wing, and the premature halt of the Walthall column before obstacles in neither case sufficient to have deterred from the execution of the movements prescribed.

RANSOM NOW ASSISTED HAGOOD.

An incident mentioned in the foregoing report requires comment. It is stated that information from Ransom's division was received that about 7 A. M., after some preliminary effort by the right regiment of Lewis' brigade, the reserve brigade arrived, charged the enemy, and drove him back from in front of Hoke's left, over and along the works to the turnpike. This movement at the time stated and in its consequence is simply a myth. The writer avers most distinctly that no part of Ransom's division ever came to the assistance of Hagood's brigade in the assault it made, or afterward. Late in the afternoon, when the enemy had retired upon Proctor's Creek, that division moved along the line of the enemy's abandoned works in Hagood's front to and beyond the turnpike. One of Hagood's regiments was thrown out to make the right in this march. General Hoke, who was in person upon his line of battle during the whole day, says officially: "* * * I cannot refrain from calling the attention of the commanding general to the fact that his desire to relieve my command of the necessity of a front attack by the flank

movement of Ransom's division was on no portion of my line accomplished." And again: "* * * In the meanwhile, the enemy made two charges upon Hagood and Johnson, but were repulsed, and with the assistance of the artillery the pike was cleared of the enemy before the flanking column reached that point."

Some 1,400 prisoners and five pieces of artillery were taken by the Confederates. The total Federal loss is stated by Swinton at 4,000. The Confederates' killed, wounded and missing was about 2,800.

BERMUDA HUNDRED.

During the evening and night of the 16th Butler retreated upon Bermuda Hundred. On the 17th Ransom's Division was recalled to Richmond, and Beauregard, with the remainder of his troops, moved in pursuit, Whiting's force joining him upon the march. About 3 P. M. our advance encountered Butler's pickets, in front of his entrenched position. The column was at once deployed, skirmishers thrown forward and engaged. The position at Howlett's house was seized after dark; the two twenty-pound Parrott's captured at Drewry's Bluff were put in position, and manned by infantry from Hagood's brigade. The James, running southerly from Richmond, encounters at Dutch Gap a considerable ridge, which it passes by a detour of perhaps a mile and a half to the west, and returning, after making almost a complete loop, resumes its general course. Howlett's house was on the western bank of the river, at the bend of the loop, and situated upon a high bluff. Some three hundred yards below it the river narrowed greatly, affording a good place for obstructions under the guns of a battery, and immediately spread out into a wide reach, as it progressed again towards Dutch Gap. In this reach were congregated a number of gunboats and transports, upon which the two Parrotts opened in the morning, driving them beyond range.

This position in the re-arrangement of the defences of Richmond that ensued during the campaign, became its "water gate," a description applied by Beauregard to Drewry's Bluff in the original plans of fortification. It was afterward made very strong, and the desire to get up the river with their gunboats without encountering its guns and obstructions, inspired Butler's famous canal across the ridge at Dutch Gap. The battery was named by General Beauregard in honor of Colonel Dantzler, of South Carolina, who was killed a few days afterward in fighting near this point.

Beauregard's attention was now given to establishing the shortest practicable line across the neck and entrenching it, so as to hold with the fewest number of troops General Butler in the *cul de sac* to which he had retreated. His purpose was accomplished in the next few days in a series of actions rising almost to the severity of battles. After each he advanced and straightened his lines, until commencing at Howlett's, on the James, they ran in a line more or less direct to Ashton Creek, near its junction with the Appomattox.

Butler, says Swinton, was now in a position "where if he was secure against attack, he was also powerless for offensive operation against Richmond—being, as he himself said at the time, 'bottled up and hermetically sealed.'" And General Badeau in his military history of U. S. Grant says "an end had absolutely been put to Butler's campaign."

The recital of events preceding the battle of Drewry's Bluff, as well as the description of that successful onslaught by 15,000 hastily assembled men (excluding Whiting's 4,000, which never reached the field, or was near enough to exercise even a moral influence), upon an army in position of full twice its numbers shows how much was due to the foresight, the skill and the devotion of the Confederate commander. It is a brilliant page in military history.

THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG.

Let us turn now to another—to that which records later the three days' fighting before Petersburg.

While Butler's co-operative move was being foiled, Grant was urging his sanguinary way from the northward to the vicinity of Richmond. He was now approaching the Chickahominy, upon the banks of which the fate of the Confederate capital was once more to be submitted to the issue of direct assault. To reinforce Lee, Beauregard was depleted until he had, including "the old men and boys" of Petersburg, but 5,400 troops with which to hold Butler off of the Southern communications of Richmond and to protect Petersburg itself.

Butler's force had also been depleted by drafts from Grant, but he still retained over ten thousand men. He was but seven miles from Petersburg, and while his forward advance was obstructed, it was open to him by a flank movement across the Appomattox, where his passage could not be opposed, to throw his force swiftly upon the almost undefended eastern lines of that place. Beauregard had been

invited by Lee to accompany the bulk of his forces, and take command of the right wing of Lee's army, but he unselfishly preferred to remain with the handful of troops left him at what his military instinct pronounced the tactical point of danger to the defence of Richmond. At any time in the campaign of 1864, as afterward in 1865, the abandonment of the Capital would have promptly followed upon the fall of Petersburg.

Grant essayed the last desperate effort of his overland campaign in the murderous assault at Cold Harbor. Sore at his repulse, he lingered upon the northern front of Richmond for ten days, and then, in determining to transfer the operations of his army to the south side of the James, assumed the line upon which Butler's co-operative effort had been directed. Until he had crossed the James, it was open to the Federal general to turn again directly upon Richmond, in continuance of the idea which had dominated his advance from the Rapidan. Lee followed upon his right flank, interposing against such a purpose, but with the coup d'oel which was his own, had on the 14th placed Hoke's division near Drewry's Bluff on the eastern side of the river where it was in a position to go to Beauregard or to act as a reserve in his own operations. Beauregard, while Grant was still at Cold Harbor, had, in communication with the War Department on the 7th and again on the 9th, forecasted Grant's strategy to be the move against which General Lee was now guarding (or preferably operations on the south side). He had called attention to the defenceless condition of Petersburg and urgently asked for the return of his troops which had been detached to Lee. Grant's movement from Cold Harbor was executed with skill and despatch, and his real purpose was not immediately divined by his adversary. The movement was commenced on the night of the 12th. By noon on the 15th General Smith, with his corps, was before Petersburg. At 1:15 P. M. on the 16th General Lee asked in a telegram of Beauregard: "Have you heard of Grant's crossing the James river?" and on the following day, the 17th, at 4:30 P. M., again telegraphed General Beauregard: "Have no information of Grant's crossing James river, but upon your report have ordered troops up to Chaffin's Bluff."

It was thus the fortune of war for Beauregard once more to stand in the breach before Petersburg and save her for the time. It was the three days' fighting that ensued from the 15th to the 18th instant, covering the attempt to carry the place by storm, and preceding the

regular siege, which was called the battle of Petersburg, and it is of this that it is proposed to speak.

In response to Beauregard's urgent calls, Hoke's division was ordered to him on the 15th, and marched 12 M. Gracie's Brigade was dispatched later. These were his own troops which had been sent to Lee. At Chester Station, Hoke found partial transportation by rail, and sent forward first Hagood's Brigade, then Colquitt's, while the remainder of his division continued the forced march along the pike.

When Smith, with his corps, 22,000 strong, had arrived before Petersburg at noon that day, the three miles of entrenchments threatened, were held by Wise's Brigade, some detached infantry, the local militia and Dearing's Cavalry—in all about 2,200 effectives of all arms. After consuming the afternoon in reconnoissance and preparation, Smith, at 7 P. M., assailed with a cloud of skirmishers, and carried the lines in his front. Just after this success, Hancock's Corps arrived, doubling the Federal force present; but the enemy, instead of pressing on and seizing the town, which now lay at his mercy, determined to await the morning before making his advance. Hagood's Brigade reached Petersburg at dark, and while the men were being gotten off the cars and formed in the street, its commander reported for orders at Beauregard's headquarters. Beauregard was on the lines and Colonel Harris, of his staff, was instructing Hagood where to take position, when a courier arrived, announcing that the enemy had carried our works from Battery 3 to 7, inclusive, and that our troops were in retreat. Hagood was then hastily directed to move out upon the City Point road, uncovered by this success, to check the enemy's advance, and to take a position upon which a new defensive line might be established.

It was a critical moment. The routed troops were pouring into the town, spreading alarm on every side, and there was no organized body of troops available at the time to check the advance which the enemy was even then supposed to be making, except this brigade and Tabb's Regiment of Wise's Brigade, which still held the left of our line. It would be daylight before Hoke's Division could all get up, and the main body of Lee's army was miles away. In this emergency Beauregard determined upon the bold expedient of imperilling his communication with Lee by the withdrawal of the troops along the Bermuda Hundred lines and their transfer to the south side of the Appomattox. Finding these lines abandoned, Butler next day took possession, and even attempted a further advance,

but with the arrival of the main body of Lee's army, he was without much trouble, remanded to his original limits. It was after dark when Hagood received his orders, and being unacquainted with the localities, as well as unable to learn much from the confused and contradictory accounts of the volunteer guides who accompanied him when the fork of the City Point and Prince George roads, just beyond the New Market race-course, was reached, he halted his column, and leaving it under Colonel Simonton, rode forward accompanied by two of his staff, to make a personal reconnoissance. He encountered the enemy's pickets on the latter road at the ford where it crosses Harrison's Creek, inside of the original line of defences. The reconnoitering party had nearly ridden in it when they were warned by a wounded Confederate on the roadside. Turning across the field toward the City Point road, Hagood was opportunely met by a courier with a map from Colonel Harris, who had also the foresight to send a bit of tallow candle and matches. With the aid of this, and in conjunction with General Colquitt, who had come up ahead of his brigade, General Hagood determined upon the line of the creek he was then on, and put his men in position. Harrison Creek, running northward, emptied into the Appomattox in rear of Battery 1, and its west fork across the Southern lines, at Battery 15. The creek was, therefore, the chord of the arc of our captured and abandoned works, and the line taken for the most part had very good command over the cleared and cultivated valley in its front. Tabb, holding Batteries 1 and 2, was relieved, and by the time Hagood was well in position, with his left on the river, Colquitt's Brigade coming up, prolonged the line. The remaining brigades of Hoke arrived during the night, and Johnson's Division, from Bermuda Hundred, at 10 A. M. next day. The Confederates now numbered 10,000 men behind their hastily entrenched line, and Burnside's corps coming up at noon on the 16th, raised the Federal forces to 66,000.

The morning of the 16th was spent in skirmishing and artillery fire. In the afternoon General Hancock, now in command, assailed with all his force. The contest was kept up into the night, and some advantage was obtained over our right.

NINETY THOUSAND AGAINST TEN THOUSAND.

Warren's corps had now come up raising the attacking army to four corps, numbering at least 90,000 men, and no reinforcements

for Beauregard. The battle reopened on the 17th at noon. Three times were the Federals repulsed, but as often resumed the offensive. About dusk a portion of the Confederate lines was wholly broken, and irreparable disaster impended. Gracie's Brigade fortunately arriving from Chaffin's Bluff at this moment, was thrown into the gap, and restored the fight. The conflict raged until 11 o'clock at night. In the meanwhile Beauregard had determined to take a shorter and more compact line of defence than than the one now occupied. It was some 800 yards nearer the city, and, like the first taken was also a chord of the arc of the original eastern fortifications, still more of which was now abandoned. It was this last line which was held during the siege that ensued. Accordingly, after midnight the Confederate General executed the delicate operation of withdrawing from the close proximity of the overwhelming force in his front; and by daylight on the 18th was in his new position.

The line had been partially prepared for occupation. In some portions a slight trench had been constructed; in others the line was merely staked out by the engineers. Shortly after daylight on the 18th the enemy advanced upon our old works, and finding them abandoned came on with vociferous cheers. As soon as their skirmishers encountered ours in their new position, the line of battle halted and heavy skirmishing commenced. This continued until about 3 P. M., the skirmishers alternately driving each other. Kershaw's Division, the first of General Lee's army that arrived at Petersburg, reached Beauregard early in the morning of the 18th. Field's Division followed two hours afterward. They were placed on the right. Beauregard had now 20,000 men against 90,000. About 3 P. M. a general and final assault was given. It was urged with the same pertinacity and resisted with the same determination as those that preceded. Before dark it ended in complete repulse, and in the language of the Federal historian, "in another mournful loss of life." The same authority places Grant's losses in these three days of battle at 15,000 men—a number half as large again as Beauregard's entire force until the arrival of Kershaw at the close.

BEAUREGARD URGES FIGHT.

General Lee reached Petersburg during the 18th, followed on the 19th by the two corps which constituted his army. Upon his arrival General Beauregard no longer in chief command took him to an eminence within our lines, which commanded a view of the field, and

proposed that upon the arrival of these corps an attack of all the Confederate forces upon General Grant's left flank and rear should be made. Weighing the revived spirit of our united and reinforced troops against the undoubted depression of the Federals, he deemed the chances of victory with us. General Lee refused assent, on the grounds that his troops needed rest and that the defensive having been thus far so advantageous to him north of the James and to Beauregard at Petersburg, it was wiser to continue the same mode of warfare.

But Grant's sledge-hammer tactics were expended. He gave no more straightforward blows. Afterwards the attention of his numbers and superior resources was directed along the line of siege operations in front, with such turning movements in the field as were necessary to the investment of the place and cutting its communications. It was before this method of attack that near a twelvemonth afterward Petersburg fell. I have told the story of Drewry's Bluff and Petersburg without comment. The narrative itself is an immortelle, and I reverently lay it on the tomb of Beauregard the soldier.

CRENSHAW BATTERY, PEGRAM'S BATTALION, CONFEDERATE STATES ARTILLERY.

Graphic Account of the Effective Career of this Gallant Organization.

HIGHLY INTERESTING DETAILS.

Hanging of Webster the Spy. Battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Bristow Station, Centreville, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Marye's Height, Gettysburg, Burgess' Mill, Hatcher's Run and Five Forks.

By Private J. C GOOLSBY.

[The writer of the following interesting reminiscences, entered the service a boy of fourteen years, and was constantly present with his command to the bitter *finale* at Appomattox C. H. His commanders, by whom he was held in highest regard, attest his gallantry and fidelity. He is now the efficient manager of the printing and pub-

lishing department of the Everett Waddey Company, of this city. —EDITOR.]

At the suggestion of some of my old comrades I send for publication my recollection of the part played by this battery in our late war.

ORGANIZATION.

On the 14th day of March, 1862, on the Basin bank, in the warehouse of William G. Crenshaw, assembled a number of young men, middled-aged men and boys, all eager to do duty for the State in her defence. Well do I remember the means resorted to by some (at that period none but those who had attained the age of eighteen years were eligible) that they might overcome what they in their patriotism believed to be unjust in not permitting them to take up arms and march to the front.

This meeting resulted in the selection of William G. Crenshaw as captain, James Ellett as first lieutenant, who gave up his life at the battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862; Charles Hobson as second lieutenant, who was, we believe, lost at sea, having been detached for special service, and A. B. Johnson as junior second lieutenant, with as bright a complement of non-commissioned officers as ever left Richmond—namely, Thomas Graves, who was afterwards transferred to another service; Thomas Ellett, who in time became its commander, and surrendered as such; Hollis, who afterwards became our first lieutenant; Allegre, one of the noblest and best of soldiers; Allen, there were two of them, Bill, who in time was promoted to the lieutenancy, and Ralph, another one of that jolly throng; and Robert Ellett, that noble boy who gave up his life for the cause, and then, too, that modest, whole-souled soldier, George Young, another victim of that unequal struggle, who lost his life at Jericho Ford during Grant's flank movement from the Wilderness to the south side of the James; also the Smith boys, Hugh afterwards lieutenant, and Clinton, another one of the invincibles, with the Ratcliffe brothers, Walter and Willie.

This is, I think, about the make-up of the Crenshaw Battery—with about eighty men and boys, as we marched to Camp Lee, all in bright uniforms, to commence the actual duties of the soldier. And just here let me say that Captain Crenshaw will ever be remembered by the remaining few with the kindest of feeling for his thoughtfulness in connection with the battery. Especially do we remember

the winter of '64, spent in quarters near Hatcher's Run, where we received those boots—English boots—and then at such times! But stop; let us go to

CAMP LEE.

Here we were for the first time to do guard duty, drill, and here, too, we were to feel the iron hand of military authority. I can almost see our company—their appearance after their first night under the canvas—stretching themselves after a sleepless night—many of the boys staying awake much of the night in enjoying themselves as only young men can, who for the first time are freed, as it were, from those constraints which were a part of their natural condition.

Among the occurrences that were to cast a shadow over the then timid soldier boy, was the

HANGING OF WEBSTER.

This is one of the sad parts or results consequent upon being in the army. Well do I remember the expressions when it was announced that at a certain hour during the day—I don't remember the hour—that a Yankee spy by the name of Webster, would be hung in the enclosed grounds, and that the soldiers were to turn out and witness the same. At the appointed hour the prisoner, escorted by a strong guard, entered the grounds, where, after a short delay, he mounted the scaffold and paid the penalty with his life. Such were some events which occurred at Camp Lee, and which will long be remembered by the writer.

Camp life to the novice, or rather, to the new soldier, has some pleasing sides, and yet, too, the young soldier-boy gets tired of the drill-ground, with the officer's command of load by detail, load, and so the boys were not sorry much when the orders came to pack knapsacks (we were at that time well supplied with linen—towels, brushes, combs, and everything to make and keep us neat and tidy) —what a contrast to that scene which occurred on the Potomac river some months afterwards, when you might have seen thousands of men stripped, washing their clothes, for we had not had a change since we started that old windy soldier, Pope, on the go at Cedar mountain, some time previous.

So after packing our knapsacks and haversacks we boarded the cars at the Fair Grounds and started for the field to join the forces near Fredericksburg, where we were to meet the Purcell and John-

son and Fredericksburg Batteries, with which in time we should become close companions.

Our camp was located near the Massaponax church, and many a pleasant day did we spend there, and nights, too, as we frequently visited the charming ladies in the near neighborhood, and enjoyed their hospitality, in which none others excel. But these days were soon to be over. Already that fateful day was dawning when we should bid good-bye to the hills of Spotsylvania and commence our

"ON TO RICHMOND!"

Already was being fought the great battle of Seven Pines, in which General Joseph E. Johnston commanded what was afterwards known as the Army of Northern Virginia, and in which he was wounded, and which subsequently, by the order of President Davis, was commanded to the end by General Lee.

We started on the march with three days' rations in our knapsacks and the sun shining as bright and the weather as pleasant as one could desire; but this state of things was not continued long, for soon the sun disappeared and then a gentle rain, in which the boys brought into use their oilcloths, and kept up cheerfully until we reached the slashes of Hanover, when it seemed that the road would become impassable. Rain! I never saw it pour so in all my life.

Marching all night, stumbling, falling down, not being able to see your hand before you. Now was the time the boys had rather been at home, and then, too, we were afraid that we would not get there in time to take a hand. I don't think I ever experienced such discomfort in all my life. At last the distant booming cannon told us that we were approaching the enemy—closer and closer we were getting, until we arrived in front of Richmond, after marching so near that we could see the spires of the churches, and here again we had to acknowledge a higher authority and remain in ranks. We at last reached the position that had been assigned us, and found next morning—for we marched all night—that we were on the farm of Dr. Friend, where we were to have the pleasure of an artillery duel, which, by the way, is one of the meanest fights that you can participate in.

BALLOON ASCENSION.

Among the numerous devices practiced by the Yankees in order to inform themselves of the status of our troops was a daily balloon

ascension, which we as distant spectators enjoyed very much, but which was sure to be followed by the belching forth of innumerable number of cannon as gentle reminders that the young Napoleon was still in the ring, and was monarch of all he surveyed. We remained here some two or three weeks, during which time we received many visits from our parents, friends and others, bringing boxes of food, clothing, &c. Minus the artillery duel, we were doing pretty well. But there is an end to all things temporal, and soon we received orders to cook three days' rations and take up the line of march, and after a short time we reached the road which leads to

MECHANICSVILLE,

where, after crossing the Chickahominy, we followed behind the troops of General Field—all Virginians—the Purcell Battery at that time being engaged heavily—the boys getting in their work with deadly destruction to the enemy. We laid under the fire of the enemy all that evening receiving it, but unable as yet to reply. There is nothing so demoralizing to troops as being compelled to remain quiet under the fire of an enemy, receiving his severe thrusts, and seeing their own men being killed and wounded. Such was the case at Mechanicsville. But we were to have our fire with our guns on to-morrow.

Next morning the battery pulled out of the field and started out in advance, passing through Mechanicsville, the cannoneers being mounted on their caissons and limbers, all eyes turned in the direction of

GAINES' MILL,

at which point was to be another struggle. And right here again we experienced another withering fire without being able to reply. Soon, however, we started forward in a gallop, the minie balls rattling through the trees, the woods on fire, and large stores (commissary) being scattered all over the road, and the air, the whole atmosphere, seemed filled with the odor of burning flesh, until we reached

COLD HARBOR

where we were to contend for the mastery of the field. Our battery consisted of six guns. Such was the number of guns and a sufficiency of men to properly man them. Just before we reached the field I saw General Lee. What a picture he was! I heard the command, fix bayonet, and with it the word, forward! unlimber!

commence firing! And fire we did, as rapidly as was ever done. But stop, just in my front the No. 2—poor Robert Hines—falls, having been shot through the temple; another man quickly fills his place at the gun. And right here the order to cease firing is heard. What for? Turning to look, you see that gallant old brigade—the 1st South Carolina—led by that hero, Maxey Gregg, pushing its way through the battery, many of whom will never return. What a shout went up as these noble Carolinians, with their old commander, passed through the battery in a double quick step. A minute or two elapses, when the field seems one living sheet of fire; we are at it again; now it is Sidney Strother, sergeant of the piece, who falls, mortally wounded. Such a scene I never before beheld; horses running hither and thither, many so shot as to be unfit for service again. The other guns also had suffered much, loosing many wounded, among them young Marion Knowles, shot in the knee, permanently disabled; Ben. V. Graves, who lost a leg; William B. Allen, M. A. Caldwell, Alonzo Phillips, and others, whose names I do not now recall. Such was the part played by this battery in this their first field fight.

Immediately after that battle such was the condition of the battery, that it was ordered to Richmond to refit. (We left three guns and three caissons on the field of battle, disabled.) And glad enough, too, were the boys to see and shake hands with their loved ones. For our tents were pitched on the hill near the intersection of Venable street with the Mechanicsville turnpike, where we were visited by our friends, besides permission being given some to go home on a pass of a few hours. But soon (I think we remained here about forty-eight hours, overhauling the battery, filling up the caissons and limber chests with ammunition, repairing harness, &c.), the bugle blew the assembly call, and we were notified to prepare rations and start for

MALVERN HILL,

where another desperate struggle was going on. This march was quickly made, and soon we arrived at the point assigned us, only to witness the withdrawal of the troops in our front, and in which we were destined to keep quiet, owing to the want of place to operate the guns. The scenes in the neighborhood of this famous battle-ground beggar description. Here it was that McClellan missed his forces for his final and supreme effort to repel the combined forces of Jackson and Lee, and here the two mighty giants locked arms in

a deadly embrace, in which our foes proved themselves an enemy not to be despised.

After the battle we took up the line of march, and soon we reached the vicinity of Tree Hill, where we went into camp—the army of McClellan having retired behind the gun boats, which ever and anon reminded us of their close proximity by sending forth as a greeting, what appeared to be a keg of nails, but which in reality was a large conical-shaped shell which meant death to all things with which it should come in contact.

Here, again, began that intolerable drill, guard duty, policing camp, &c., and here too, commenced for the first time the punishment of the men, confinement in the guard-house, &c., and this, too, just because the boys would "run the blockade" and steal into Richmond. Here it was also, that the famous

PEGRAM BATTALION

was formed, which afterwards played so conspicuous a part in the deadly and unequal struggle, and whose young commandant was to achieve almost immortal fame—whose bravery, coolness and self-possession under the most trying ordeals were such that commanded the love of his subordinates and the respect and admiration of the whole army—noble Willie Pegram! To live through all those hard-fought battles and then at the last—at Five Forks—surrender his young life upon the field of battle for his country.

The following companies composed the battalion: The Purcell, Captain McGraw; the Crenshaw, Captain W. G. Crenshaw; the Fredericksburg, Captain Carter Braxton; the Letcher, Captain Greenlee Davidson, and the South Carolina battery, Captain McIntosh, with W. Gordon McCabe, as adjutant.

After remaining in camp some two weeks or more, during which time the troops of Stonewall Jackson had embarked on the train for Gordonsville, we received marching orders, and took up the line of march to join the forces then gathering near Orange Courthouse, where we arrived in time to witness the fight of Cedar Mountain, in which the troops of General Pope were defeated, and where we remained until we commenced that remarkable flank movement in which that famous old braggart, the celebrated General Pope, "who had never seen anything but the backs of the rebels," was now to feel the iron hand of old Stonewall.

The day after this battle, or rather the morning after, for it was

fought late in the evening —even into the night—a flag of truce had been displayed, which was a token of a cessation of hostilities in order that the dead might be buried and the wounded removed from the field; and now, right here occurred one of those ridiculous events in which confusion reigned supreme for a few moments. It happened somewhat in this way: In removing the wounded from the woods, some one, trying to secure as much plunder as he could carry off, came across a wounded soldier—a Yankee—and attempted "to go through him," which resulted in his firing a gun, and which at once seems to have been taken up by others, resulting in the drivers of the wagons, which had been brought up in order that the ordnance might be distributed as well as the commissary wagons, turning around, perfectly frantic, whooping, and belaying their teams, which in turn, became unmanageable.

The woods, which at this time were filled with the wounded, were soon cleared, and every one that could walk, it would appear, was seen moving rapidly to the rear. Our guns, which lay a short distance in the rear, were ordered forward and unlimbered, but did not fire a shot. It soon leaked out what was the cause, and there was much laughing over what at one time seemed to be so dangerous a thing.

But let us resume the march. After overcoming all obstacles in our front, the cavalry performing with remarkable faithfulness and diligence the double duty of protecting our flanks and screening us, as it were, from the enemy, we reached Paris, a little hamlet in Fauquier county, where we were made the happy recipients of a beautiful

CONFEDERATE FLAG

by the charming ladies of that village, which flag is, I believe, now in the possession of Captain Thomas Ellett, the last commander of this battery. After leaving Paris we pushed on in a gallop and reached

BRISTOW,

a station on the Manassas Gap railroad, where we had a pic-nic, for here it was that General Stuart, who was in the lead, after capturing the trains which were then approaching from Washington with provisions for General Pope, set fire to the commissary stores; and such a fire—well, just think of lobsters, canned goods of all kinds, fruits, &c., for boys who had been without anything to eat except green corn and green apples for several days, for we had no rear,

and no wagons accompanied us on the march. But suddenly we hear the words, "Cannoneers, mount! Forward; unlimber! Fire by prolong!" And right here let me say that this was the only occasion in which this character of firing was ever practiced by our battery. Well, we jumped up, and soon we saw our enemy, with glistening bayonets, as if on dress parade. We fired and the guns ran along a short distance and then fired again. They soon broke, proving to be nothing but a regiment which had been left there to guard the stores, and which had never seen or been under fire. We continued to go forward, and I verily believed that we would surely reach Washington. We arrived at

CENTREVILLE

late that evening and occupied the old breastworks, having crossed the stone bridge which is connected so intimately with the first battle of Manassas, little dreaming that on the morrow we would return by another road and there wrestle with the whole of Pope's army, which was at that time falling back, pushed by the main army of General Lee, Longstreet having arrived from below Richmond, where he had remained until the plans of the enemy had become known, and was now pushing his way through Thoroughfare Gap. But let us go back to Manassas, for somehow this place is vividly impressed on my mind, as it recalls the

OLD FIRST VIRGINIA REGIMENT,

and that heroic band, whose deeds will ever live in the memory of those who followed the starry cross, and what Richmond boy is there who does not refer with pride to it. Well do I remember when they left Richmond, many of whom gave their lives for the cause, among them Alfonza Figner and Ned Ferneyhough and many others. Here, too, was where Milton Barnes, in the first great battle of Manassas, yielded up his life. And, naturally, the writer felt an interest in everything connected with that noble band, for though too young and not permitted to leave school, yet he followed them in his imagination and was with them in spirit if not in person. And now we have here another demonstration of that truism, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," for such had been the case with General Pope, for his wrath led him to relieve Fitz John Porter, the officer who made such a gallant fight before Richmond, and who was afterwards court martialed and disgraced for not doing what has

since been proven he did do in this campaign, in which those high in command in our army had indisputable proof. But, of course, some one had to be the scapegoat. We remained in Centreville only one night and moved next morning down the Warrenton pike, where we were soon to be engaged with the enemy.

After leaving Centreville, we fell back on the Warrenton pike some six or more miles, where we remained a short time, expecting to be ordered forward to battle at any minute, not being allowed to leave our guns. The army of Pope was then falling back, pushed by Generals Lee and Longstreet, and it seemed to me Jackson delayed giving battle as long as possible. However, this inaction was not to continue, for soon a courier with orders was seen coming, and we were moved forward and reached a position not far from the railroad cut, where the fighting of the infantry was, I believe, the severest of the war, and where, certainly, the heaviest musketry firing of the war occurred. It was here, when our battery was firing double charges of canister, that the gallant A. P. Hill rode into our battery and said to our captain that the Louisiana brigade, being out of ammunition, was holding the enemy in check with rocks.

We fought here until late in the night, driving the enemy, after a stubborn fight, into the fortifications at Centreville; and now being anxious to see the railroad cut and the result of the battle at that point, in company with John Gray, a member of our battery, who has since died, we started early next morning for this point, where, to my sorrow, I saw stretched out in death, as I entered the woods, the body of Edwin G. Rawlings, a lieutenant in old Company F, which at one time was the pet company of Richmond. But we pushed on and soon arrived at the cut, where I saw the wounded enemy and heard from their lips the confirmation of General Hill's statement. I believe this was one of the most desperately fought battles of the war, the field near the railroad cut being almost covered with the dead and wounded of both armies. Terrible as was this battle, it was not without amusing incidents, one of which I shall never forget. During the firing and before Longstreet came up, while Jackson was fighting Pope's whole army with his corps alone, one of our company, a tall country boy who had not been long with the battery, was heard to exclaim: "Longstreet! Longstreet! why don't you come on! I don't believe there is any such a man as Longstreet!" And right glad were we when we heard his firing on our right, and saw his approach, which soon had the effect of starting the enemy on the run.

After the battle we were hurriedly pushed forward, the rain of the previous night, together with the bad roads, making our progress not very rapid until we reached Ox Hill, or Chantilly, where although it was still raining hard, we came up again with the enemy, although we did not become engaged. Here it was that

MAJOR-GENERAL PHIL KEARNEY,

of the Federal army, was killed, in establishing, it is said, his skirmish line. His body falling into the hands of our troops, was afterwards sent by flag of truce through the lines. Here also fell General Stevens, of the Federal army. It is said that in this battle, when a certain brigade general reported to General Jackson that his ammunition was wet and he would be compelled to fall back—it was still raining and the roads were almost impassable, and blocked up with wagons, ambulances, etc.,—that old Stonewall sent him word to hold his position, that if the rain made his ammunition wet, it would do the same for the enemy.

After parking the battery for the night near the road and cooking rations, with which at that time we were very well supplied, the Yankee commissary leaving quite a large quantity behind, we started forward and soon reached Leesburg, in Loudoun county, a pretty village a short distance from the Potomac, where we were welcomed by the ladies in their most happy way. After bivouacking for the night we took up the line of march, and soon reached the Potomac, which we forded in our own peculiar way, each man for himself. (It is an amusing sight to see an army ford a river. Some would strip, holding their clothes over head to prevent wetting them, when suddenly they would step in a hole, and then down would go the clothes, the party falling striking out in the over-hand fashion way, &c.) We soon planted the Confederate banner on the shores of

"MY MARYLAND,"

whose citizens did not receive us with the enthusiasm we were led to believe they would. But of course I do not mean to say by this that we had not friends here. Oh, no! No better troops graced our ranks than the Marylanders, and no braver man was there in our army than Bradley Johnson, of the 1st Maryland, leader of the Maryland line, who as a soldier had no superior. After staying on the Maryland side of the Potomac for three days, the first being

spent in the river washing our clothes, as already alluded to, we moved on to Frederick City.

And right here, before going farther let me give you, as I saw it, the position of this famous city, made so by Whittier's poem,

BARBARA FRIETCHIE,

no such scene as this poem is founded upon ever having occurred; General Jackson never seeing or hearing of such a character, and the troops in our army not being given to insulting females, the school boys' declamation to the contrary notwithstanding. It is situated in a valley reaching from the Potomac to the Pennsylvania line, and is bounded on the east and west by the blue billows of the Catoctin mountains, already famous in the war, and the Linganore hills. It is said that General Braddock stopped here on his fatal westward way to Fort Duquesne, but its chief glory lies in the fact that here was born

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY,

who gave us our great national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," and whose remains rest here. But let us proceed on our march. After blowing up the Monocacy bridge we filed through the town and soon struck the Boonesborough pike. Here it was that our pace was quickened, no one being allowed to leave the road to forage. What a contrast was our conduct to that of the opposing army, whose boast it was to live off the noncombatants, and especially is this true of

PHIL SHERIDAN,

who said that "a crow would have to carry his rations in his journey across the Valley of Virginia," such had been the wanton destruction of the growing crops, barns, &c. But soon it leaked out that we were bound for

HARPER'S FERRY,

at which point some 11,000 men under command of General White were stationed. So after fording the Potomac again and reaching Virginia we pushed on, gaining the heights overlooking this historic town made famous by the

JOHN BROWN RAID

of Oct. 19, 1859, and witnessed the surrender of White's command, with 11,000 prisoners, seventy-three pieces of artillery, and all of his

arms and equipments, the captured troops marching up in regular Cornwallis style. The whole battalion was engaged on the Heights. But there! Stop! Soon we see a courier coming. Something is up! What's the matter? The "assembly" call is blown. Marching orders are received and soon we are on our way to

SHARPSBURG,

where we were to meet that gentlemanly soldier, General George B. McClellan, who was again in command of the Federal army, the high-sounding, blatant Pope, who came, who saw, and who had been disastrously defeated, having been recalled, and subsequently, we believe, sent out West to win fresh laurels by amusing the Red man on the plains, and then to lapse into that beautiful obscurity, in which he was destined ever to have a prominent place.

McClellan had by some means come into possession of General Lee's plans, possibly by capturing the courier who was sent to General D. H. Hill when at Boonesborough. Anyhow, such was the impression at that time, and my diary so records it. We soon arrived at the position assigned us and engaged in a severe struggle, in which it was our misfortune to lose another of our brave boys, Charles Pemberton, whose remains we buried near the Potomac after the fight. This it has been said was a drawn battle, but of course, I am not a judge. I do know this—that we returned in good order after the fight across the river, where we remained some twenty-four hours, before we started to fall back, reaching Martinsburg, the home of Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate spy. This was a strong Union city, but there were some patriotic citizens here who welcomed our troops as they passed through. From there we pushed on to Bunker Hill, a point famous in the war of the Revolutionary period, and which seems to have been a stopping place for both armies in their movements up the Valley, and there remained a short time, when we again struck out for Winchester where lived Ned Hollis and Tom Emmett, members of our battery. Emmett, poor fellow, brave as the bravest, lost his life in attestation of his loyalty to the cause he loved. We remained at Winchester several days before we took up the march, nothing occurring out of the ordinary routine of the soldier's life until we were brought up in front of Fredericksburg, where, General McClellan having been relieved, we were to meet General Burnside, who, having reorganized the Federal army, was to seize us by the collar and run over us to Richmond. But it had not been so decreed. The game was one at which two sides could play. So we were not sur-

prised when, after being delayed in crossing the Rappahannock on pontoons by the excellent marksmanship of

BARKSDALE'S MISSISSIPPIANS,

we next met the troops of General Meagher—the Irish brigade—as they advanced, followed by other troops, which after a stubborn fight, gave way, and retreated across the Rappahannock. And here again were we to suffer another heavy loss—this time our gallant first lieutenant, James Ellett, that noble, chivalrous soldier, then in command of the battery. His death cast a gloom over the whole battalion. His bravery and self-possession, combined with the polished manners of the gentleman, were such as to endear him to his company, as well as to a large circle of acquaintances.

And here too, fell Johnny Paine, another one of our Richmond boys, whose example in all those virtues that tend to develop the character of the Christian gentleman was such as to gain the love and esteem of his comrades.

The battery suffered severely in this fight in wounded, and I regret I have not their names to record here. But such calamities are incident to war, and the soldier boy has now become somewhat enured to such scenes. It was here, too, we were to meet that useful organization known as the

AMBULANCE COMMITTEE,

composed of some of our oldest and most respected citizens, whose deeds of kindness will ever be remembered by the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The battle of Fredericksburg having been fought and the Federal army having been again defeated and sent bleeding back across the Rappahannock, the star of Burnside, which had reached its zenith, was under a cloud, and he had evidence of the unstableness of the plaudits of men, for soon he was to be relegated to privacy, there to ponder over the what-might-have been. Surely that army had good cause to be discouraged. There evidently was a dire want of cohesion, as was illustrated in the rapid cutting off of the heads of the commanding officers. At this period of the war the Federal army had had no less than four commanders—McDowell, McClellan, Pope, and Burnside—and the latter was now to give way to another general, Joe Hooker, known also by the euphonious title of "Fighting Joe." We will follow him later on.

After leaving the battle-field of Fredericksburg, the Crenshaw Battery moved down near Hamilton's Crossing, where we camped, snow then being on the ground, and soon we received orders to break camp and start for winter quarters, the spot selected being about one mile south of Bowling Green, Caroline county. Here we went to work to build quarters, the whole battalion doing likewise; and here it was we were to have guard-mounting, policing camp, &c.; and here, too, we commenced doing pickett duty, for once a week a detachment might be seen leaving camp, marching through the village of Bowling Green and on to the Rappahannock, where we would report to the officer in command, go to the position assigned us, and remain there six days watching the sluggish river, to see that it did not overflow its banks, for that is about all we had to do, the Yankees, although in full view, having no more desire to kick up a fuss than we had, the roads being simply impassable. The location of our camp, or winter quarters, was about as desirable as could be expected; and I shall always recur to it with pleasant recollections. It was here, too, that the boys ran the blockade to Richmond, and many an amusing adventure they had eluding the guard on the train after having fooled the officer in command of the company by various devices, among them asking for twenty-four hours' leave to forage, and then, with that liberty, starting for Richmond. But who could blame them? There was no danger of a fight; the roads were so bad that the enemy could not move, and we were glad of it. We had a pretty good time here, all the members of the battalion seeming to enjoy themselves. It was here that we perpetrated the joke of having a bogus election, and electing one of the men to a lieutenancy (the officers all seeming to enjoy the fun as much as the men), the poor fellow actually believing that he had been elevated to that position, to the great amusement of the whole company. Here it was that one of our company, who was formerly an actor in the Richmond Theatre, who, by the way, had an elegant voice, amused the boys with his recital of "Bingen on the Rhine," in his pathetic way, besides repeating to us in a masterly manner, many of Shakespeare's most instructive pieces. And then, too, the boys listened with much pleasure to that witty Irishman, Martin Delaney, of the Letcher Battery singing in his own inimitable way, "The Moon Behind the Hill," and other songs, in which he seemed to take a delight and which would always command the attention of a large number of the command.

After spending a very pleasant winter here, barring the picket duty,

as we were bountifully supplied with rations, we were loth to leave this camp to enter upon the spring campaign, but General Joseph Hooker, having relieved Burnside, had thoroughly reorganized the Army of the Potomac, as it was then known, and having started Averill on a raid as a preliminary step to his onward march to Richmond, we were ordered hurriedly to leave our quarters and start again to the front to meet the same old enemy. The April sun had dried the roads and we soon found ourselves once more in front of Fredericksburg, Hooker opposing us with an army about four times the size of ours, Longstreet being then on the Blackwater near Suffolk, having spent the winter there. And soon was to come another struggle and with it another exhibition of military strategy, in which the ever fertile mind of General Jackson was called into play. Major-General Sedgwick had crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg to hold Lee in check, and Jackson had drawn up his corps there to meet him. It was soon apparent that this was only a ruse of the enemy to deceive our commander, and Jackson was ordered to leave one division behind and with the rest of his troops to move rapidly towards

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Jackson moved at midnight and soon reached the Tabernacle church, where he was joined by a division and two brigades under General R. H. Anderson. Here he formed a line of battle across the plank road leading through the

WILDERNESS

and steadily advanced to assail the enemy. Hooker's position was almost impregnable. Such were the labors of his men that earthworks confronted us on all sides and the heavy undergrowth of this weird and wild looking country made it almost impossible for Jackson to go forward.

Hooker was in his stronghold, and Jackson, after making an ineffectual effort to drive him out, withdrew to await the arrival of Lee.

Here these two master minds in the art of war were to hold their last converse. What was said, or how it was said, we know not; but never since time began has there been such a meeting. I cannot picture the scene, but I can imagine possibly something that passed. It was perhaps here that Jackson suggested a swift and secret march by the right flank and an attack in the front at the same time. This

march is indelibly impressed upon my mind. The troops of Jackson consisted of A. P. Hill's, Colston's and Rodes' Divisions. "None better! No none!" We reached the open ground in front of the

CHANCELLOR HOUSE

about six in the evening—Rodes in front, followed by Colston, and Hill with the artillery in reserve. But there was to be no reserve. When the troops of Rodes struck the corps of Howard (this corps I believe was the one we struck first), their camp fires were burning brightly, and they were preparing their evening meal. Rodes' men went in with a yell, and so sudden and unexpected was the attack that Howard's Corps broke and ran in the wildest disorder, strewing the road with knapsacks. There was every evidence of a panic-stricken army. General Jackson then ordered a

GENERAL ADVANCE

of the whole corps—the artillery—the whole of our battalion pouring upon the fleeing enemy a deadly fire, which did not cease until we passed the Chancellor House. That night we spent on the picket line. Our guns were unlimbered in an open space, and the men ordered to lie down beside them.

It was in this night attack that Jackson received his mortal wound. We remained all night on picket, and early next morning advanced slowly through the dense undergrowth to cut a position for the guns —the enemy firing on us as we passed—feeling, as it were, for us—when we had the misfortune to have one of our men, Thomas Burroughs, shot, three shrapnel entering his side. We afterwards moved out into the open space, followed by the Purcell and Letcher Batteries, where we had a desperate fight, in which our artillery not only succeeded in driving the enemy from his guns, but also his support, thereby proving our superiority as artillerists. Here several caissons were blown up, first our own and then that of the enemy. And here it was that Horace Holland fell, shot through the head. Poor Holland! How it saddens me when I recall how joyous he was a moment before he met his death. Another one gone to his rest to be added to our long list. Here, too, it was that Greenlee Davidson, captain of the Letcher Battery, fell, giving his life for a cause which he early espoused. Our whole battalion suffered much in this battle.

Another stride is here made in the promotion of officers, and soon we see

with another star on his shoulder-strap, which means lieutenant-colonel's commission, much to the gratification of his men, who have recognized his inestimable worth and rejoice in his advancement. But the battle is over; we soon march to Guinea Station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, camp, and there, in common with the whole army, lament (as only those can who appreciate the gravity of the occasion), and weep tears of sorrow at what we believed to have been a great misfortune. The mighty Jackson has fallen, the silver chord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken. He whose very presence presaged victory, has given his last order. Slowly the curtain begins to fall. No more shall he hear the welcome huzza of the troops as he passed with hat uplifted until the head of the column was reached. Oh, cruel war! Other souls of fire and courage were left, but alas! the finger of fate pointed with no uncertainty to our utter and complete overthrow. Chancellorsville will ever be remembered as marking the advent of ill luck to the fortunes of the Confederacy. But this belongs to the historian.

There has always been and ever will be a diversity of opinion as to how General Jackson was wounded, some contending that he was killed by the enemy, he having advanced beyond our skirmish line, while others say that he was killed by our own men, being mistaken for the enemy.

But be that as it may, his death caused universal sorrow in our Southern country.

After a lapse of some ten days we are again moving, this time towards Fredericksburg, or rather the valley below Marye's Heights, where we remained some three or four weeks, during which time the Army of Northern Virginia underwent a thorough reorganization, and the result was that the army was formed into three corps. General Longstreet commanded the first (he having been recalled from the south side of the James, near the Blackwater); General Ewell, the second corps, and A. P. Hill the third, with a full complement of artillery and cavalry. The spring was now far advanced, the roads were dry, and General Lee conceived the idea of a bold advance into the enemy's territory in order to relieve our impoverished country from the feet of an almost countless enemy, as well as to let him have a taste, at least, of the presence of an armed foe. Then, too, Richmond was always safe as long as we had the enemy

on the north side of the capital, and a victory on their soil, with its attending advantages, might be the means of terminating this terrible and unequal struggle, and bring peace to our then unhappy country, whose people were already suffering untold misery. The army was accordingly soon preparing to make another invasion of the enemy's territory, there to again contend for those principles which will ever remain dear to our Southern people. The Army of Northern Virginia consisted of three corps, as stated above, when we left our camp and started from the green and now peaceful hills in front of Fredericksburg. Our soldiers were in the best of spirits, and the implicit confidence reposed in our officers and the justness of the cause combined to make heroes of even the most timid. And this confidence was fully shared in by the Confederate government, as was proven by the withdrawal of nearly all the troops around Richmond, and Lee's march far away into the enemy's territory.

ON THE MARCH.

After cooking three days' rations, the Crenshaw Battery moved out in the main road leading to Hamilton's Crossing, where we were joined by the other companies of Pegram's Battalion, and our march was then begun in earnest. We first crossed the river at Kelly's Ford, which place had already become famous on account of the numerous cavalry fights which had in part been settled there, prominent among which was the battle of the 17th of March, 1863, in which the gallant and much lamented young artillerist, Major Pelham, received his death wound, after having arisen to the proud position of chief of artillery of "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry corps. This chivalrous young officer was known throughout the whole army and enjoyed the reputation of being a bold and courageous officer, whose example had the telling effect of making heroes of his very gallant command. Kelley's Ford was one of the first points seized by General Grant in his campaign against Richmond. And here looms up before me in quick succession Germania, Raccoon, and Ely's Fords. What soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia will ever forget these names? What stirring scenes have been enacted upon their now peaceful shores. No more will the waters of the Rappahannock, Rapidan, Robinson, Shenandoah, and Potomac become turbid by the feet of the soldiers of the lost cause. No more will the sound of the "foot cavalry," as was its wont, be heard in the now happy

valley whose hospitable and noble people had always a warm greeting for them.

But let us move on. Our order of march was thus: One battery would take the advance one day, then it would fall to the rear, changing thereby the advance company each day. Our trip up the Valley, on the whole, was very pleasant. General Ewell, who had preceded us, had swept the Valley of the enemy driving Milroy from Winchester, capturing many prisoners, arms, &c., and forcing that General to beat a hasty retreat into Harper's Ferry. After passing through Front Royal, Smithfield and Sheperdstown, we again forded the Potomac, reaching the Maryland shore late in the evening, passing on rapidly until we reached

HAGERSTOWN,

where we had the pleasure of seeing numerous Confederate flags displayed, which the boys greeted with loud bursts of applause. After camping awhile near the town, we broke camp and soon struck the Little Antietam stream, crossed it, and were soon in the land of milk and applebutter—Pennyslvania. What a sight greeted our eyes! This is a beautiful country, and we reached it at a season of the year when the whole earth was wrapped in nature's best attire—the velvet green. The roads were fine. We pushed on and soon struck the village of Waynesboro, where United States flags were displayed in great numbers, which, of course, we greeted pleasantly. Another day's journey brought us to the foot of Cash Mountain, where we had several men captured. Owing to the long and continuous marching of the battalion, the stock of horse flesh had been considerably reduced, and in order that the currency of the Confederacy might have a more extended and healthful circulation—that the miniature portrait of our beloved President might have more admirers—a party was made up headed by Lieutenant John Hampden Chamberlayne, of our battery, with Sergeants Smith, Newman and Mallory, besides several others of the battalion, and started out in the mountains to purchase horses. The party soon came upon the picket-post of the Jessie Scouts, of the Federal army, when Ham Chamberlayne picked out about half a dozen of the men who were armed with revolvers, put himself at the head of them and led a charge. The picket-guard fell back on the regiment, and the whole party were captured and sent to prison. We remained here two days, waiting presumably for our army to close up (it seems that our cavalry was

in a distant part of the country) when we were ordered forward, and soon reached the vicinity of

GETTYSBURG,

came up with the enemy, and went immediately into position, the Fredericksburg Artillery and Crenshaw's Battery opening fire almost simultaneously, and firing the first shots that were fired in the battle at Gettysburg. The infantry under General Heth soon engaged the enemy's advance under General Reynolds, and afterwards General Hancock, Reynolds having been killed early in the fight. Here it was that General Archer, commanding the Tennessee Brigade, was captured with most of two regiments. We had a good view here of Gettysburg. By night we had captured more prisoners it seemed to me, than we had men engaged. And how jubilant were the boys! Oh, for Longstreet to come up! what a pity we did not seize those heights which we had to battle for so unsuccessfully afterward. How we missed Jackson here! Even the obscure private appreciated this unfortunate circumstance. As soon as the firing commenced, the order, "Canonneers, mount," was given, and down we sped over the hard, smooth road, the horses in a gallop, and just before we reached the field (the enemy being already in position and firing upon us), a wheel of one of the guns rolled off right in the main road. This was an unfortunate time for an accident, but no one was hurt, and off we bounded into the field where the other guns were at work, meeting at the same time some of the wounded, among them Charles P. Young, and others. That night (this was July 1st) we moved around to the right, followed by the other companies of the battalion, and took a position on the line of what was once a stone wall, which ran for some distance on a hill which gave us a view of the valley beyond, above which the enemy were hard at work fortifying, which subsequently became famous as

LITTLE ROUND TOP.

We here engaged the enemy in one of the most terrific artillery fights of modern times, the whole of our battalion, as well as of the army, joining in the unhealthy chorus. This mode of warfare continued far into the succeeding day, when it seemed to me that the whole earth was trembling under the heavy and murderous fire of the two armies. And now the order to cease firing is heard. I walked up to the front of the guns, as did other members

of the battery, where I saw in my front the formation of the troops —the eye, as far as it could distinguish the glistening bayonets of

PICKETT'S MEN,

who are now marching up in good order, many of whom, alas, will never return. Presently the signal gun is heard on our right. The charge is on! Oh, what a scene! The troops have gained the heights. Little Round Top is in our possession! But stop! The enemy is strengthened from another point. Our ranks, already thinned by the heavy fire of the enemy, begin to waver. Then, oh then, for a Jackson with his noble band. But I must stop here. These are only my impressions as I witnessed the falling back of this Spartan band.

How many sad hearts! How many broken hearts! But, courage! Soon after the fight the rain came as a blessing to the noble fellows suffering upon the field, and it seemed as though a ministering angel had sent it to soothe the thirsty and parched tongue, and give relief to our now sorely distressed troops. The battalion upon the whole got off with only a slight list of killed and wounded. The army had been repulsed, but not discouraged—we still hoped on. After remaining here until the night of the 4th (July 4th), we silently withdrew from the heights and turned our faces towards Virginia. And now we find that the once imperious Hooker, too, has played his part and retired to more inviting pastures, and that Meade, another officer of the Federal army, was in command. It rained hard the night of the 4th of July as we started on our march, and everything looked terribly dark, but the troops were in good spirits, and though the Federal army had achieved their first victory, they had not the nerve to attempt to follow it up by an onward movement. They knew too well the troops they were opposing, and that Lee had taught them too often the necessity of prudence, which they were not slow in acknowledging at this time, as was illustrated in the quietude enjoyed by the Federal army, succeeding this great battle, as they never attempted to follow us until the next day, and then only with the cavalry, under Kilpatrick, who came up with our wagon train, attacked it, and was beaten off by Stuart. We moved on over the roads, which were in a horrible condition, the men discussing the battle and its effect, occasionally being interrupted by the report that the Federal army was marching to intercept us and cut us off from the main force, which was moving on another road.

We reached Hagerstown after a long and toilsome march, where we halted and awaited the approach of the enemy. The Potomac was swollen to a considerable height, occasioned by the heavy rains, which prevented our crossing.

It was while we were here that the news came—how, I know not—that the Confederacy had been recognized by France, and that other European powers were ready to do the same—that our ports were to be opened to the world and our independence was soon to be an assured fact. How joyous was this news, with what delight and pleasure was it told and retold by the men! Meade's whole army was now gathering thick and fast, flushed with victory, and just in our front were the angry, surging waters of the Potomac, leaping high in their endeavor to get over their banks—all nature seeming to conspire in our overthrow. Such, indeed, was the situation of our army at that time. But it soon became noised about that this unexpected joy was like the morning dew, to be dissipated by the first rays of the sun, and we soon learned that the report was untrue, which had, of course, the effect of causing the men to express their opinion on this very important subject in no uncertain way. How we needed help! Fighting the whole world—that was just about the size of it! Was there ever such a destruction of life—the very flower of the southern country—by such an unprincipled enemy as made up to a great extent the Federal army, many of whom could not speak a word of the English language, and were soldiers only for the thirteen dollars per month, and the bounty which at that time the United States goverment was dispensing with lavish hands! We expected here to have another tilt with the enemy, and were hastening our troops through Williamsport on the march to Falling Waters, the point selected for our crossing. But General Meade was too much in fear of Lee's troops to attack, and he only made an effort when he found our troops crossing the Potomac, where a sharp fight occurred, in which General Pettigrew, a gallant brigade general of Hill's corps, was killed before we succeeded in driving him back where he was glad to be out of our reach. It was said a council of war was called by General Meade while we lay near Hagerstown to discuss the situation, and it was decided not to hazard an attack. There were numerous cavalry skirmishes on our trip back to Virginia, but no general engagement by the army. Although our troops were still sanguine of the ultimate success of our arms, it was a dark hour for the Confederacy, for about that time came news of Grant's

capture of Vicksburg, and of Morgan's defeat in Ohio, besides the successes attending the naval forces of the enemy.

In looking over the results of this great struggle, I am struck with the fact that Lee's army, although it received its first check here, after beating its opponent in every previous battle, was ready again to meet the enemy, which it did in subsequent battles, and proved itself more than a match for them, thereby evidencing their entire confidence in General Lee, which they ever continued to have.

But we were soon in Virginia again, having crossed the Potomac for the last time, that is, our battalion never saw the Potomac again as an organization, and soon we were in the great Valley of Virginia, and after reaching Bunker Hill, and resting some three or four days, our march was resumed, and pushing on, we passed through Winchester, nothing occurring worthy of mention.

As the fall of the year was now at hand, it was soon apparent that we would spend the winter somewhere near the Rapidan. But we are suddenly interrupted by the report that the enemy were tearing up the railroad near Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and we were hurried forward to meet them, and a battle ensued in which we had several men badly wounded, among them Jack Moyers, who lost a leg. We succeeded in driving them back.

As winter was now approaching we were ordered to the south side of the Rapidan, and soon we were preparing for winter quarters, the selected spot being in the celebrated Green Spring neighborhood, of Louisa county, where we remained during the winter. It was here we went through the form of enlisting for the war. Our time was spent here very quietly—this being our second winter in the army. Thus ended the campaign of 1863.

In the meantime General Grant had been made commander of the United States forces, and was to take personal command of the Army of the Potomac, General Meade taking a back seat, or rather a subordinate position. Everything pointed to an early spring campaign and everything possible that was honorable was resorted to to strengthen our army, and we had a complete overhauling of our guns, repairing of harness, &c. Longstreet having been recalled from the South, where he had been sent by General Lee to assist that army, our troops were soon ready to again take the field. The winter was over, the grass again covered the ground and the air was redolent with the perfume of wild flowers with which this section of our State abounds, the buds were bursting from their long pent-up homes—everything conspired to cause one to exclaim with the

prophet of old: "The earth is the Lord's—he makes it to blossom and bring forth the harvest," and yet amidst these scenes so delightful to the senses, not far from us lay our cool, calculating enemy with whom in a short time we would meet in a death struggle, for at this time the roads were being filled up with troops as they hurriedly marched to Spotsylvania Courthouse, where Grant, after crossing the Rapidan, Warren in advance, would meet our troops with gallant A. P. Hill in the lead, General Lee having anticipated this movement, and there commenced a series of battles which lasted for days. General Grant had consolidated the numerous divisions into three corps—Hancock, a brilliant soldier, whom we met so often, commanding the Second Corps; Warren, who tried to run over us at Five Forks, with Sheridan's Cavalry, commanding the Fifth, and Sedgwick, a popular officer, whose fame was eclipsed at Fredericksburg, just previous to the battle of Chancellorsville, commanding the Sixth, with General Phil. Sheridan to manage the cavalry, and to do all the destroying of growing crops that he and his troopers could in the short space of time he was to remain in the Valley. It is said that Grant's army would fill any road in the State for more than a hundred miles with its soldiers, trains of wagons, &c. This was something like the force that the Confederate commander was to meet in the jungles of Spotsylvania in the early part of the month of May—about the 3d or 4th—and the Federal army, after occupying the whole night of the 3d in crossing the Rapidan at Kelly's, Ely's and Germanna Fords, was to seize our little army and strangle it and pass on to Richmond. But the ever watchful eye of Lee had arranged things differently, and the advance of Warren's Corps was met and repulsed by the troops of A. P. Hill. The Crenshaw Battery reached Spotsylvania Courthouse late in the evening and went into position just to the left and rear of that building for the night, when early next morning one section of the battery was ordered to move off to the right, Mahone at that time having gained a signal advantage over the enemy by a quick movement to the right, pierc his right center—capturing a number of prisoners. Here we had the limber-chests of one of the caissons blown up and had one man badly burned. After the return of this section to the line (for we had thrown up here a temporary line of breastworks) we remained in full view of the enemy until the quietness was suddenly broken by the wounding of William Ellis Jones by a sharpshooter, when again we commenced the same old unfortunate artillery duelling, in which we again were to suffer by the shells of the enemy, striking

the front of one of our pieces, bursting and wounding three men—Sergeant Jeff. Thomas, who was shot in the face and painfully wounded; Alonzo Phillips, also shot in the face and dangerously wounded, and Richard Seeley, whose face was so badly cut that he never returned to the battery. It now became apparent to General Grant, who had been butting up against our earthworks, that his famous declaration of "fighting it out on that line if it took all the summer," was not to be fulfilled. After several brilliant charges on the part of both armies, notably the one of the Second Corps (Hancock commanding), in which our General Edward Johnson was captured, with a large number of his men, which gave to the enemy only a temporary advantage, as our works were speedily retaken, the Man of Destiny started on another flank movement, and soon both armies were manœuuring for position, this time to halt near Hanover Junction, where Grant attempted to cross the North Anna river, the outcome of which was the battle of Jericho Ford, where our company lost two more men—George Young, heretofore mentioned as the genial, whole-souled companion, whose chief delight was in making others happy, being mortally wounded, and "big" Caldwell killed. Poor Caldwell! you, too, have proven your loyalty to the cause which resulted in the unholy sacrifice of so many noble and fearless men. This battle was fought in rather a different way from any other this company ever participated in, or, rather, we went into this fight in a different manner. Our company, as also the

LETCHER BATTERY,

which was on our right, formed under the brow of a hill overlooking the North-Anna, the enemy being strongly posted on the opposite side, when, after allowing so much space for each gun to be properly worked, at a given signal, started up and soon unlimbered and went to work and succeeded in driving Warren's troops back and quieting the batteries of the enemy, but not until they had caused a severe loss to our battery.

After this battle General Grant, with a determination which savored of butchery, both armies having taken up the line of march, attempted to storm our works, and we had as a result the second battle of Cold Harbor, in which, to say the least, the loss of the enemy was greater than the whole number of men engaged on our side and which had the effect of creating great dissatisfaction in their army, which culminated in the men refusing to obey orders for a forward movement.

Observe here the conduct of Grant in contrast with that of Lee as exhibited in the memorable struggle in the Wilderness. When it became necessary to recapture a certain line which had been seized by Hancock, General Lee, with that promptness, characteristic of the great soldier, started forward to lead the troops, which of course our soldiers, officers as well as privates, would not permit. Whereas Grant, after butchering his men here at Cold Harbor, and they being unwilling again to face our works, never showed any disposition to lead them himself, but remained quietly behind his own works. But that was one thing the Confederacy could with very great satisfaction boast of. Her army was certainly well officered with bold, intelligent, and courageous men, always ready to lead. The world never saw their superiors.

We were now on nearly the same ground on which the seven days' battles were fought, the Federal army at that time being in command of General George B. McClellan. But oh, what changes! Then our uniforms were bright and everything pointed, as I then thought, to certain victory; but now the thin, emaciated form of the Confederate soldier told in language too plain the sufferings he was then undergoing for the want of proper sustenance. And now let me say that Grant had certainly played the last card known in the art of warfare, attrition, for all it was worth. For he confessed to a loss before reaching the south side of the James of more than the Army of Northern Virginia had in the field. After pontooning the James the army of Grant was now where it might have been at any time without the loss of a single man. But here he is near Bermuda Hundred and is soon to lay siege to Petersburg, it having been proven to his satisfaction that the "Cockade City" could not be captured by an attack in front, and that our southern connections were safe at least for the present.

The summer and fall of 1864 will ever be remembered by the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia as one of unusual activity on the part of this army, as also one of great privations on the part of the Confederate soldiers, whose rations at this time were not sufficient in quantity or very elegant in quality—namely, corn meal of almost all colors, with Nassau pork, which was indeed the most unpalatable meat that one ever ate, with occasionally a few peas—red peas. And then the condition of those peas—well, I will not attempt to describe it. Think of cooking three days' rations of this yellow meal and carrying it in your haversack with the pork, and you can imagine our condition. The meal would of course become sour, and

the meat—well, it would soon be running out of the haversack, for mind you, this was in the months of July and August.

This campaign, too, more than any other, perhaps, brought out more fully the wonderful genius and capabilities of our commander, who was to thwart every movement of his opponent, and prove his superiority by the skilful and rapid manipulation of his troops, meeting and beating him in every battle, thereby causing General Grant to be more prudent in the management of his forces and to settle down to a siege. But let us resume the march.

After it became known that Grant had crossed the larger part of his army to the south side of the James the Crenshaw Battery received orders to move, as did the whole of Pegram's battalion, and we were soon on the road again. After crossing the James near Drewry's Bluff on pontoons, we continued the march until we came to within two or three miles of Petersburg, where we occupied a part of the works, which extended from the Howlett House far to the south of Petersburg. And now as the theatre of war was for the most part transferred to the southside of the James, let us look at that city, as I then saw it. It is some eighteen miles south of Richmond, as the crow would fly, and situated on the south side of the Appomattox river, which empties in the James some twelve miles below. It had a population then of some 15,000 souls, and was noted for its wealth as well as for the intelligence of its people. It is intersected by three railroads—the Norfolk and Petersburg, the first one to be seized by the enemy, and which it is said was surveyed by General Mahone, who certainly gained quite a reputation for the skilful and rapid handling of his troops in and around this smitten city; the Petersburg and Weldon and the Petersburg and Southside, which had its outlet by way of Burkeville to Lynchburg, with connections here at Burkeville with the Richmond and Danville for the South. With these roads in Grant's possession our hope of success must vanish. And for the task of defending the extreme right, General Lee with that foresight which he ever seemed to possess, selected A. P. Hill, the commander of the Third Corps, who had already gained a reputation second to none. How well he carried out the plans, and how he met the approbation of Lee in this important duty, history will tell you. Suffice it to say that he gave his life for the cause. It was here that we fought the enemy, although not seeing him at the time. It was in this way: The position assigned us on the line had been carefully examined, and our instructions were to elevate the guns to a certain height from which our shots would have the desired effect,

and then, too, our whole front was obscured by a heavy growth of trees, which aided by the fact that this firing usually occurred early in the morning (before light), causing you to leave your "fly-tent," was anything but pleasant. It was here, in company with W. D. S., a member of the battery, that we had a narrow escape. Immediately in rear of our guns was a spring, which we had just reached, and were in the act of sousing down the bucket when suddenly a shell—from a mortar—thrown by the enemy dropped into the aforesaid spring, to the great consternation of my friend as well as myself.

That certainly was a villainous mode of warfare. It was amusing, though, to hear the boys sing out: "Here she comes;" "lie down;" "grab a root," etc., and such a commotion it would cause. No one appeared to be safe. Several men were killed while lying in their tents. I never want to see such instruments of death at work again.

And, now, I have to chronicle the death of Thomas Emmett, who was killed here. It occurred early in the morning just after daybreak. Emmett was a gallant soldier, as well as a quiet and intelligent, modest man. He was killed instantly by a piece of shell while serving in his usual position at the gun—No. 3. We buried him a short distance in rear of the works. His body was subsequently, I believe, taken up and carried to Winchester, his home, and reinterred.

After remaining here on the north side of the Appomattox some ten days more, we were hurriedly moved across the river and through Petersburg to meet General Hancock, of the Federal army, commanding the Second Corps, who was endeavoring to cut the Southside railroad, and thus cut off our communications with the southern country. We met the enemy, after a forced march, near the Davis House, as it was then called, some twelve miles or more south of Petersburg, and after a sharp fight drove him back upon his main line. We soon received orders to return to the lines, which then extended nearly to Burgess' Mill, and were on the way when we were ordered to redouble our pace, as the enemy were to spring the mine on the Petersburg line in which they had labored for so long a time.

We have here another illustration of the truth of the poet, Burns, "The best laid schemes of men and mice," &c., for it seems that more than one Federal general was disgruntled, and that there was some strong language used by the officers one to another, and the report of the congressional committee on the conduct of the war

was anything but complimentary. But the mine has been sprung and all its attendant horrors have been depicted in the details of the war. Yet Petersburg—the proud city—still held up her head, and her Sabbath bells still rang her yet noble people to worship as of yore. Hour after hour was the sorely distressed city bombarded. Shells dropped in almost every part of the city.

We soon arrived at Butterworth's bridge, at the head of Halifax street, and remained there until the battle of the Crater was fought, after which we were sent farther to the right and camped for some ten days in the vicinity of what was afterwards known as Fort Gregg.

General Grant now saw the futility of an attack in front and therefore made another attempt to cut our communications. This time he sent a large force of cavalry, artillery, and mounted infantry, commanded by Generals Kautz and Spear. Marching rapidly, crossing the Jerusalem plank road they struck the Weldon railroad near Reams' station, after which they pushed on to the Southside road, destroying a good deal of property. Here they met our cavalry under W. H. F. Lee, who followed them close until they reached a point on the Weldon railroad where the infantry of A. P. Hill's Corps, with the artillery, engaged them for some time, after which they attempted to reach their lines, not, however, before they had lost their entire train of wagons and all of their artillery with several thousand prisoners. The Purcell Battery, of our battalion, did most excellent work in this battle. It was a laughable sight to see the prisoners captured here. They had in many instances robbed the private houses, and many dresses and other things which go to make up a lady's wardrobe, might have been seen scattered along the road as they attempted to regain their lines, besides many negroes following in their wake. And now to show you how far these men—not all, but a great many—would go in this pillaging, robbing the innocent and inoffensive male and female alike, a gentleman told me who was doing guard duty at Libby prison during the war, that on one occasion he had been instructed to search a batch of prisoners who had just arrived from the front, when to his astonishment he found the deeds to a great portion of Fairfax county, which had evidently been stolen from the court-house of that county, showing conclusively that they were thieves.

We returned after this engagement to within a short distance of Petersburg, and camped, but we were not destined to remain quiet long, as General Grant was constantly endeavoring to find a weak

point in our lines, which extended now for more than thirty miles, and consequently we were always on the go, although the Pegram Battalion was engaged the whole summer in one place or another in aiding the infantry and cavalry in repelling the numerous attacks, which were made generally by Hancock's Corps. The only one recorded in my diary as of much importance in which the Crensbaw Battery took part, following the Reams' station affair, was the attempt of General Grant to gain possession of the roads leading out of Petersburg to the South, and thereby forcing our army to retreat or surrender, in which he sent out a large force and which resulted in the

BATTLE OF BURGESS' MILL.

I shall never forget some things about this battle. Our company, which was then camped some three miles south of Petersburg, received its orders to march, and only one section of the battery started. After gaining the road we came upon the infantry of Mahone, who were then moving very rapidly. Soon we received orders to quicken our pace, which we did, passing the troops of Mahone, and arrived under the brow of a hill overlooking the mill, where we were met by an officer of the cavalry (I never knew his name), but who was very much excited, and who told Lieutenant Hollis, in an animated way, with his hat off, to hurry up; that the enemy had crossed the road and had driven the cavalry from the front! We soon reached the top of the hill, the enemy at the time firing upon us, unlimbered, and got to work upon as pretty a line of battle in our front as I ever saw. We fought here some time, losing several wounded, among them a Mr. Davis, of Lynchburg, who lost his leg.

After driving the enemy back upon his main line we returned to our camp, near

FORT GREGG.

And now while I write these lines my mind wanders back to the scenes that were enacted at this place. Here it was that Robert Ellett—Sergeant Ellett—as he was known in our command, but who had now been promoted to a lieutenancy and assigned to another company, was killed. Poor Bob! A true knight! Gone to join that long list of brave souls. To have lived through so many hard fought battles and then at the closing hours of the Confederacy to be cut off from those who never ceased to mourn you. Such is war.

And now that the winter was approaching, the Pegram Battalion having received orders to march, were again moving in the direction of Burgess' Mill, where, as before mentioned, we had a severe fight, and were now to spend the winter, the selection being a remarkably fine one, as it abounded in good water, with plenty of wood, which at that time was very scarce with many of the troops nearer to Petersburg. This was our third winter in the army. This was, indeed, a severe winter on both horses and men, and the suffering caused by the scarcity of food cannot be expressed. Our commissary was only issuing one pint of corn meal and an eighth of a pound of pork to the man per day, and occasionally, on account of the condition of the roads and the company being such a long distance from the department's quarters, we would not receive anything! Yet the boys kept up and were always ready to crack a joke, sing songs, &c. It seems to me I can hear some of them now as they would break forth in what was at that time a very popular song:

I am lonely in my shanty,
And rations are scanty,
  And thieving is the order of the day;
The watch-dog is howling,
A hungry Reb is prowling,
  Around the house the hens to steal away.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come, rain, come,
  Float over the tops of my boots;
Come and I'll thank ye
To drive away the Yankee
  Until our ranks are filled up with recruits.

Time and again have I known the men to go down to the ponds and break a hole in the ice and fish, staying sometimes all night on its banks, only to be rewarded by the catching of a catfish, which would occasion great joy among their messmates. I don't know what the men would have done had it not been for that very delightful fruit, which seemed to flourish in this section of the country—the Dinwiddie persimmon.

It was amusing to see the men as they crowded around the commissary wagon and hear them discant upon the possibilities of having their hunger appeased once more.

Although this was winter, and the men therefore expected to be quiet, doing only the camp duty, yet General Grant, drawing the net closer around the thin, long lines of General Lee, would not have it so, and we are accordingly hurried out of our quarters to meet the industrious enemy and find ourselves in the road and pushing on to Belfield; and what a trip it was! Talk about straggling; well, there was some done that night. But who could help it? It rained, hailed, snowed, and did everything else that was ever done before. Cold! Yes, I tell you it was. Remember this was in the month of January.

And then it was all for nothing. The weather had effected the enemy about the same way, and after marching all night we were halted near the Boydton plank road and parked our guns, the wind blowing so hard that it was almost impossible to raise a tent. What a night! I believe the men suffered more on this trip than they ever did before. Here it was we met the

OTEY BATTERY,

another Richmond company, which it seems had been sent out on this trip, and which had a rough experience. The next morning we received orders to march, and soon took the road, glad enough to reach our shanties.

And now, after arriving at our quarters and settling down to the performance of camp duties, we naturally discussed the possible outcome of this very unequal struggle in which might was to overthrow what we believed was right. Our lines at that time had been extended to such length that it was almost impossible to keep close connection—the men being so far apart. As the winter wore on our ranks—once full—are now thin, the dreaded disease, pneumonia, had done its work well, and the future presented anything but an encouraging outlook. It was while we lay here that our former commander, for whom the battery was named—Captain W. G. Crenshaw—sent each man a pair of boots. They were very acceptable at that time, and showed that although he was absent in person, yet he was with us in spirit—not forgetting us. What would be the next move? We were never at ease. Being on the extreme right we were kept in an unsettled condition all the time. But now the year 1864 was a thing of the past and February, 1865, found us on the march, this time to meet the enemy at

HATCHER'S RUN.

The Crenshaw Battery arrived in an open field just off from the

Boydton plank-road, where the infantry under the immediate command of General John Pegram was hotly engaged. The battery here engaged the infantry, losing some of our best soldiers, among them Benjamin Pleasants, who lost a leg; Hix, and others whose names I do not now recall. General John Pegram, who was killed here, was a brother to Colonel William J. Pegram, who commanded the Pegram Battalion. After the battle was over, in company with Charles P. Young, another member of the company, I went out to survey the field from which we had driven the enemy, and as it was now night, we soon found that we had passed beyond our pickets, and were in the lines of the Yankees, as we heard them calling out "any one here belonging to the Fifth New Jersey," and other regiments, the light of their torches revealing them in too close a position to be comfortable. We turned around and started for our lines when suddenly a heavy fire was opened upon us, which caused us to drop to the ground at once. We remained there hugging mother earth until the firing ceased, when glad enough were we to get back to our lines. Here, as at other times, was the Confederate soldier to prove his devotion to the cause, as it required great moral courage to undergo the privation that was prevailing in the army at that time, and then to battle, too, with the elements, for, mark you, the weather was of a freezing kind—raining and freezing. Then, too, the soldiers were so poorly clad. However, we managed to get through this battle with the loss before stated, and again returned to our shanties.

It was now the middle of February, 1865, and although the snow covered the ground, yet it was apparent even to the "Private" that something of an unusual character was going on which was soon to burst forth in all its fulness, as there could be noticed the traces of uneasiness and disquietude depicted on the faces of the officers as well as the men. How much longer was this strife to continue? What would be the final outcome? Were the sufferings endured by the Confederate soldier to go for naught? These and kindred other subjects were meditated upon by the boys as we lay here in our quarters, which were soon left by us to return no more, for at that time the

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

was gathering in all its strength, having fared sumptuously during the winter, with all the necessary clothing, &c., and soon the booming of cannon was again calling us to the field, there to contend

against an almost countless foe. Such was the condition of things when we received orders to march, and we soon found ourselves in the road hastening towards Petersburg, which we could not understand, as we passed troops hurrying, as it seemed to us, to the point, or rather in the direction from which we came. However, we pushed on and soon reached a position on the lines which had formerly been occupied by the

WASHINGTON ARTILLERY,

the two sections of the battery being separated by some two or three hundred yards or more. The section to which I was attached was placed up on a parapet with just sufficient space to work the two guns, and not space enough to work them advantageously or with safety, as we came near losing the No. 1 at our gun, owing to the nearness of the guns to each other, our No. 1 stepping in to sponge, as he thought the gun had been fired (the smoke from the other causing him to be misled), which was not the case, the No. 4 at that time being in the act of pulling the lanyard, and he would certainly have done so had not the No. 3, who was then a small boy, and who had remained upon the parapet when the gun was fired (not being able to get up and down in time), stepped over the trail of the gun and caught hold of the lanyard.

We had a good view here of the Yankees, who were some distance from us. After remaining here about twenty-four hours the enemy opened upon us with their heavy guns, they having calculated the distance with accuracy, and soon dismounted one of our pieces and exploded several rounds of ammunition, which the men had accumulated near the guns to prevent having to run to the limber-chest under fire every time the guns were fired. This was done in violation of positive orders to the contrary, but the men paid dearly for it, as two of them—Hardgrove and Coleman—lost their lives. The sufferings of these two men were terrible, and the explosion of the shells caused all of us to lie very low, which called forth loud cheering from the enemy, who could see the effect of their shots. But we were not destined to remain here long. After repairing the axle tree and remounting the gun, we received orders to march, and were soon hurrying towards Dinwiddie Courthouse. After marching all day and night we found ourselves on the Squirrel Level road, where, after passing the infantry, which proved to be General Pickett's troops—the old

among them—and shaking hands with Theodore Martin and other Richmond boys, we pushed on and came up with the cavalry, where I saw these troopers make a dashing charge across a creek, driving Sheridan's troops before them. The Crenshaw Battery followed close behind the cavalry, crossed the stream, on and up to the top of a hill and unlimbered in an open space. We did not remain in this position long before we were ordered back, and moved on to

FIVE FORKS.

The battery took a position behind a fence, or rather we pulled the fence down, the guns being separated by a space of some one hundred yards or more. In our front was an open field.

Look with me, my comrades, as I attempt to picture to you this beautiful field, the foliage of which was now bursting out in all its glory, all nature bearing testimony to the goodness of Him that causeth the earth to praise Him, as the April sun, now in all its resplendent glory, is attuned in attestation of its loveliness, now so peaceful yet soon to be the seat of carnage.

Standing in line the eye is first attracted by a neat frame-house, situated in the right corner of the field, whose inmates are seen hastily leaving, making for the woods to the right—the field itself, covering an area of some 500 feet or more in length by about the same in breadth, skirted on either side by a dense growth of trees. In our front, for about 500 yards, the surface was even, after which it partook of a slight inclination until it receded into a valley below, the ground upon which the enemy were then massing for the desperate work of the evening.

General Corse commanded the infantry that supported us. The skirmishers in our front in the field were commanded by Captain Allen Lyon, of the "Virginia Life Guard," Company B, 15th Virginia Infantry.

After remaining in this position from early morn until evening, the enemy in the mean time making assaults all along the line to our left, we heard the sound of a bugle and presently our skirmishers were seen coming into our lines to be quickly followed by a charging column of Federal horsemen.

What a sight! On they come, firing, shouting—the earth almost trembling with the heavy weight—the field being filled as they ap-

proached nearer our lines with the dead and wounded, the horses running in all directions, some with riders and others without. Our men could be restrained no longer, and suddenly the word fire rang out along the line. Almost instantly the guns are fired, the infantry pouring upon the horsemen a terrible volley, the guns of the artillery doubly shotted and firing. But on they come, such was the power behind them, not being able to turn around, and running through the guns but only to be prisoners. The destruction of life here was great, long lanes being opened in their ranks as they attempted to break through our lines. I had witnessed a good many exciting scenes in the army, but this surpassed them all. I really thought that we would never stop them. Such was the first attempt to break through our lines.

While this assault was being made in our front, Sheridan massed his infantry in three or four lines of battle, and charged and broke through our lines on the left of the battery, swept up the works and succeeded in capturing the left gun of the company, which was in position on the spot from which this battle takes its name, though not without a desperate resistance on the part of the cannoneers who fought the guns until the enemy were upon them. Even then one of them knocked down a Federal soldier with a sponge staff. Lieutenant Hollis and most of the gun crew were captured. The other three guns got off in safety.

It was at this gun that Col. William R. Johnson Pegram was killed —the Christian warrior, the modest young soldier, who had lived long enough to win the plaudits of the whole army. "Specs," as the boys used affectionately to call him, was always ready to lead. Noble Willie Pegram! Alas! the war had claimed another patriot as a victim. He was buried temporarily at Ford's Station, on the Southside Railroad, while the troops were on the retreat, and his remains were afterwards taken up and reinterred in Hollywood. As the evening shadows begin to gather around our yet gallant band, the order to limber up is heard, and the troops start on the retreat.

Immediately after the order to limber up, consequent upon the battle of Five Forks, which occurred about sundown on Saturday, April 1, 1865, the Crenshaw Battery, with its three guns (one gun and most of its gallant crew, under the immediate command of Lieutenant Hollis, having been captured by the troops of Warren, commanding the Fifth Corps), moved off through the woods. About this time

GENERAL PICKETT,

coming from the direction of the Forks, rode by the guns of the battery, and in answer to Captain Ellett's query as to where he wanted his guns, ordered him to straighten them out in the road, saying that he would swing General Corse's Brigade around to meet the charge of the Federals crossing from the left, and that our guns must be ready to open at any time that might be necessary. Just at that moment the ambulance containing Colonel William R. J. Pegram, who had been mortally wounded at the Forks, under the charge of Captain W. G. McCabe, came up and immediately two of the battery's horses that had escaped capture at the Forks, were put in front of the ambulance and they continued on to the rear. The night was spent on the march through a country unknown, the men using very little light, expecting to be run into at any moment. What a night! Will it ever be forgotten? Can it be? And many were the speculations of the men as they trudged along the road without food. Morning came, only to bear testimony to what now seemed a forlorn hope, the day being spent on the road. Night coming on, the battery sought rest near the roadside. The next morning broke and with it no news to cheer the now desponding Confederate, but, on the contrary, he learns of the disaster all along the line, that Petersburg had been evacuated, and that the

CONFEDERATE CAPITAL WAS ON FIRE.

This was a crushing blow to the Richmond boys whose parents—yea, whose all—lay encircled in the City of Seven Hills. How he wished to know their fate! Sad indeed was this news. The roads over which the retreating army were now moving were anything but good, and it soon became evident that we must throw away the ammunition then in the caissons and a little later on run them in the woods and cut them down. Taking the horses and doubling them on the guns in order, if possible, to save them, we reached that night a station on the Norfolk and Western railroad called Sutherlands, I believe, and went into camp. We hitched up early next morning and moved on in a westerly direction until we came up with General Anderson's Division.

The halting and miring of the teams was almost an hourly occurrence, which, supplemented by the news that the Yankees were surrounding us, was not calculated to inspire courage in our troops.

Still amidst all this suffering there was mingled a degree of jollity that would occasionally break forth in loud laughter, to be followed by the singing of a song.

Many a joke was cracked, and many were the devices resorted to to secure food, which at this time was a scarce commodity, and which often defied the ingenuity of the most skilful forager. And now, after the second day's march, we learn of the death of

A. P. HILL,

at one time the commander of the famous Light Division, composed of the very flower of the army, and until now the brilliant commander of the Third Corps. He was a perfect picture in the saddle and the most graceful rider I ever saw. He had long, curly hair, and was the noblest Roman of them all. His career had been one of unparalleled success, and the confidence reposed in him by Generals Lee and Jackson found expression in their last days, and has gone into and become part of history.

But let us continue the retreat.

Another morning dawns to find the troops somewhat in an uproar. The bold cavaliers of Custer, of Indian fame, had attempted to cut a way into our line, and the result was a skirmish in which the enemy was beaten off only to acquire new strength with which to attack our worn-out and hungry troops, this time with more success. We soon arrived in the vicinity of

AMELIA COURTHOUSE.

Our three guns were here turned over to one of the artillery battalions, which was there reorganized to move with the army, and we were given three Napoleon guns to move with and protect the wagon trains along a parallel road. We continued the retreat night and day until Saturday evening, April 8th, when we were attacked on all sides by a large cavalry force while we were parked in an open field with only the Otey Battery,

ARMED WITH MUSKETS,

for a support. We dropped our trails where our guns stood and opened fire all around and drove off all of the attacking force. Here again the boldness of Sheridan's attack proved unavailing, as the boys met him with that Spartan courage which had always been characteristic of the Pegram Battalion.

We then hitched up and moved out on a by-road in the woods, where we camped. Next morning, Sunday, April 9th, we hitched up ready to move when Colonel McGraw, who by sheer force of character and almost unequalled bravery had now risen to the exalted position of commander of this invincible battalion, in company with General R. Lindsay Walker, went to General Lee's headquarters to see what was to be done, leaving the battalion in charge of Captain Thomas Ellett, who ordered it to move out in the road. After several pieces had gained the road word came to repark the guns and await further orders.

After waiting a short time an order came to spike and cut down the guns, destroy the limber chests, wagons and all other property possible, and for the officers and men to scatter, taking to the woods, and endeavor to make their way to General Joseph E. Johnston, in North Carolina. This order was carried out with a great deal of sorrow, many of the officers and men crying like children.

The scenes connected with the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse have gone down to history and are there recorded, and the Private now, as he closes up a very imperfect work, calls up before him in all its pristine glory the Crenshaw Battery, as with proud step it made its way to Camp Lee in the spring of '62, there to be instructed in the art of war, the guns then bright and shining, as were also the new uniforms, with full ranks and the proud flag of Dixie waving untattered over as happy a set as ever knew joy, and unknown entirely to the sufferings incident to war. But it is a dream. The sun has set forever upon the cause for which we contended, and the cannon which once boomed out so sullenly, which had to the cannoneer a music—peculiar though it may be —is hushed forever, and the once happy, familiar faces, then jubilant and gay, which, indeed, made the soldier's life, to some extent at least, lose some of its bitterness, are gone, and the private is to listen no more to roll-call, as the sergeant would step out and commence what was once a long roll, but which has now become only a meagre one, death in all its forms known to the soldier having claimed a large number. Hush! I can now hear the order, "Commence firing!" The loud huzzas are yet ringing in my head.

I see again the troops all in battle array! I hear the well-known voice of the incomparable Lieutenant James Ellett, and the mellow and pleasant voice of Hollis, as the boys are now sending forth the messengers of death, and I hear our gallant Captain Thomas Ellett, as he cheers the boys on to victory in his modest and gentlemanly

way, with a host of once familiar faces that are to be seen no more on this earth, but who, we trust, have reached the eternal shore, where there shall be no sorrow, and where they shall have "beaten their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks."

I append as a fitting conclusion to these imperfect reminiscences, the beautiful and tender poem of Percy Greg, the English historian, which needs only to be read to be appreciated.

The 9th of April, 1865.

It is a nation's death-cry—yes, the agony is past,
The stoutest race that ever fought to-day has fought its last.
Aye! start and shudder, well thou may'st, well veil thy weeping eyes;
England! may God forgive thy part—man cannot but despise.

Aye! shudder at that cry that speaks the South's supreme despair—
Thou that could save and saved'st not—that would, yet did not dare;
Thou that hadst might to aid the right and heart to brook the wrong,
Weak words of comfort for the weak, and strong hands to help the strong.

That land, the garden of thy wealth, one haggard waste appears—
The ashes of her sunny homes are slaked in patriot tears;
Tears for the slain who died in vain for freedom on the field;
Tears, tears of bitter anguish still for those who lived to yield,

The cannon of his country pealed Stuart's funeral knell,
His soldiers' cheers rang in his ears as Stonewall Jackson fell,
Onward o'er gallant Ashby's grave swept war's successful tide,
And Southern hopes were living yet when Polk and Morgan died.

But he, the leader, on whose words those captains loved to wait,
The noblest, bravest, best of all, hath found a harder fate;
Unscathed by shot and steel he passed o'er many a desperate field;
Oh, God! that he hath lived so long, and only lived to yield.

Along the war-worn, wasted ranks that loved him to the last,
With saddened face and weary pace the vanquished chieftain passed,
Their own hard lot the men forgot, they felt what his must be,
What thoughts in that dark hour must wring the heart of General Lee.

The manly cheek with tears was wet—the stately head was bow'd,
As, breaking from their shattered ranks, around his steed they crowd;
"I did my best for you"—'twas all those trembling lips could say,
Ah! happy those whom death has spared the anguish of to-day.

Weep on, Virginia! weep these lives given to thy cause in vain—
The sons who live to wear once more the Union's galling chain:
The homes whose light is quenched for aye—the graves without a stone—
The folded flag—the broken sword—the hope forever flown.

Yet raise thy head, fair land, thy dead died bravely for the right—
The folded flag is stainless still—the broken sword is bright;
No blot is on thy record found—no treason soils thy fame!
Weep thou thy dead—with cover'd head we mourn our England's shame.

A CONFEDERATION OF SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

[What the noble women of the South have already accomplished, severally, and in local associations, in impressing regard for virtue and truth, is daily growingly manifest.

What their fathers, brothers, sons, and sweethearts did, has passed into immortal history, as of supremity in manhood's realization.

In the grace of woman's scepter, a sweeter or grander exemplification of her sex, has not been; could not be.

In the prescience of that guardian angel of the Southern home—in providence, in tenderness, in self-forgetfulness, in exacting sacrifice, and in transcendent devotion to right and honor, she has signalized herself as the glory of her sex.

The impress of the deeds of the worthy and the heroic may not be effaced by traduction.

They must live in regardful memory, instinctively. Aye, more!—in the advance of scholarship, misrepresentation save for a day will be impossible.

Never again can history be more than evanescently falsified.

Our sisterhood of the balmy South have with them not only the

consciousness of justly reverential endeavor, but the salvo of increasing results in their sublime efforts.

The confederation of action of their sister memorial bodies can but accelerate realization of holy purpose, in all that may be desired in enduring memorial and in truthful statement.

It cannot be long ere we will have adequate monuments in every worthy locality in the South, attesting the valor and patriotism of the Southern soldier, and the incomparable grace and devotion of the Southern woman.

The following account of the organization of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association has been furnished by Miss Sue H. Walker, Fayetteville, Arkansas, the zealous corresponding secretary of the appealing body.

We gladly give it place in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, together with Article II, from the Constitution, as follows:

"SEC. 1. The object and purpose of this Association shall be strictly memorial and historical. It will strive to unite in one general confederation all Southern and Confederate Memorial Associations now in existence or hereafter to be formed.

"SEC. 2. The collection of relics and the preservation of the history of the Confederate soldiers engaged in the war between the States from 1861 to 1865—to instill in the minds of children who are eligible, a proper veneration for the spirit and glory that animated our Confederate soldiers, and the cause for which they fought, and to bring them into association with our organization, that they may aid us in accomplishing our objects and purposes, and finally succeed us, and take up our work when we leave it."—EDITOR.]

During the spring of the year 1900, the idea of combining all the Memorial Associations of the South into one united body was conceived by Miss Julia A. Garside, Secretary of the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Arkansas. The idea was accepted and carried out by this association. The object being to commemorate the work already done, to insure its continuance and perpetuate the name "Southern Memorial Association." Appeals were sent out to all associations whose addresses could be obtained, most cordial responses received, and arrangements made for delegates from each association to meet at the Louisville Reunion United Confederate Veterans. The success of these plans may be seen from the appended report of the proceedings on this occasion, and subse-

quent additions to the confederation. We asked in our memorial permission to hold our annual reunions at the time and place selected by the veterans for theirs. Cordial consent was given, and it is with pride and pleasure we announce that each year we will meet with them, not to hamper or discommode by undue numbers, for our constitution limits the number—two delegates from each association, nor will our meetings be held at their convention hall, but at some convenient place selected by our committee of arrangements.

This confederation in nowise conflicts or interferes with the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Tho' a distinct organization, many members of the Memorial Association belong to the younger organization also. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with this movement and its object we quote from an article in the New Orleans *Picayune* of August 4, 1900:

"For the information of associations wishing to join the confederation, it may be stated that no individual work of any association will be interfered with by the confederation, no association joining will be required to take up, except voluntarily, any new work; each association is recognized as a free agent to continue its parent work, and devote itself exclusively, if it so desires, to its own local work. The associations may, or may not indorse any work proposed by the general organization. But the one grand idea of the confederation is to gather all these scattered memorial associations into one confederated band for the preservation of the history of their glorious work; which after that of the Confederate soldier in marching to the fray, and those who laid down their lives on battlefields for the sake of that most just and holy cause, is the most noble, patriotic and beautiful page written in the heart book of the South."

The following is a report of the organization at Louisville:

The first meeting was held in the parlors of the Galt House, May 30, 1900, at 10:30 A. M. Meeting called to order by Miss Sue H. Walker, and its object briefly explained. She then called to the chair Miss Julia A. Garside, who very appropriately opened the meeting with prayer, after which a call was made for credentials and names of delegates from the various Southern States.

Answered to their names:

Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va. Delegate: Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel.

Junior Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va. Delegate: Mrs. N. V. Randolph.

Oakwood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va. Delegate: Mrs. David C. Richardson.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Va. Delegate: Miss Minnie Baughman.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, New Orleans, La. Delegates: Mrs. W. J. Behan, Chairman; Mrs. Joseph R. Davis, Mrs. Lewis Graham, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Miss Lucy Marshall Smith.

The Southern Memorial Association, Fayetteville, Ark. Delegates: Mrs. J. D. Walker, Miss Sue H. Walker, Miss Julia A. Garside.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, Petersburg, Va. Delegates: Mrs. W. E. Badger, Mrs. Shelton Cheives.

The Ladies' Memorial and Literary Association of Missouri. Delegates: Mrs. Leroy Valliant, Mrs. Jennie Edwards.

Represented by blanks filled out:

The Warren Memorial Association, Front Royal, Va.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Memphis, Tenn.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, Gainesville, Ala.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Knoxville, Tenn. Delegates: Mrs. S. T. McTeer, Miss Moody White.

It was decided by unanimous vote to enter into an election of officers. Mrs. W. J. Behan was nominated and elected President.

Mrs. Graham then nominated Mrs. Lizzie Pollard, of Fayetteville, Ark., for First Vice-President—but a motion was made and carried that all officers be elected from the delegates present, in order that the organization might be perfected before presenting the memorial to the veterans. It was also moved and carried that there be a Vice-President from each State, all equal in authority.

The elections were as follows:

Vice-President from Virginia, Mrs. David C. Richardson; Vice-President, Louisiana, Mrs. Lewis Graham; Vice-President, Tennessee, Miss Missie Ault; Vice-President, Arkansas, Mrs. J. D. Walker; Vice-President, Missouri, Mrs. Jennie Edwards. Alabama and South Carolina having no delegates present the Presidents of these associations were selected as Vice-Presidents for those States. The other officers elected are as follows:

Recording Secretary, Miss Daisy L. Hodgson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sue H. Walker; Treasurer, Miss Julia A. Garside.

The newly elected President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, was then escorted

to the chair, and read a most beautiful and comprehensive report of the origin and work of her association, "The Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans, La."

A Committee on Constitution and By-Laws was then appointed, consisting of Miss Julia A. Garside, Chairman; Mrs. Joseph D. Davis, Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, alternate; Mrs. M. E. Lloyd, Mrs. W. J. Behan by request.

This organization is to be known as "The Confederated Southern Memorial Association;" its object, "Memorial and Historical."

SECOND MEETING.

The Confederate Southern Memorial Association was called to order by the President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, at 9:30 A. M., May 31st. Mrs. Sarah Polk Blake was unanimously elected historian for the Association. The report of the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws was next voted on by sections, and adopted as a whole.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph made a beautiful and touching appeal to the Association in behalf of the Jefferson Davis monument, asking that this Confederated Association assist the U. D. C. in building this memorial. A hearty response was given and the Association pledged to assist in the work. On motion of Mrs. Lewis Graham it was asked that a published account be given by the Treasurer of the Davis Monument Fund of the amounts already subscribed by the different cities and States, now in the hands of the Treasurer of the fund at Richmond, Va. The motion was carried and Mrs. Randolph stated that two books would be kept, one for the contributions of the U. D. C., the other for the Southern Memorial Association.

An invitation was extended by Mrs. Basil Duke to the Association to attend a reception to be given at the Galt House from 4 to 6 P. M., in honor of Mrs. Addison Hayes, Miss Varina Howell Davis Hayes, and Mrs. Weed, of Florida.

Adjourned to meet at 10 A. M. the following day.

June 1, 1900.

Before the hour appointed for the next meeting a communication was received by the President stating that an opportunity would be given "The Confederated Memorial Association" to present their memorial to General Gordon and the veterans at the Reunion Hall. Therefore the meeting was postponed until 4 P. M.

The President and delegates attended the meeting of veterans in

a body. They were given seats on the platform and at the proper time the memorial was read in a most impressive manner by Colonel Charles Coffin, of Arkansas, after which he made a very enthusiastic address in behalf of this movement. During the reading of the memorial there was frequent applause, and at each of the closing sentences, recalling the privations, courage and endurance of the women of the South, during those trying times of war, the applause was deafening. General Gordon's indorsement was most heartily given and that of the veterans by a rising vote and enthusiastic cheering.

The memorial was as follows:

General John B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief United Confederate Veterans.—Dear Sir: Throughout the South are scattered Memorial Associations, who have not relinquished their original organization, and whose work is solely memorial and monumental. These associations (some of which were formed as far back as 1865) by the most assiduous efforts have removed our sacred dead from wayside and battle fields, placed them in cemeteries of our own, and builded monuments that will bear lasting testimony to the courage, endurance and patriotism of the Confederate soldier. We bring to you more tangible demonstration of work done than any other organized body of Southern people—men or women. We propose to organize or combine these Memorial Associations (embracing as nearly as possible every one in the South) into what we call a "Confederation of Memorial Associations." We are not willing to lose our identity as Memorial Associations, nor to merge ourselves into the younger organization, Daughters of the Confederacy. We hope by this federation to commemorate our efforts, and stamp the work upon the hearts of those who come after us, and thereby insure its continuance.

We would esteem it a privilege and a pleasure to have our delegates meet at the same time and place that the United Confederate Veterans hold their annual reunions, if agreeable to them. Of course, we do not ask a voice in your councils, but we would like to meet with you. Many of us are veterans, veterans as much as the gray, battle-scarred old soldiers, though we bided at home. While they stood amid the smoke of battle, we stood amid the smoke of burning homes; when they fought, we wept and prayed; when they were hungry, we had only a crust at home; when their clothes were wearing threadbare on the long and weary march, we were busy with

wheel and loom and needle; when they were in peril on picket, we kept tearful, prayerful vigils. Are we not veterans as well as they?

Hoping this plan may meet with your approval, and that of the body over which you preside, I am, very respectfully yours,

Mrs. Lizzie Pollard,

President Southern Memorial Association, Fayetteville, Ark.

The following Memorial Associations have authorized us to append their names to this memorial:

Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President.

Junior Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. N. V. Randolph, President.

Oakwood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Stephen Beveridge, President.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President; Mrs. Lizzie C. Daniel, Corresponding Secretary.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, Petersburg, Va.; Mrs. H. Van L. Bird, President; Mrs. Shelton Chieves, Secretary.

The Ladies' Memorial and Literary Association of Missouri; Mrs. Leroy Valliant, President; Mrs. Jennie Edwards, Secretary.

The Warren Memorial Association, Front Royal, Va.; Mrs. G. C. Davis, President; Mrs. W. C. Weaver, Corresponding Secretary.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Letitia A. Frazer, President; Phœbe Frazer, Secretary.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Fort Mills, S. C.; Mrs. J. B. Mack, President; Mrs. Elizabeth White, Secretary.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Wm. Caswell, President; Mrs. M. E. Lloyd, Secretary.

The Ladies' Memorial Association, Gainesville, Ala.; Mrs. D. H. Williams, President; M. B. Jackson, Secretary.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. W. G. Behan, President; Mrs. Joseph Jones, Corresponding Secretary.

The Southern Memorial Association, Fayetteville, Ark.; Mrs. Lizzie Pollard, President; Miss Julia A. Garside, Recording Secretary; Miss Sue H. Walker, Corresponding Secretary.

At 4 o'clock the meeting was again called to order. It was decided to have a gray ribbon badge, with embossed gold letters, as

their insignia until the next annual meeting, when a badge will be decided on.

A motion was made by Miss Sue Walker that each association of this confederation prepare a condensed history of its work from the date of organization, to be published in book form, two volumes to be furnished, one to be placed in the Confederate Museum, at Richmond, Va., the other in the Confederate Memorial Hall, at New Orleans, La. Carried.

A motion was made and carried that "The Confederated Southern Memorial Association" be incorporated in the State of Arkansas, in consideration of the fact that the movement originated with the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark. Mrs. J. D. Walker has this work in charge.

A vote of thanks was given General V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, Colonel Charles Coffin, of Arkansas, and Mr. Frank Lobrano, of Louisiana, for their noble efforts in securing the delegation an audience and having the memorial presented through General Gordon to the convention of United Confederate Veterans at the reunion of June 1, 1900, at Louisville, Ky.

Adjourned to meet the first day of the United Confederate Veteran reunion at Memphis, Tenn., 1901, at 10:30 A. M.

Respectfully submitted,

SUE H. WALKER,
Cor. Sec. C. S. M. A.

June 7, 1900.

The Association was incorporated by the Circuit Court of Washington county, Fayetteville, Ark., October 30, 1900, and a charter issued.

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